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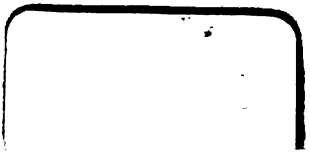

THE

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES,

OR

WONDERS OF THE WORLD DISPLAYED,

FORMING

A REPOSITORY

OF

WHATEVER IS REMARKABLE IN THE REGIONS OF NATURE AND ART, EXTRAORDINARY EVENTS, AND ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHY.

"Nothing pleaseth but rare accidents."
SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY M'ELRATH & BANGS,
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PREFACE.

Books of facts were never in higher estimation than in the present age; and this preference is strongly characteristic of a spirit of inquiry which must work for the good of mankind. Knowledge of life and manners is no longer sought in long drawn out tales of fiction, or books of poetical playfulness. On the contrary, most readers only crave to be supplied with facts, and then left to form their own reasonings and inferences. More is thus left to the mind of the individual than by abstract theories, and, with previous and proper guidance, nine out of ten succeed in a wholesome appropriation of the information they derive from books of facts. Such feelings as these suggested the assemblage of the following pages; and by way of rendering them more attractive, the subjects have been chosen with reference to popular curiosity, or, to speak plainer —on matters which concern readers of every taste.

Compilations of Miscellanies have long enjoyed considerable patronage in this country. They are strong temptations *to read;* that is a great point accomplished, since few persons betake themselves to reading without an inclination to recur to books as relief from the toil of business, or the heavier labour of killing time. *Curiosities*, or the eccentricities of life and society, are doubtless, best fitted for this object. They take the attention of the reader from a dull, common-place world, and by illustrating points of other characters, enable him to improve his own. Many such records will be found in this volume. Entire novelty in its contents is altogether out of the question, and it has not been our aim. Popular

antiquities, or facts and records of olden times, and their comparison with our own have rather been selected for their amusing as well as instructive worth; the facts and novelties of our own age have been left alone; they will furnish *curiosities* for future generations.

Nevertheless, these pages are not crowded with well-known narratives of by-gone days; were such the case the antiquity might be too strong. On the contrary, their substance, and in many cases, their entire contents are from works of great cost and not easy access. In short, the whole volume is intended to economize time, the stuff of which our life is made, by compressing as much amusement and interest in as few lines as possible; and in this object, more or less, it is hoped every article succeeds. Old books are best fitted to supply this kind of reading, and have, therefore, been turned to for these pages.

In the *American Edition* of this work, the greatest possible care has been taken to exclude every article of a local nature, and insert in their places, those only which have been admired by our countrymen, as possessing the *facts* and *curiosities* recorded by our ancestors in a past age. In its present amendment there is scarcely a volume of this size and price, which contains such a fund of amusement combined with such truly valuable instruction.

We need not say that our volume may be read and re-read—taken up, laid down, and again taken up—with proportionate advantage. It is probably, just such a book as a tourist would gladly purchase at an inn on a wet day, or an active mind requires to fill up the chinks of its time; and for these profitable uses we hope the public also will find it qualified.

THE

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES,

OR,

THE WONDERS OF NATURE DISPLAYED.

THE ELEPHANT.

How instinct varies, in the grov'lling swine,
Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!—POPE.

THE largest elephants are from ten to eleven feet in height; some are said to exceed it, but the average is eight or nine feet. They are fifty or sixty years before they arrive at their full growth; and their natural life is about one hundred and twenty years. Their price increases with their merit during a course of education. Some, for their extraordinary qualities, become in a manner invaluable; when these are purchased, no compensation induces a wealthy owner to part with them.

The skin of the elephant is generally a dark gray, sometimes almost black; the face frequently painted with a variety of colours; and the abundance and splendour of his trappings add much to his consequence. In India, the Mogul princes allow five men and a boy to take care of each elephant; the chief of them, called the mahawut, rides upon his neck to guide him; another sits upon his rump, and assists in battle: the rest supply him with food and water, and perform the necessary services. Elephants bred to war, and well disciplined, will stand firm against a volley of musketry, and

never give way unless severely wounded. One of these animals has been seen with upwards of thirty bullets in the fleshy parts of his body, perfectly recovered from his wounds. All are not equally docile; and when an enraged elephant retreats from battle, nothing can withstand his fury: the driver having no longer a command, friends and foes are involved in undistinguished ruin.

The elephants in the army of Antiochus were provoked to fight by showing them the blood of grapes and mulberries. The history of the Maccabees informs us, that "to every elephant they appointed a thousand men, armed with coats of mail, and five hundred horsemen of the best; these were ready at every occasion; wherever the beast was, and whithersoever he went, they went also; and upon the elephants were strong towers of wood, filled with armed men, besides the Indian that ruled them."

Elephants in peace and war know their duty, and are more obedient to the word of command than many rational beings. It is said they can travel, on an emergency, two hundred miles in forty-eight hours; but will hold out for a month, at the rate of forty or fifty miles a-day, with cheerfulness and alacrity. "I performed," observes Forbes in his Oriental Memoirs, "many long journeys upon an elephant: nothing could exceed the sagacity, docility, and affection of this noble quadruped. If I stopped to enjoy a prospect, he remained immoveable until my sketch was finished; if I wished for ripe mangoes growing out of the common reach, he selected the most fruitful branch, and breaking it off with his trunk, offered it to the driver for the company in the houdah, accepting of any part given to himself with a respectful salam, by raising his trunk three times above his head, in the manner of the oriental obeisance, and as often did he express his thanks by a murmuring noise. When a bough obstructed the houdah, he twisted his trunk around it, and, though of

considerable magnitude, broke it off with ease, and often gathered a leafy branch, either to keep off the flies, or as a fan to agitate the air around him, by waving it with his trunk; he generally paid a visit at the tent-door during breakfast, to procure sugar-candy or fruit, and be cheered by the encomiums and caresses he deservedly met with: no spaniel could be more innocently playful, nor fonder of those who noticed him, than this docile animal, who, on particular occasions, appeared conscious of his exaltation above the brute creation."

However surprising may be the docility of this animal, when tamed, its sagacity, in a savage state even, is a subject of still greater wonder, as is evidenced by the following narrative extracted from Lichtenstein's Travels in Southern Africa.

"Two individuals named Muller and Prince, being engaged, in the Caffre territory, where these animals abound, in an elephant hunt, discovered the footsteps of a very large elephant, and soon espied the animal himself on the declivity of a naked and widely outstretched hill. It is a rule, when an elephant is thus found, to endeavour to get above him on the hill, to the end that, in case of necessity, the hunter may fly to the summit, whither the animal, on account of the unwieldiness of its body, cannot follow him fast. This precaution was neglected by Prince, who shot too soon, while they were yet at too great a distance, and the elephant on higher ground than himself and his companion. The wounded animal rushed down towards them, while they endeavoured to push their horses on, and gain the brow of the hill. Being able, on favourable ground, to run as fast as a horse, he soon came up with them, and struck with his tusk at Muller's thigh, he being the nearest of the two fugitives. Muller now considered his fate as inevitable, as he endeavoured in vain to set his almost exhausted horse into a gallop, and saw the animal, after giving a violent snort, raise his powerful trunk

above his head. It was not, however, on himself, but on his companion, that the stroke fell; and in an instant he saw him snatched from his horse, and thrown up into the air. Scarcely in his senses, he continued his flight, and only in some degree recovered himself by finding Prince's horse running by his side without a rider: then looking back, he saw his unfortunate friend on the ground, and the elephant, stamping upon him with the utmost fury. He was now convinced, not without the greatest astonishment, that the sagacious animal had distinguished which of the two it was who wounded him, and wreaked his whole vengeance upon him alone. Muller, on this, went in search of the rest of the party, that they might collect the mangled remains of their companion, and bury them; but they were soon put to flight by the elephant rushing again from a neighbouring thicket, to vent his wrath once more upon the corpse, already so dreadfully mangled. While he was busied in doing this, however, he was attacked by the dispersed hunters, and sacrificed to the manes of his unfortunate victim."

The contrivances for taking elephants are various; but the most curious are those employed by the natives of Ceylon, where the finest race of these animals is found. They sometimes surround the woods in bands, and drive, with lighted torches, and amid the clamour of trumpets, discharge of firearms, and noises of every description, the elephants which inhabit them, till they are at length entrapped into a particular spot surrounded with palisades, so as to prevent all escape. At other times a kind of decoy, or female elephant, is sent out in order to induce some of the males to pursue her, who are by that means secured. When a wild elephant is taken; it still remains to reduce it to a quiet state, and to tame it, in order to its being made useful: this is effected by throwing ropes round the legs and body, which are well secured; and two tame elephants, properly instructed, are placed on each

side. The captive animal finds himself gradually so fatigued by his ineffectual struggles, and so much soothed by the caresses occasionally given by the trunks of the tame elephants, by the food from time to time presented to him, and the water with which he is refreshed by its being poured over him, that in the space of a few days, unless more than usually untractable in his nature, he becomes completely tame, and is placed with the rest of the domesticated troop. Sometimes, in order more effectually to subdue them, the elephants are deprived of sleep for a considerable time.

The anecdotes recording the sagacity, and also the amiable qualities of the elephant, are numerous. Of these, the following are selected as highly interesting. In Delhi, an elephant passing along the streets, put his trunk into a tailor's shop, where several persons were at work. One of them pricked the end of the trunk with his needle; the beast passed on; but at the next dirty puddle filled his trunk with water, returned to the shop, and, spirting it among those who had offended him, spoiled their work. At Adsmeer, an elephant who often passed through the bazar, or market, as he went by a certain herb-woman, always received from her a mouthful of greens: at length he was seized with one of his periodical fits of rage, broke his fetters, and, running through the market, put the crowd to flight, and, among others, this woman, who, in her haste, forgot a little child she had brought with her. The animal recollecting the spot where his benefactress was wont to sit, took up the infant gently with his trunk, and placed it in safety on a stall before a neighbouring house. At the same place, another elephant, in his madness, killed his *cornac*, or governor: the wife, witnessing the misfortune, took her two children and flung them before the elephant, saying: "now you have destroyed their father, you may as well put an end to their lives and mine." It instantly stopped, relented, took the eldest of the boys, placed him on

his neck, adopted him for his governor, and never afterwards would permit any other person to mount him. A painter was desirous of drawing the elephant kept in the menagerie at Verseilles in an uncommon attitude, namely, that of holding his trunk raised up in the air, with his mouth open. The painter's boy, in order to keep the animal in this posture, threw fruit into his mouth; but as the lad frequently deceived him, and made an offer only of throwing the fruit, he grew angry; and, as if he had known that the painter's intention of drawing him was the cause of the affront thus offered, instead of avenging himself on the lad, he turned his resentment on the master, and taking up a quantity of water in his trunk, threw it on the paper on which the painter was drawing, and spoiled it.

THE FAMILY ELM.

In the village of Crawley there is an Elm of great size, in the hollow trunk of which a poor woman gave birth to an infant, and where she afterwards resided for a long time. The tree, which is a great curiosity, is still standing, but as the parish is not willing to be burdened with all the young elms that might be brought forth from the trunk of this singular tree, the lord of the manor has very wisely put up a door to the entrance of this new lying-in-hospital, which is kept locked, except upon particular occasions, when the neighbours meet to enjoy their pipe, and tell old tales in the cavity of the elm, which is capable of containing a party of more than a dozen. The interior of this tree is paved with bricks, and in other respects made comfortable for its temporary occupants.

SCULL OF RAPHAEL, THE PAINTER.

EVERY one has heard of the genius of Raphael; although, in England, we possess but little that is worthy of his great name, if we except the celebrated *Cartoons*, in Hampton Court palace. These productions alone would have immortalized the memory of Raphael, and led succeeding generations to cherish with sacred care so precious a relic as is represented in the above engraving.

The scull is preserved, beneath a glass case, in an apartment of the academy of St. Luke, at Rome, by a society of painters, sculptors, architects, and engravers. Here also is Raphael's famous picture of St. Luke painting the portrait of

the Virgin Mary, which was originally the altar-piece in the church of St. Luke.—"St. Luke," observes a recent traveller, "has all the fire, the glow, the inspiration of commanding genius. It struck me the most extraordinary the first time I beheld it. I was then fresh from England, where, excepting the cartoons, we have nothing worthy the name of Raphael: I had seen none of the treasures of his genius which Rome contains, and I actually dreamt of this figure."

The scull has been poetically called "the palace of the soul;" and the scull of Raphael will be of still greater interest to the reader of the following biographical particulars of the illustrious painter.

Raphael (*Raffaello Sanzio da Urbino*) was born at Urbino, in 1483, and was the son of a painter of no great estimation. After a course of studies in painting, Raphael was, in 1508, invited by Pope Julius II. to paint, in fresco, the chambers of the Vatican. Here he painted his famous picture of the School of Athens. He was also employed by a rich banker at Rome, Agostino Chigi, for whose family chapel he painted some of his most beautiful pieces; but a passion which he conceived for a beautiful young woman, the daughter of a baker, who thence took the name of *La Belle Fornarina*, causing him to withdraw to her house, Chigi invited her to his palace, that the painter might undergo no interruption.

Raphael was distinguished as an architect, and in part built the galleries of the Vatican. He was also superintendent of the building of St. Peter's; and made designs for some tapestry, which designs being on large sheets of paper, are called cartoons, from the Italian word *cartona*, or paper. Of these splendid drawings we have already spoken. Another celebrated labour of art is Raphael's picture of the Transfiguration. He also commenced an apartment in the Vatican called the Hall of Constantine; but was prevented finishing

it by his untimely death, which took place on his *thirty-seventh birth-day*, 1520. Leo, the pope, who had been his chief patron, testified great emotion at the news of his decease, and caused his body to lie in state, in a hall, in which was placed his picture of the Transfiguration. He was buried in the church of the Rotundo, at Rome, and Cardinal Bembo wrote his epitaph.

Raphael was handsome, and of a mild and amiable character; but his immoderate attachment to the fair sex induced him to decline matrimony, though Cardinal Bibliana offered him one of his nieces.

Raphael's greatest works are his frescoes in the Vatican. His oil pictures are every where most highly prized; and more than 740 pieces have been engraved from the designs of Raphael.

BONAPARTE'S MILITARY CARRIAGE.

It is a curious fact, that the fall of this memorable chieftain may be traced to the hour in which he entered the vehicle here described, which was publicly exhibited for several months at Bullock's Museum, Piccadilly. It was as fatal to him as the chariots of the sun had been to Phaeton. The vehicle remains, but what has become of the charioteer? It was this carriage that conveyed Napoleon to the shore of France at his former exile; it was in this that he made his excursions in Elba; in it he returned to his recovered capital; and it was this which bore him to the fatal field of Waterloo!

These circumstances and reflections present themselves with peculiar force to the mind, when the object itself is brought within view, as well as under contemplation.

The exterior of the carriage is, in many respects, very like the modern English travelling chariots. The colour is a dark blue, with a handsome bordered ornament in gold; but the

imperial arms are emblazoned on the pannels of the doors. It has a lamp at each corner of the roof, and there is one lamp fixed at the back, which can throw a strong light into the interior.

In the front there is a great projection; the utility of which is very considerable. Beyond this projection, and nearer to the horses, is a seat for the coachman. This is ingeniously contrived so as to prevent the driver from viewing the interior of the carriage; and it is also placed so as to afford to those who are within, a clear sight of the horses, and of the surrounding country. There are two sabre cuts, which were aimed at the coachman when the carriage was taken.

The pannels of the carriage are bullet proof; at the hinder part is a projecting sword case; and the pannel at the lower part of the back is so contrived, that it may be let down, and thereby facilitate the addition or removal of conveniences, without disturbing the traveller.

The under-carriage, which has swan-neck iron cranes, is of prodigious strength; the springs are semicircular, and each of them seems capable of bearing half a ton; the wheels, and more particularly the tire, are also of great strength. The pole is contrived to act as a lever, by which the carriage is kept on a level in every kind of road. The under-carriage and wheels are painted in vermillion, edged with the colour of the body, and heightened with gold. The harness is very little worthy an imperial equipage; it bears strong marks of its service in the Russian campaign, and its former uses are to be recognised only by the bees, which are to be seen in several places.

The interior deserves particular attention, for it is adapted to the various purposes of a kitchen, a bed-room, a dressing-room, an office, and an eating-room.

The seat has a separation; but whether for pride or convenience, can only be conjectured.

In front of the seat are compartments for every utensil of probable utility; of some there are two sets, one of gold, the other of silver. Among the gold articles are a tea-pot, coffee-pot, sugar-basin, cream-ewer, coffee-cup and saucer, slop-basin, candlesticks, wash-hand basin, plates for breakfast, &c.; each article is superbly embossed with the imperial arms, and engraved with his favourite N: and by the aid of the lamp, any thing could be heated in the carriage.

Beneath the coachman's seat is a small box, about two feet and a half long, and about four inches square; this contains a bedstead of polished steel, which could be fitted up within one or two minutes; the carriage contained mattrasses, and the other requisites for bedding, of very exquisite quality; all of them commodiously arranged. There are also articles for strict personal convenience, made of silver, fitted into the carriage.

A small mahogany case, about ten inches square by eighteen long, contains the peculiar *necessaire* of the ex-emperor. It is somewhat, in appearance, like an English writing-desk; having the imperial arms most beautifully engraved on the cover. It contains nearly one hundred articles, almost all of them of solid gold.

The liquor case, like the necessaire, is made of mahogany; it contains two bottles; one of them still has the rum which was found in it at the time; the other contains some extremely fine old Malaga wine. Various articles of perfumery are among the luxuries which remain; and notwithstanding Napoleon's wish to discourage British manufactures, there are nevertheless some Windsor soap, and some English court plaster; of eau de Cologne, eau de lavande, salt spirit, &c.; these are sufficient to show, that perfumers were not disregarded.

There is a writing-desk, which may be drawn out so as to write whilst the carriage is proceeding; an inkstand, pens, &c.

were found in it; and here was found the ex-emperor's celebrated portfolio.

In the front there are also many smaller compartments, for maps and telescopes; on the ceiling of the carriage is a network for carrying small travelling requisites.

On one of the doors of the carriage are two pistol holsters, in which were found pistols, that had been manufactured at Verseilles; and in a holster, close to the seat, a double barrelled pistol was also found; all the pistols were found loaded. On the side there hung a large silver chronometer with a silver chain; it is of the most elaborate workmanship.

The doors of the carriage have locks and bolts; the blinds, behind the windows, shut and open by means of a spring, and may be closed so as to form a barrier almost impenetrable.

On the outside of the front windows is a roller-blind made of strong painted canvass; when pulled down, this will exclude rain or snow, and therefore secure the windows and blinds from being blocked up, as well as prevent the damp from penetrating.

All the articles which have been enumerated, still remain with the carriage; but when it was taken, there were a great number of diamonds, and treasure, in money, &c. of immense value.—BULLOCK'S *Curiosities.*

PROGRESS OF THE MARVELLOUS.

THE Nuremberg Correspondent gives an account of a gigantic Vat, made for Stretton & Co., the London Brewers, which, it says, is 34 feet high and 96 in diameter, and quite outdoes the famous ton of Heidelberg. This stupendous vat is stated by the same authority to have been installed in the brewery by dining 796 persons within its bounds at once, with abundance of elbow-room!

EXECUTION OF THE LISBON CONSPIRATORS.

It is well known that the Jesuits were the actual sovereigns of Paraguay, while they acknowledged the king of Spain for its master. The Spanish court had, by a treaty of exchange, ceded certain districts of these lands to King Joseph of Portugal, of the house of Braganza. The Jesuits were accused of having opposed this cession, and of causing the people to revolt who were to have submitted to the government of the Portuguese. This, joined to a number of other injuries, occasioned the Jesuits to be driven from the court of Lisbon.

Some time after, the Tavora family, and particularly the Duke d'Aviero, uncle to the young Countess Ataide d'Atouguia, the old Marquis and Marchioness of Tavora, the parents of the young Countess, and, in short, Count Ataide, her husband, and one of this unfortunate lady's brothers, imagining that they had received from the king an irreparable injury,

resolved to revenge themselves. Vengeance and superstition are mutually linked. The meditators of a wicked attempt will always seek casuists and confessors to encourage them in their villany; and this family, thinking themselves thus abused, concerted with three Jesuits, viz. Malagrida, Alexander, and Mathos. These casuists declared, that to take away the life of the king was only committing a sin that they termed venial.

On the third of September, 1758, the conspirators, furnished with their pardon for the other world, waited the king's return to Lisbon from a little country-house, alone, without domestics, and in the night: they fired into his coach, and dangerously wounded him in the arm, but he recovered. All the accomplices, except one domestic, were seized. The young Countess d'Ataide, whose husband was executed, went, by order of the king, to bewail in a convent those horrible misfortunes which she was thought to be the cause of. The rest were tried, convicted, and condemned to death in various ways as represented in our engraving.

On Saturday, January 13, 1759, being the day appointed for the execution, a scaffold had been built in the square, opposite to the house where the prisoners were confined, and eight wheels fixed upon it. On one corner of the scaffolding was placed Antonio Alvares Ferreira, and on the other corner the effigy of Joseph Policarpio de Azevedo, who was missing; these being the two persons that fired at the back of the king's equipage. About half an hour after eight in the morning, the execution began. The criminals were brought out one by one, each under a strong guard. The Marchioness of Tavora was the first that was brought upon the scaffold, where she was beheaded at one stroke. Her body was afterwards placed upon the floor of the scaffolding, and covered with a linen cloth. Young Joseph Maria of Tavora, the young Marquis of Tavora, the Count of Atouguia, and three

servants of the Duke of Aveiro, were first strangled at a stake, and afterwards their limbs broken with an iron instrument; the Marquis of Tavora, general of horse, and the Duke of Aveiro, had their limbs broken alive. The Duke, for greater ignominy, was brought bareheaded to the place of execution. The body and limbs of each of the criminals, after they were executed, were thrown upon a wheel, and covered with a linen cloth. But when Antonio Alvarez Ferreira was brought to the stake, whose sentence was to be burnt alive, the other bodies were exposed to his view, the combustible matter, which had been laid under the scaffolding, was set on fire, and the whole machine, with the bodies, were consumed to ashes, and thrown into the sea.

THE APPARITIONS OF SOUTER FELL.—A NATURAL PHENOMENON.

Souter Fell is a mountain about half a mile in height, inclosed on the north and west sides by precipitous rocks, but somewhat more open on the east, and easier of access. At Wilton Hall, within half a mile of this mountain, on a summer's evening, in the year 1743, a farmer and his servant, sitting at the door, saw the figure of a man with a dog, pursuing some horses along Souter Fell side, a place so steep that a horse could scarcely travel on it. They appeared to run at an amazing pace, till they got out of sight at the lower end of the Fell. On the following morning the farmer and his servant ascended the steep side of the mountain, in full expectation that they should find the man lying dead, being persuaded that the swiftness with which he ran must have killed him; and imagined also that they should pick up some of the shoes which they thought the horses must have lost, in galloping at so furious a rate. They were, however, disappointed,

as not the least vestige of either man or horses appeared, not so much as the mark of a horse's hoof on the turf.

On the 23d of June of the following year, 1744, about half past seven in the evening, the same servant, then residing in Blakehills, at an equal distance from the mountain, being in a field in front of the farm house, saw a troop of horsemen riding on Souter Fell side, in pretty close ranks, and at a brisk pace. Having observed them for some time, he called out his young master, who, before the spot was pointed out to him, discovered the ærial troopers; and this phenomenon was shortly after witnessed by the whole of the family. The visionary horsemen appeared to come from the lowest part of Souter Fell, and were visible at a place called Knott: they then moved in regular troops along the side of the Fell, till they came opposite to Blakehills, when they went over the mountain. They thus described a curvilinear path, and their first, as well as their last appearance, was bounded by the foot of the mountain. Their pace was that of a regular swift walk; and they were seen for upwards of two hours, when darkness intervened. Several troops were seen in succession, and frequently the last, or last but one in the troop, would quit his position, gallop to the front, and then observe the same pace with the others. The same change was visible to all the spectators, and the sight of the phenomenon was not confined to Blakehills, but was witnessed by the inhabitants of the cottages within a mile: it was attested before a magistrate by the two above cited individuals in the month of July, 1785. Twenty-six persons are said in the attestation to have witnessed the march of these ærial travellers.

It should be remarked that these appearances were observed on the eve of the rebellion, when troops of horsemen might be privately exercising; and as the imitative powers of the Spectre of the Broken Mountain demonstrate that the actions of human beings are sometimes pictured in the clouds, it

seems highly probable, on a consideration of all the circumstances of this latter phenomenon on Souter Fell, that certain thin vapours must have hovered round the summit of the mountain when the appearances were observed. It is also probable that these vapours may have been impressed with the shadowy forms which seemed to "imitate humanity," by a particular operation of the sun's rays, united with some singular, but unknown, refractive combinations, then taking place in the atmosphere.

THE INDIAN NURSE.

Captain Franklin, (R. N.) in his narrative of his journey to the Polar Seas, says,—"The Chipewyan Indians profess strong affection for their children, and some regard for their relations, who are often numerous, as they trace very far the ties of consanguinity. A curious instance of the former was mentioned to us, so well authenticated, that I shall venture to give it in the words of Dr. Richardson's Journal. 'A young Chipewyan had separated from the rest of his band, for the purpose of trenching beaver, when his wife, who was his sole companion, and in her first pregnancy, was seized with the pains of labour. She died on the third day, after having given birth to a fine boy. The husband was inconsolable, and vowed in his anguish never to take another woman to wife, but his grief was in some degree absorbed in anxiety for his infant son. To preserve its life he descended to the office of nurse, so degrading in the eyes of a Chipewyan, as partaking of the duties of a woman. He swaddled it in soft moss, fed it with broth made from the flesh of the deer, and to still its cries applied it to his breast, praying most earnestly to the great Maker of Life, to assist his endeavours. The force of the powerful passion by which he was actuated,

produced the same effect in his case, as it has done in some others which are recorded; a flow of milk actually took place from his breast. He succeeded in rearing his child, taught him to be a hunter, and when he attained the age of manhood, chose him a wife from the tribe. The old man kept his vow in never taking a second wife himself, but he delighted in tending his son's children, and when his daughter-in-law used to interfere, saying that it was not the occupation of a man, he was wont to reply, that he had promised to the great Master of Life, if his child was spared, never to be proud, like the other Indians. He used to mention, too, as a certain proof of the approbation of Providence, that although he was always obliged to carry his child on his back while hunting, yet that it never roused a mouse by its cries, being always particularly still at those times. Our informant (Mr. Wentzel, the guide to the expedition) added, that he had often seen this Indian in his old age, and that his left breast, even then, retained the unusual size it had acquired in his occupation of nurse.'"

THE INSECT WHICH DESTROYS THE ELEPHANT.

THESE lords of the forest, though, from their size and strength, formidable to all its other inhabitants, themselves live in continual apprehension of a small reptile, against which neither their sagacity nor their prowess can at all defend them. This diminutive creature gets into the trunk of the elephant, and pursues its course till it finally fixes in his head, and, by keeping him in continual agony, at length torments the stupendous animal to death. So dreadfully afraid are the elephants of this dangerous enemy, that they use a variety of precautions to prevent his attacks: and never lay their trunks to the ground, except when to gather or separate their food.

MULLED SACK.

JOHN COTTINGTON, better known by the name of Mulled Sack, was one of the most notorious highwaymen this country has produced. He was the son of a haberdasher in Cheapside, who having exhausted his property died poor, and was buried by the parish, leaving fifteen daughters and four sons, of whom our hero was the youngest. At eight years of age he was put apprentice to a chimney-sweeper of St. Mary-le-bow, with whom he remained about five years: as soon as he entered his teens he ran away; and soon afterwards received the name, by which he was best known, of Mulled

Sack, from his drinking sack mulled, morning, noon and night. To support a life of dissipation he turned pickpocket; and one of his first robberies of this sort was committed on Lady Fairfax, from whom he got a rich gold watch: and his depredations were afterwards so numerous, that his biographers state "the many various neat tricks Mulled Sack played upon Ludgate-hill, by making stops of coaches and carts, and the money that he and his consorts got there by picking pockets, would have been almost enough to have built St. Paul's Cathedral."

Mulled Sack was detected in picking the pocket of Oliver Cromwell as he came out of the parliament house; but he escaped hanging by the political changes of the times. He next turned highwayman, and was so audacious as to rob Colonel Hewson when marching over Hounslow at the head of his regiment, in company with one Tom Cheney. They were pursued by a body of troopers; Mulled Sack escaped, but his companion, after defending himself against eighteen horsemen, was overpowered and taken: he was tried at the Old Bailey, convicted, and executed at Tyburn. Mulled Sack, afterwards, along with several other of his companions, waylaid a waggon which was conveying £4,000 to Oxford and Gloucester, and seized the money, which they soon spent: he also robbed the house of the Receiver-General of Reading of £6,000, which he was preparing to send up to town. For this offence Mulled Sack, who was taken, was tried at Reading, but acquitted; it is said, by bribing the jury. He had not been long at liberty before he killed one John Bridges, for which he was obliged to quit the kingdom, and went to Cologne, where he robbed king Charles II. then in exile, of as much plate as was valued at £1,500. On returning to England he promised to give Oliver Cromwell some of his Majesty's papers, but, says his biographer, "not making good his promise, he was sent to Newgate, and receiving sentence

of death was hanged in Smithfield rounds, in April 1659, aged fifty-five years."

Our engraving is copied from an old print, beneath which is the following inscription:—

"I walke the Strand and Westminster and scorne
To march t' the citie; though I beare the horne,
My feather and my yellow band accord
To prove me courtier, my boots, spur, and sword,
My smoking pipe, scarf, garter, rose on shoe
Showe my brave mind, t' affect what gallants do,
I singe, dance, drinke, and merrily pass the day,
And like a chimney sweep all care away."

DESPERATE TURKISH MARAUDER.

Baias, or Payass, the ancient *Baiæ*, is seated on the eastern side of the gulf of Scanderoon: it has a small harbour, protected by a castle, and was, not many years ago, a wealthy and populous town, the residence of the rebel chief, Kutshuk Ali, who plundered the Aleppo caravans, and laid under contribution all the neighbouring districts. But at length the Porte, irritated at his piracies and depredations, fitted out an expedition against him, which took Payass, and reduced it to a mass of ruins.

The history of this execrable marauder affords a striking instance of the imbecility of the Turkish government, which for upwards of forty years he set at defiance. In the early part of his life, he was a simple bandit, inhabiting the neighbouring mountains, at which time Payass was a populous and flourishing town. He laid the foundation of his power by making nocturnal excursions from the mountains, to rob the gardens in the vicinity. To be exempted from these depredations, some gardeners, in the first instance, stipulated to pay a trifling annual tribute; others entered into similar engagements; and from a rotolo of coffee, or a few rotolos of rice,

the whole town became at length compelled to furnish a stated contribution. Kutshuk Ali, now become the head of a band of forty or fifty robbers, aspired at length to become master of the place. He began by waylaying the chiefs of the principal families; and in the course of a few years he succeeded in exterminating every individual of power or consideration in Payass and its vicinity. One person only of those unfortunate families, whose adherents he could neither subdue by open force, nor corrupt by bribery, for some time contended with him for the supreme authority, till at length, Kutshuk Ali, having lulled his suspicions of treachery by giving him his daughter in marriage, murdered him with his own hand. He now assumed the government of Payass; his circumscribed territory, however, would have afforded him very slender means of acquiring wealth, had his only dependence been on the miserable wretches inhabiting his dominions. The grand annual caravan of pilgrims from Constantinople to Mecca, must either pass by Payass, or make a very disagreeable and expensive journey through the mountains of Armenia. From this caravan he drew a considerable revenue, taxing every individual according to his own caprice, and not suffering the pilgrims to proceed till his rapacity was satisfied. In order the better to dispose them to comply with his extortion, he never failed to prepare for them, as a beacon of his power and cruelty, the spectacle of two impaled bodies, transfixed on the gate of Payass. On one occasion, when his prisons were empty, a poor sick man, a Christian, was made to serve this purpose. The Porte, at various times, sent great forces to subdue the rebel; but Kutshuk always managed to secure himself by retreating to his mountain fastnesses, till, by negotiation and bribery he had averted the danger, and purchased his pardon of the Sultan, who seldom proves implacable when it is his interest to forgive. Among his acts of unprovoked and unprincipled aggression may be mentioned, his

detention and imprisonment of the Dutch consul of Aleppo, in his way from Constantinople, although possessed of imperial firmans, and although for many years previously there had subsisted the most amicable intercourse between them, and a reciprocation of presents: his sole object was to extort money. The sum fixed for the consul's ransom was 25,000 piastres; and because this unfortunate person could furnish only 7,500, he underwent, during eight months, the most atrocious ill-treatment, till at length a caravan from Smyrna was made to advance the money on the consul's bond. In 1789, the master of an English vessel, with four of his men, who went to water near Payass, were seized and thrown into prison, where they all perished. Two years after, a French merchant ship, from Marseilles, was taken possession of, unloaded, and sunk, the crew being sent away by land to the French consul at Scandaroon. This system he had carried on, as has been mentioned, forty years, up to the year 1800. The most astonishing circumstance of all is, that his whole armed force is said never to have exceeded two hundred men. Conscious of his weakness, he used every art to conceal it. He had fabricated a cordon of buildings along the mountains, which had the appearance of towers, and were reported to be such: they were, in reality, formed of mud and chalk, and a night's heavy rain would frequently damage them. His territory was accessible only through thick woods; and he would so dispose his men in the thickets as to give the idea of a numerous army. By what means he met his deserved fate we are not informed. Buckhardt speaks of him, in 1812, as openly declaring his contempt of all orders from the Porte, and defying all the neighbouring pachas. In November, 1813, Mr. Kinneir found Payass in ruins.

THE NUREMBERG BOY, CASPAR HAUSER.

THERE was published in *Le Globe* of the 21st November, 1829, an account of an unfortunate boy, named Caspar Hauser, who had been immured for twelve years in a dungeon by an unknown tyrant.

In the month of May, 1828, there was observed at the entrance of one of the gates of the city of Nuremberg, a young man who kept himself in a motionless attitude. He spoke not, but wept, and held in his hand a letter addressed to an officer of the regiment of light horse, in garrison in that town. The letter announced that from the age of four to that of sixteen years, the bearer had remained shut up in a dungeon, that he had been baptized, that his name was Caspar Hauser, that he was destined to enter the regiment of light horse, and that it was for this reason that the officer was addressed.

When it appeared evident from the state in which the young man was, that the statement contained in the letter was true, he was confided to the charge of an enlightened professor of the most respectable character, and, by a decree of the magistrates, was declared an adopted child of the city of Nuremberg.

He is described as a young man, below the middle stature, thick, and with broad shoulders. His physiognomy was mild and frank. Without being disagreeable, it was no way remarkable. His eyes announced weakness of sight, but his look, especially when a feeling of internal satisfaction or of gratitude made him raise it towards the skies, had a heavenly expression. He approached strangers without embarrassment, and even with confidence. His carriage was modest.

The style of the written narrative resembled that of a scholar of ten or eleven years, and consisted of short and simple phrases, without errors in orthography or grammar. The

following is a brief account of it:—His recollections disclose him in a dark dungeon, about five feet long, four broad, and very low; a loaf of bread, a pitcher of water, a *hole* for his wants, straw for a bed, a covering, two wooden horses, a dog of the same material, and some ribands, with which he amused himself in decorating them. He had no recollection of hunger, but he well remembered being thirsty. When he was thirsty he slept, and on awakening, the pitcher was found full. When he was awake, he dressed his horses with the ribands, and when his thirst returned he slept. The man who took care of him always approached him from behind, so that he never saw his figure. He remained almost constantly seated. He recollects no feeling of uneasiness. He is ignorant how long this kind of life lasted; and when the man began to reveal himself and to speak to him, the sound of his voice became impressed upon his ear. His words are indelibly engraved upon his memory, and he has even retained his dialect. These words ran exclusively on fine horses, and latterly on his father, who had some, and would give them to him. One day, the man placed upon his legs a stool with paper, and guided his hand in order to make him trace some characters upon it. When the impulse given by the man's hand ceased, his hand also stopped. The man endeavoured to make him understand that he was to go on. The motion being without doubt inopportune, the man gave him a blow on the arm. This is the only feeling of pain which he remembers. But the stool greatly embarrassed him, for he had no idea of how he should put it aside, and was utterly unable to extricate himself from this prison within a prison. One day, at length, the man clothed him, (it would appear that he wore only a shirt, his feet being bare,) and taking him out of the dungeon put shoes upon him. He carried him at first, and then tried to make him learn to walk, directing the young man's feet with his own. Sometimes carried, and sometimes

pushed forward, he at length made a few steps. But, after accomplishing ten or twelve, he suffered horribly, and began to cry. The man then laid him on his face on the ground, and he slept. He is ignorant how long these alterations were renewed; but the ideas which he has since acquired have enabled him to discover, in the sound of his conductor's voice, an expression of trouble and anguish. The light of day caused him still greater sufferings. He retains no idea of his conductor's physiognomy, nor does he even know if he observed it; but the sound of his voice, he tells us, he could distinguish among a thousand.

During the first days which he passed among men, he was in a state of continual suffering. He could bear no other food than bread. He was made to take chocolate: he felt it, he told us, to his fingers' ends. The light, the motion, the noise around him, (and curious persons were not found wanting to produce the latter,) and the variety of objects which forced themselves upon his observation, caused an indescribable pain, a physical distemper, but this distemper must have existed in the chaos of his ideas. It was music that afforded him the first agreeable sensation: it was through its influence that he experienced a dispersion of the chaos. From this period he was enabled to perceive a commencement of order in the impressions by which he was assailed. His memory has become prodigious: he quickly learned to name and to classify objects, to distinguish faces, and to attach to each the proper name which he heard pronounced. He has an ear for music, and an aptitude for drawing. At first he was fond of amusing himself with wooden horses, of which a present had been made to him, when he was heard continually to repeat the word horses, beautiful horses, (*ress, chone, ress.*) He instantly gave up, when his master made him understand that it was not proper, and that it was not beautiful. His taste for horses has since been replaced by a taste for study. He has begun

the study of the Latin language, and by a natural spirit of imitation, his master being a literary man, he is desirous of following the same career.

It was supposed, at one time, that traces were discovered of the monster who had confined this unfortunate young man; but they ended in nothing else than the probability that the place of his imprisonment was in a district at the distance of about thirty miles from the city of Nuremberg.

The curiosity of the people to see a phenomenon, happily of such rare occurrence, rendered it necessary to place Hauser in retirement. Accordingly, he was put under the care of a respectable family, where his education was carefully attended to, and his mind made rapid acquirements.

A recent notice in the *Gazette de Nuremberg*, relates a terrible accident which has happened to young Caspar, threatening his death, and which has increased the sympathy of the public, already so deeply excited. He had arranged a number of books upon a table, and placed a loaded pistol on the top of them, for his defence. Some of the books gave way, and, in his anxiety to catch the falling pistol, he seized it so suddenly that it went off, and the ball struck the right side of his head. Happily, however, it did not penetrate the bone.

The interest excited throughout all classes in Germany by the misfortunes of this young man is intense.

AWFUL CALCULATION.

If we reckon with the ancients, that a generation lasts 30 years, then in that space 800,000,000 of human beings are born, and die; consequently 74,039 must be dropping off into eternity every day, 3,044 every hour, and about 51 every minute. How awful the reflection!

COCOA-NUT TREE.

Of all the gifts which Providence has bestowed on the oriental world, the cocoa-nut tree most deserves our notice. In this single production of nature what blessings are conveyed to man! It grows in a stately column, from thirty to fifty feet in height, crowned by a verdant capital of waving branches, covered with long spiral leaves; under this foliage bunches of blossoms, clusters of green fruit, and others arrived at maturity, appear in mingled beauty. The trunk, though porous, furnishes beams and rafters for our habitations; and the leaves, when platted together, make an excellent thatch, and common umbrellas, coarse mats for the floor, and brooms; while their finest fibres are woven into very beautiful mats for the rich. The covering of the young fruit is extremely curious, resembling a piece of thick cloth, in a conical form, close and firm as if it came from the loom; it expands after the fruit has burst through its inclosure, and then appears of a coarser texture. The nuts contain a delicious milk, and a kernel sweet as the almond; this, when dried, affords abundance of oil,—and, when that is expressed, the remains feed cattle and poultry, and make a good manure. The shell of the nut furnishes cups, ladles, and other domestic utensils; while the husk, which encloses it, is of the utmost importance; it is manufactured into ropes, and cordage of every kind, from the smallest twine to the largest cable, which are far more durable than those of hemp. In the Nicobar islands the natives build their vessels, make the sails and cordage, supply them with provisions and necessaries, and provide a cargo of arrack, vinegar, oil, jaggree or coarse sugar, cocoa-nuts, coir, cordage, black paint, and several inferior articles for foreign markets, entirely from this tree.

Many of the trees are not permitted to bear fruit; but the embryo bud, from which the blossoms and nuts would spring, is tied up to prevent its expansion; and a small incision being

then made at the end, there oozes, in gentle drops, a cool pleasant liquor, called tarce, or toddy, the palm wine of the poets. This, when first drawn, is cooling and salutary; but, when fermented and distilled, produces an intoxicating spirit. Thus a plantation of cocoa-nut trees yields the proprietor a considerable profit, and generally forms part of the government revenue.

The cocoa-nut tree delights in a flat sandy soil, near the sea, and must be frequently watered; while the palmyras, or brab trees, grow on hills and rocky mountains. These also abound in the Nicobar islands, as well as the date tree; but the fruit of the latter seldom attains perfection. These trees are of the same genus, though differing according to their respective classes; they all produce the palm wine, and are generally included under the name of palms or palmettoes.—*From* FORBES' *Oriental Memoirs.*

GREAT WEST-INDIA SPIDER.

IT is said there are no venomous creatures of any kind in the Bermudas, but, perhaps, a greater variety of insects than in any other of our plantations in proportion to their size. Amongst these the spiders are very remarkable for their extraordinary size and the strength of their webs. Their bodies consist of two parts, one flat, the other round, and both together, with the legs stretched out, are large enough to cover a man's hand. This monstrous bulk makes them look frightful, but the beauty and variety of their colours in some measure take off the distaste. The round part of their body is shaped much like a pigeon's egg, and under the flat part grow their legs, five on each side, with four joints, and claws at the end. They have a little hole in their backs, and their mouths are covered with grayish hairs, intermixed with some red, and have a crooked tooth on each

side, of a hard polished substance, and of a bright shining black; so that they are often set in gold or silver, to serve for tooth-picks.

When these creatures grow old, they are covered all over with a sort of down, of a brown or blackish colour, very smooth, soft, and shining like velvet; and it is said they cast their downy skins every year, as well as the two teeth just mentioned. They show a wonderful skill and agility in spreading their webs from tree to tree, which are so very large and strong, as to extend seven or eight fathoms, and when finished will ensnare a bird as big as a thrush.

THE SEA-DEVIL.

Among the fish found on the gold coast are the sea-devil and the horned fish; the former is about twenty-five feet long, and proportionably thick; but it is most remarkable for the angles which project from its body, and are of a hard horny substance. The head, which is large, is joined immediately to the body, without the smallest appearance of a neck, and is furnished with flat teeth. Nature has bestowed on this animal four eyes, two of which are near the gills, and are large and round, but the two others on the forehead are of a smaller size. On each side the gullet are three horns, of an equal length and thickness; that on the right side, which stands between the other two, is about three feet in length, and an inch and a half in circumference, at its insertion, gradually terminating in a sharp point; but, as it is yielding and flexible, it affords the animal only a feeble protection. The tail, which is long and taper, like a whip, is armed with a sharp point, which he frequently darts backward, and his back is covered with hard excrescences, two inches high. The flesh is tough and ill tasted, though much sought after by the negroes.—Smith's *Wonders*.

THE SPOTTED NEGRO BOY.

GEORGE ALEXANDER GRATTON, the Spotted Negro Boy, was well known to the inhabitants of the metropolis and its vicinity about twelve years ago, at which time he was exhibited at the fairs, by Richardson, a famous purveyor of objects of entertainment at those places of popular festivity.

Both the parents of George Alexander were black, and natives of Africa. He was born in the island of St. Vincent, on the plantation of Mr. Alexander, of which one Gratton was overseer, about the month of June, 1808; and the curiosity of his appearance was such, that he was shown in

the capital of his native island, at the price of a dollar each person. It is added, that the superstitious prejudices of the negroes placed his life in some danger, and that he was, on that account, shipped for England. Probably the prospect of a profitable disposal of him, in this country, was an equally powerful motive for his removal.

The child was only fifteen months old, when, in September, 1809, being brought to Bristol, in the ship called the Friends of Emma, Mr. Richardson, the proprietor, as before intimated, of a travelling theatre, was applied to, and an engagement entered upon, by which he was consigned to Mr. Richardson's care for three years.

His skin and hair were every where party-coloured, transparent brown and white. On the crown of his head, several triangles, one within the other, were formed by alternations of the colours of his hair. In figure and countenance he might truly be called a beautiful child. His limbs were well proportioned, his features regular and pleasing, his eyes bright and intelligent, and the whole expression of his face both mild and lively. His voice was soft and melodious; and, as his mind began to develope itself, much quickness and penetration were betrayed.

When nearly five years of age, he was unfortunately attacked with a swelling in the jaw, and died on the 3d of February, 1813. Mr. Richardson, who had always treated him with a parental kindness while alive, was sincerely afflicted at his death. Soon after he had been placed with him, he had caused him to be baptized at the parish church of Newington, in the county of Surrey, and, on his death, he was buried at Great Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, in a brick vault, which Mr. Richardson caused to be purposely constructed. Mr. Richardson, fearful that the body might be stolen, had previously kept it unburied for the space of three months.

In the vestry of the church of Great Marlow hangs a fine painting of this extraordinary natural phenomenon, executed from the life, by Coventry, and presented to the corporation of Buckingham by Mr. Richardson; who finally closed his displays of affectionate regard for a child, which was not originally more recommended to his attention by his curiosity, than he was afterwards endeared to him by disposition and manners, by erecting a monument to his memory, at Great Marlow, and placing upon it the following inscription and epitaph :—

TO THE MEMORY

OF

GEORGE ALEXANDER GRATTON,

THE SPOTTED NEGRO BOY,

From the Carribee Islands, in the West Indies, died February 3d, 1813, aged four years and three-quarters.

This Tomb, erected by his only Friend and Guardian, Mr. John Richardson, of London.

Should this plain simple tomb attract thine eye,
Stranger, as thoughtfully thou passest by,
Know that there lies beneath this humble stone,
A child of colour haply not thine own.

His parents born of Afric's sun-burnt race,
Tho' black and white were blended in his face,
To Britain brought, which made his parents free,
And show'd the world great Nature's prodigy.

Depriv'd of kindred that to him were dear,
He found a friendly Guardian's fost'ring care;
But, scarce yet bloom'd, the fragrant flower fades,
And the lov'd infant finds an early grave.

To bury him his lov'd companions came,
And dropp'd choice flowers, and lisped his early fame;
And some that lov'd him most, as if unblest,
Bedew'd with tears the white wreath on his breast.

But he is gone, and dwells in that abode,
Where some of every clime must joy in God!

HORRORS OF A SYRIAN CONVENT.

(FROM VOLNEY.)

In Syria, about the year 1755, there was, in the neighbourhood of the Jesuit mission, a young Maronite damsel, named Hendia, whose extraordinary life soon attracted general attention. She fasted, wore hair-cloth, had the gift of tears; in a word, had all the exterior of the ancient hermits, and soon acquired the reputation of one. All the world looked upon her as a model of piety, and many esteemed her a saint. It was but one step more to a reputation for working miracles; and, in fact, a rumour of this kind was soon spread. Hendia availed herself of this general enthusiasm to carry her ambitious designs into execution, and taking apparently for her model her predecessors in the same career, she aspired to be the foundress of a new order. To build a convent, funds were requisite. The foundress appealed to the piety of her partisans, and offerings poured in to so large an amount, that, in a few years, she was enabled to erect two large mansions built of hewn stone, the construction of which must have cost 10,000*l*. The place named Kourket, is a ridge of hills to the north-west of Antoura, overlooking, on the west, the sea, which is very near, and towards the south affording a prospect that extends to the roads of Beirout, four leagues distant. The Kourket was soon peopled with monks and nuns. The patriarch for the time being was the director-general. Other offices, great and small, were conferred on divers priests and candidates, who were established in one of the houses. All went on as well as possible. It is true that many nuns died; but the blame was laid upon the air, and it was difficult to imagine the real cause. Over this little kingdom, Hendia reigned for nearly twenty years, when an accident, which could not have been foreseen, upset the whole. One sum-

mer's day, a commissioner, coming from Damascus to Beirout, was benighted near this convent: the gates were closed, the hour unseasonable; he would not give trouble; so, contenting himself with a little straw for his bed, he laid down in the outer-court to wait for day. He had been asleep several hours, when he was awaked by an indistinct noise of doors and bolts. From a door issued three women, bearing shovels and pick-axes, followed by two men, who carried a long white package, which seemed very heavy. The party marched towards a neighbouring piece of ground, full of stones and rubbish. There the men laid down their burden, dug a hole, into which they put it, then covered over the hole, and, after this operation, re-entered the mansion, followed by the females. Men in company with nuns, a *sortie* made by night, and attended with mystery, a package deposited in a hidden hole,—all this set the traveller a-thinking. Surprise had at first kept him silent; but his reflections soon gave rise to uneasiness and apprehension, and, before day-break, he stole away to Beirout. He was acquainted with a merchant in that city, who, some months before, had placed his two daughters at the Kourket, with an endowment of 10,000 livres. He went in search of him, half-undetermined, yet burning with impatience to recount his adventure. They take their seat, cross-legged of course; the long pipe is brought in and lighted; coffee is served. The merchant makes inquiries respecting his journey, and is told that the traveller passed the night near the Kourket. Particulars are asked; he gives them: at length, he throws off all reserve, and relates to his host all that he saw. The first words astonish him; on hearing of the load, he becomes uneasy; and this uneasiness is heightened by reflection into alarm. He knows that one of his daughters is ill; he is aware that many nuns have died lately. Tormented with these thoughts, not daring to entertain more serious suspicions, and unable to get rid of them, he mounts his horse,

accompanied with a single friend, and they proceed together to the convent. On demanding to see the two novices, they are told that they are ill. The merchant insists on their being produced; it is ungraciously refused: he becomes peremptory, and they are obstinate, till at length his suspicions are changed into certainty. In the bitterness of despair, he sets off for Deir-el-Kamar, where he lays before Said, the kiaya of the Emir Yousef, the fact with all its circumstances. The minister, struck with the story, gives him a company of horsemen, with an order to obtain admittance either by fair means or by foul. A cadi having now joined the merchant, the affair assumes a legal form. The first thing they do is to remove the earth, when they discover that the buried parcel is a corpse, which the unhappy father recognises as that of his youngest daughter. On forcing their way into the convent, the other is found in prison at the point of death. She discloses abominations which make the hair stand on end, of which she was just about to become a victim, like her sister. The saint is seized: she sustained her part with firmness. They proceeded against the priests and the patriarch; his enemies united to ruin him, in order to enrich themselves with the spoil: he was suspended, deposed. The affair was brought to Rome in 1776; the Propaganda gave information, and discoveries were made of the most infamous profligacy and horrors of cruelty. It was proved, that Hendia destroyed her nuns, sometimes to get their property into her hands, at other times, because they showed themselves refractory to her orders; that this woman herself consecrated and said mass; that under her bed were holes through which perfumes were introduced, while she pretended to have ecstacies and visits of the Holy Spirit; that she had a faction who flattered her vanity, and gave out that she was the Virgin Mary returned to earth, and a thousand other extravagances. In spite of all this, she had the address to keep together a party

powerful enough to screen her from the severe treatment which she deserved. She was shut up in several convents, from which she frequently managed to escape. In 1783, she was at the visitation of Antoura, and the brother of the Emir of the Druses interested himself on her behalf. A great number of persons afterwards believed in her sanctity, and but for the accidental circumstance of the traveller's being benighted, even her enemies would have believed it.

THE WHIRLWINDS, MIRAGE, AND LOCUSTS OF EGYPT.

A STRONG wind that arose this day leads me to mention some particulars of the phenomena that often happen in Egypt. The first I shall notice is the *whirlwinds*, which occur all the year round, but especially at the time of the camseen wind, which begins in April and lasts fifty days. Hence the name of camseen, which in Arabic signifies fifty. It generally blows from the south-west, and lasts four, five, or six days without varying, so very strong, that it raises the sands to a great height, forming a general cloud, so thick that it is impossible to keep the eyes open, if not under cover. It is troublesome even to the Arabs; it forces the sand into the houses through every cranny, and fills every thing with it. The caravans cannot proceed in the deserts; the boats cannot continue their voyages; and travellers are obliged to eat sand in spite of their teeth. The whole is like a chaos. Often a quantity of sand and small stones gradually ascends to a great height and forms a column sixty or seventy feet in diameter, and so thick, that were it steady on one spot, it would appear a solid mass. This not only revolves within its own circumference, but runs in a circular direction over a great space of ground, sometimes maintaining itself in motion for half an

hour, and where it falls it accumulates a small hill of sand. God help the poor traveller who is caught under it!

The next phenomenon is the *mirage*, often described by travellers, who assert having been deceived by it, as at a distance it appears to them like water. This is certainly the fact; and I must confess that I have been deceived myself, even after I was aware of it. The perfect resemblance to water, and the strong desire for this element, made me conclude, in spite of all my caution not to be deceived, that it was really water I saw. It generally appears like a still lake, so unmoved by the wind, that every thing above is to be seen most distinctly reflected by it, which is the principal cause of the deception. If the wind agitate any of the plants that arise above the horizon of the mirage, the motion is seen perfectly, at a great distance. If the traveller stand elevated much above the mirage, the apparent water seems less united and less deep; for, as the eyes look down upon it, there is not thickness enough in the vapour on the surface of the ground to conceal the earth from the sight. But, if the traveller be on a level with the horizon of the mirage, he cannot see through it, so that it appears to him clear water. By putting my head first to the ground, and then mounting a camel, the height of which from the ground might have been about ten feet at the most, I found a great difference in the appearance of the mirage. On approaching it, it becomes thinner, and appears if agitated by the wind, like a field of ripe corn. It gradually vanishes as the traveller approaches, and at last entirely disappears when he is on the spot.

The third phenomenon is the *locusts*. These animals I have seen in such clouds, that twice the number in the same space would form an opaque mass, which would wholly intercept the rays of the sun, and cause complete darkness. They alight on fields of corn, or other vegetables, and in a few minutes devour their whole produce. The natives make a

great noise to frighten them away, but in vain; and, by way of retaliation, they catch and eat them when fried, considering them a dainty repast. They are something like the grasshopper in form, and about two inches in length. They are generally of a yellow or gold colour, but there are some red and some green."—*Belzoni's Travels.*

ELIZABETH CANNING.

I WAS in London, says Voltaire, in the year 1753, when the adventures of Elizabeth Canning made so much noise. Elizabeth had quitted the house of her parents, and disappeared for a month, when she returned, thin, emaciated, and her clothes in rags—"Good God! in what condition are you returned! where have you been? whence are you come? what has befallen you?"—"Alas, my dear aunt, as I passed through Moorfields, in order to return home, two strong ruffians threw me down, robbed me, and carried me off to a house ten miles from London." Her aunt and her neighbours wept at this tale. "Oh, my dear child! was it not to the house of that infamous Mrs. Webb, that the ruffians conveyed you? for she lives about ten miles from town."—"Yes, aunt, it was to Mrs. Webb's."—"To a great house on the right?"—"Yes, aunt." The neighbours then described Mrs. Webb; and the young Canning agreed, that she was exactly such a women as they described her. One of them told Miss Canning, that people played all night in that woman's house; that it was a cut-throat place, where young men resorted to lose their money and ruin themselves. "Indeed it is a cut-throat place," replied Elizabeth Canning. "They do worse," said another neighbour, "those two ruffians, who are cousins to Mrs. Webb, go on the highway, take up all the pretty girls they meet, and oblige them to live on bread and water until they

consent to abandon themselves to the gamblers in the house." "Good God! I suppose they obliged you, my dear niece, to live upon bread and water?"—"Yes, aunt." She was asked, whether the ruffians had not offered violence to her chastity, and whether she had not been ruined? She answered, "that she had resisted them; that they beat her to the ground, and put her life in danger." Then the aunt and the neighbours began to cry out and weep.

They conducted the little girl to the house of one Adamson, who had been long a friend of the family; he was a man of fortune, and of great consequence in the parish. He mounted his horse, and took with him some friends, as zealous as himself, to reconnoitre the house of Mrs. Webb. On viewing the house, they thought there could be no doubt of the girl's having been confined there; and on perceiving an out-house where there was some hay, they concluded that to have been the place of her confinement. The pity of the good man Adamson was excited; he described the place on his return, which Elizabeth acknowledged she had been confined in. He interested the whole neighbourhood in her behalf, where a subscription was set on foot, in favour of a young woman so cruelly treated.

In proportion as Canning recovered her appearance and beauty, the people grew warm in her interest. Mr. Adamson presented a formal complaint to the sheriff in behalf of injured innocence. Mrs. Webb, and all those who lived in her house, while tranquil and unapprehensive in the country, were arrested and thrown into a dungeon. The sheriff, in order to be the better informed of the truth of this transaction, commenced his proceedings by enticing amicably to him a young woman who was a servant to Mrs. Webb; and engaging her by gentle words to say all that she knew. The servant, who had never seen or heard of Miss Canning, answered ingenuously at first, that she knew nothing of the person he spoke

of. But when the sheriff told her, she must answer in a court, and that she would certainly be hanged if she did not confess, she said every thing he wished her to say. In short, a jury was assembled, and nine persons were condemned to be hanged!

The time drew near in which these nine persons were to be executed, when the paper, called the *Session-Paper*, fell into the hands of a philosopher, named Ramsay. He read the account of the trial, and found the whole of it absurd. He was moved with indignation; and sat down to write a pamphlet, in which he stated it as a principle, that it is the first obligation of a juryman to be possessed of common sense. He showed, that Mrs. Webb, her two cousins, and the rest of the family, must have been different from the rest of mankind, if they obliged young girls to fast on bread and water with a view to prostitute them; for, on the contrary, they should have dieted and dressed them well, in order to render them agreeable; because, in all cases, merchants who have goods to dispose of, take care not to injure or tear them. He showed that Miss Canning had never been at the house of Mrs. Webb, and that she had only repeated the foolish things which her aunt had suggested to her, and that the good Mr. Adamson had, by the excess of his zeal, occasioned this extravagant prosecution: in short, that in all probability, the lives of nine of his majesty's subjects would be sacrificed, because Miss Canning was handsome and would tell falsehoods. The servant, who had been induced in an amicable manner, to say before the sheriff what was not true, could not safely contradict herself before the court. A person, who has given false testimony through passion or fear, commonly adheres to what he has said, and lies, from fear of passing for a liar.

It is in vain, said Mr. Ramsay, the law has ordained that two witnesses should be sufficient to prove a capital crime, and to take away the life of a citizen. If the Lord Chancellor and

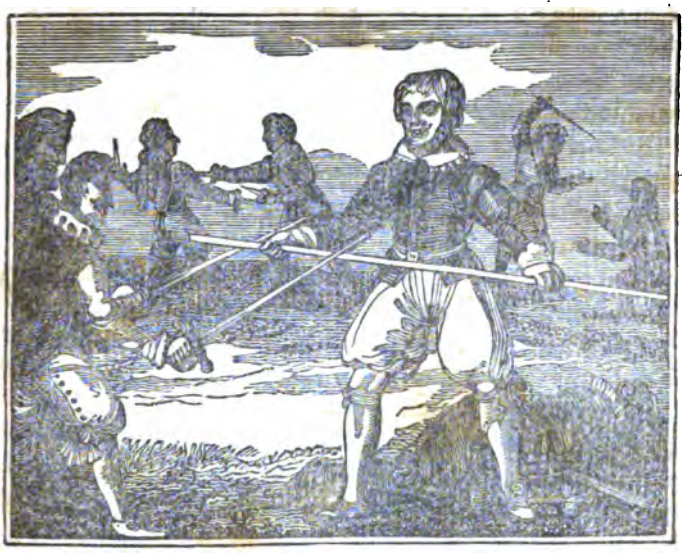
the Archbishop of Canterbury should swear that they have seen me assassinate my father and mother, and in half an hour eat them all for my breakfast, the Chancellor and the Archbishop should be put in Bedlam, rather than I should be burnt upon their evidence. If on the one hand a thing be impossible and absurd, and on the other there be ten thousand witnesses and a thousand reasoners, the impossibility of the thing should determine it against the evidences and reasonings. This little pamphlet opened the eyes of the sheriff and the jury. They were obliged to revise the proceedings. It was alleged, that Miss Canning was a little impostor, who had retired to lie in, while she pretended to have been in prison at Mrs. Webb's; and all the city of London, which had espoused her cause, was as much ashamed as it had been when a wag proposed to jump into a quart bottle, brought two thousand people to see the spectacle, carried off their money, and left them the bottle.

SILKWORM.

In a communication to the Society of Arts and Manufactures, it is stated, by Miss Henrietta Rhodes, that one line of silkworm, when unwound, measured 404 yards, and, when dry, weighed three grains. Hence it follows, that one pound avoirdupois of the thread, as spun by the worm, may be extended into a line 535 miles long, and that a thread which would encompass the earth, would weigh no more than forty-seven pounds.

SINGULAR DENTITION.

A female, of the name of Mary Thompson, residing at Little Smeaton, near Pontefract, at the advanced age of *ninety-six* years, has, within a few months back, cut four new teeth.



PEEKE'S COMBAT WITH THREE SPANIARDS.

It would be a very difficult matter to persuade the public that one Englishman will not at any time beat three Frenchmen; indeed to doubt it for a moment would be deemed heresy. In the field we have often done much more, as the ensanguined plains of Cressy, Poictiers, Agincourt, and Minden, bear witness. It has, however, been generally considered that our national superiority lay more in our physical strength than in generalship, though in this we have, to say the least of it, always been a match for the French.

A singular instance of English skill and valour furnishes the subject of our present engraving, which is copied from a very scarce tract, entitled "Three to One. Being an English Spanish combat. Performed by a westerne gentleman of Tavystoke in Devonshire, with an English quarterstaffe, against three Spanish rapiers and poniards, at Sherries in

Spain, the 15th day of November, 1625. In the presence of dukes, condes, marquisses, and other great dons of Spain, being the counsel of warre. The author of this book and actor in this encounter, R. Peeke."

Richard Peeke was a native of Tavistock, who had been a voyage to Algiers, entered as a volunteer in the expedition against Cales in Spain, and who, to use his own phrase, "performed some desperate service" at the castle of Puntall, on that coast. On the surrender of the castle, the English troops landed, when some of them, wandering up the country for plunder, were set upon by the Spaniards and killed. Peeke, who landed after them, hearing there was no danger in venturing up the country, set out alone. He had scarcely proceeded a mile on his way when he discovered the bodies of three Englishmen dead, and one just dying: he resolved if possible to carry the wounded man on board the English ship, and set out with him on his back. He was pursued by a Spanish horseman, whom he threw to the ground, and then began to rifle his pockets; but a party of fourteen musketeers came up at the time and took him prisoner. He was led a prisoner into the town of Cales, where he reports to have seen "Englishmen's heads kicked about the streets like footballs, and their ears cut off and worn in Spanish hats in scorn."

After Peeke had been confined eighteen days in prison at Cales, he was ordered to Xeres, about three leagues distant, to take his trial, where he underwent a long examination before several of the nobles, who passed bitter taunts and jokes on his countrymen. One Spaniard compared the English to *hens*, which so roused Peeke's indignation, that he said if the English were hens, the Spaniards were chickens and pullets. The duke of Medina, who was present, frowned, and asked Peeke if he dared fight with one of those pullets. This was readily accepted; a combatant was brought forward, but Peeke soon disarmed him, and presented his weapons, rapier

and poniard to the nobles. He was then asked if he would engage another Spaniard. "Another," says Peeke, "ay, for the honour of my country I will do good service against any six, and that without any other weapon than a halberd, deprived of its head."

The noblemen present thinking six persons too many for one man to encounter, restricted the number to three, who were armed with two weapons, a rapier and poniard each. Peeke modestly excuses his presumption in undertaking so unequal a contest by saying, "To die I thought most certain, but to die basely I would not; for three to kill one, had been to me no dishonour, to them (weapons considered) no glory. Upon these thoughts I fell to it."

The Spaniards made many desperate thrusts with their rapiers, which Peeke parried, and at length by a well-directed blow laid one of his adversaries dead at his feet. The other two were soon so handled, that they both took to their heels, one running to the band of soldiers for protection, and the other sheltering himself behind the judges. The Spaniards who were assembled, seeing their countrymen thus defeated, became clamorous against the Englishman; but the duke of Medina Sidonia immediately declared it death to any man that dared to injure him. A collection of nearly five pounds was made for him by the judges; he was presented to the king at Madrid, who offered him a place, but he refused, and returning to England, published the narrative from which this account is taken.

RENEE CORBEAU.

In the year 1594, a young gentleman, whose family dwelt in the town of Sues, in Normandy, came to the university of Angiers, in order to study the law. There he saw Renee

Corbeau, the daughter of a citizen of that place. This amiable girl was young, prudent, handsome, and witty. Though her parents were not rich, yet she inspired in the heart of the young student a passion so vehement, and love inspired him with such eloquence, that, in a very short time their attachment, become mutual, was so fervent, that in his transports he offered to espouse her, and gave her a solemn promise in writing. The young woman, agreeably deluded by his putting this paper into her hands, forfeited her honour. The consequence was, a child. Her parents reproached her in severe terms, and began to consult about the means by which her error might be repaired. The result of their deliberations was, that she should make her lover an appointment at their country-house, and thus give her parents an opportunity of surprising them together.

This scheme was effectually carried into execution, and while love possessed the heart of the young inamorato, he gave the daughter a contract of marriage.

The moment he had put his hand to this instrument, it filled him with disgust. Those charms, which had pierced his heart a few hours before, now lost their force, and the fair one, from being the most lovely of her sex, now appeared the least agreeable. After a few days, he left her abruptly and returned home to his father, to whom, without the least reserve, he related the unlucky event. The father was extremely chagrined at this story of his son's, and disapproving of the match, he told him there was but one way left, and that, if he would regain his favour, he must follow it immediately. The young gentleman, in obedience to his father's directions, entered into holy orders, and was actually ordained a priest; so that it was impossible for him to perform his contract.

Renee Corbeau heard this news with the utmost grief, nor was it possible for her to dissemble the anger she conceived

against her lover, for committing so black an act of perfidy. It is very likely, however, that her wrath would have vented itself in complaints, and all her threatenings evaporated in words; but her father immediately accused the young man before the magistrate for seduction, and on hearing the cause he was found guilty. However, he appealed to the parliament of Paris, and the cause was moved to the Tournelle, where Monsieur de Villeroy at that time presided. On the hearing all parties, the behaviour of this young gentleman appeared so gross, and capable of so little alleviation, that the court decided, that he should either marry the woman or suffer death. The first was impossible, because he had taken orders; the court, therefore, directed that he should be led to execution. Accordingly, he was put into the hands of the executioner, and the confessor drew near, who was to assist him in his last moments. Then it was that Renee Corbeau found her bosom agitated with the most exquisite affliction, which was still heightened when she saw the pomp of justice about to take place, and her lover on the point of being led to the scaffold.

Furious, through despair, and guided only by her passion, she rushed with such impetuosity through the crowd that she got into the inner chamber before the judges were separated, and then, her face bathed in tears, and all in disorder, she addressed them in the following terms: "Behold! my lords! the most unfortunate lover that ever appeared before the face of justice. In condemning him I love, you seem to suppose that either I am not guilty of any thing, or that, at least, my crime is capable of excuse, and yet you adjudge me to death, which must befall me with the same stroke that takes away my lover. You subject me to the most grievous destiny, for the infamy of my lover's death will fall upon me, and I shall go to my grave more dishonoured than he. You desire to repair the injury done to my honour, and the remedy you

bring will load me with eternal shame; so that at the moment you give your opinion, that I am rather unhappy than criminal, you are pleased to punish me with the most severe and intolerable pains. How agrees your treatment of me with your equity, and with the rules of that humane justice which should direct your court? You cannot be ignorant of the hardship I sustain; for you were men before you were judges. You must have been sensible of the power of love, and you cannot but have some idea of the torment which must be felt in a breast, where the remembrance dwells of having caused the death, the infamous death, of the dear object of her love. Can there be a punishment equal to this, or, after it, could death be considered in any other light than as the highest blessing of heaven?

"Stay! oh, stay, my lords! I am going to open your eyes. I am going to acknowledge my fault, to reveal my secret crime, which hitherto I have concealed, that, if possible, the marriage of my lover might have restored my blasted honour. But, urged now by remorse of conscience, I am constrained to confess that I seduced him. Yes, my lords, I loved first! It was I, that to gratify my passion, informed him of my attachment, and thus I made myself the instrument of my own dishonour. Change then, my lords, the sentiments you have hitherto entertained of this affair. Look upon me as the seducer; on my lover as the person injured; punish me; save him. If justice is inexorable, and there is a necessity for some victim, let it be me.

"You look upon it as a crime that he took holy orders, and thereby rendered it impossible for him to comply with his contract; but this was not his own act; it was the act of a barbarous father, whose tyrannous commands he could not resist. A will in subjection, my lords, is no will at all to deserve punishment. The offender must be free; his father could only be guilty; and were he not the father of my love,

I would demand justice of you on him. Is it not clear then, my lords, that your last sentence contradicts your first? You decreed that he should have his choice to marry me, or to die, and yet you never put the first in his power. How odious must I appear in your eyes, when you choose rather to put a man to death, than to allow him to marry me. He has declared, that his present condition will not allow him to marry, and, in consequence of this declaration, you have condemned him to death; but what signifies that declaration; his meaning was, that he would have married me if he could, and if so, your sentence is unjust; for, by your former decree, he was to have his option. But you will say, a priest can't marry. Ah! my lords, love has taught me better. Love brings things instantly to our minds that may be of service to the object of our loves. The pope, my lords, can dispense with his vow: you cannot be ignorant of this, and therefore his choice may be yet in his power. We expect every moment the legate of his holiness; he has all the plenitude of power delegated to him, which is in the sovereign pontiff. I will solicit him for this dispensation, and my passion tells me, that I shall not plead in vain; for what obstacle will it not be able to surmount, when it has overcome that of your decree. Have pity then, my lords! Have pity on two unfortunate lovers; mitigate your sentence, or, at least, suspend it till I have time to solicit the legate for a dispensation. You look on my lover, it is true, as a man guilty of a great crime; but what crime too great to be expiated by the horrors he has already sustained? Has he not felt a thousand times the pains of death since the pronouncing his sentence? Besides, could you enter into my breast, and conceive what torments I have endured, you would think our fault, foul as it is, fully atoned. I see among your lordships some who are young, and some who are advanced in years; the first cannot sure have their breasts already steeled against the emotions of a

passion natural to their sex; and I may hope the latter have not forgot the tender sentiments of their junior years. From both I have a right to pity; and if the voices for me are few, let the humanity of their sentiments prevail against the number of their opponents. But if all I have said is vain, at least afford me the melancholy pleasure of sharing his punishment, as I shared his crime. In this, my lords, be strictly just; and, as we have lived, let us die, together."

This amiable woman was heard with equal silence and compassion; there was not a word lost of her discourse, which she pronounced with a voice so clear, and with a tone so expressive of her affliction, that it struck to the hearts of the judges. Her beauty, her tears, her eloquence, had charms too powerful not to incline the most frozen hearts to think with her. The judges receded unanimously from their opinions. Monsieur de Villeroy having collected their sentiments, and declared that he agreed with them, proceeded to suspend the last edict, and to allow the criminal six months to apply for a dispensation.

The legate immediately after entered France. It was the great Cardinal de Medicis, afterwards pope, by the name of Clement the Eleventh, though he enjoyed the chair not quite a month. He heard the whole of this affair, and inquired narrowly into all its circumstances, but finding that he took holy orders with a premeditated design to avoid the performance of his contract, he declared, that he was unworthy of a dispensation, and that he would not respite such a wretch from the death he deserved.

Renee Corbeau had a passion too strong to be overcome; she threw herself at the feet of the king, Henry the Fourth.

He heard her with attention, answered with tenderness, and going to the legate in person, requested the dispensation in such terms, that it could not be refused. He had the good-

ness to deliver it to the lady with his own hands; the criminal gladly accepted Renee for his wife; they were publicly married, and lived long together in the happiest union.

ST. WINIFRID'S WELL, FLINTSHIRE.

THE town of Holywell takes its name from this spring, which lies at the bottom of three hills at its east end, and is covered by a small gothic building of some antiquity, and remarkable for its neatness. The work forms a canopy on the inside over the well, which has a shield charged with a coat of arms, long since effaced by time, in its centre. The portrait of St. Winifrid still remains on the walls, which were formerly painted.

The water here passes through an arch into a small court. The well forms an oblong, being about twelve feet long and seven feet wide. The walls are hung round with votive memorials of the efficacy of this spring, that, however, seem to be exaggerated; but this is by no means wonderful, when it is considered that the general prejudices of the vulgar here, of whom no small number are of the Roman Catholic persuasion, have magnified some naturally curious circumstances into the bulk of miracles. The well is indeed extremely clear, and has incontestably been proved serviceable in some complaints; it boils up like a caldron with vast force, and sends forth an amazing quantity of water in a short space of time, which turns a mill at a small distance; and, in a printed description, it has been pretended to emit no less than a hundred tons per minute. At the bottom are several stones spotted with red, whose affinity to blood appears to some weak minds to countenance the following legend, which we insert for the entertainment, we could not be so absurd as to introduce it to engage the belief, of our readers.

Once on a time, it is generally related to be in the seventh century, a young maiden whose name was Winifrid, then living under the care of her pious uncle Bueno, a professor and warm admirer of a monastic life, a neighbouring tyrannical and lascivious prince, called Cradoc, attempted first to bend her to his desires, and afterwards to commit a rape on her person. Being struck with horror, the trembling virgin fled, to escape the violence intended to her chastity; but this savage chief pursuing and overtaking her, his lust was changed into such a fit of rage, that he drew his sword and instantly struck off her head, which took its way down the valley, where a spring of sovereign virtues directly burst from the earth; but in commemoration of the event the stones at the bottom of this stream were marked with indelible stains of blood. The virgin's loss was soon after repaired by Bueno, who, coming that way, took up the head, which he well knew, and, finding the body, united them again; but Cradoc was struck dead, and the ground opening, his blackened corpse was conveyed to the infernal regions, as a deserved punishment for his monstrous wickedness. The good Winifrid, who lived fifteen years after this restoration, so timely effected by Bueno's piety, used to send him an annual token or present when he went over to Ireland; to expedite the despatch of which, she had only to place the gift on the stream of the well, and from thence it was conveyed to his place of residence, fifty miles beyond the sea, which some might be inclined to set down for a trivial and unnecessary miracle.

ROCKING STONES.

Pliny tells us, that at Harpasa, a town of Asia, there was a rock of such a wonderful nature, that if touched with the finger it would shake, but could not be moved from its place

with the whole force of the body. Ptolemy Hephestion mentions a stone near the ocean, which was agitated when struck by the stalk of an asphodel, but could not be removed by a great exertion of force.

In Britain there are many stones of this description. In the parish of St. Leven, Cornwall, there is a promontory called Castle Treryn. On the western side of the middle group, near the top, lies a very large stone, so evenly poised, that any hand may move it from one side to another; yet it is so fixed on its base, that no lever, nor any mechanical force, can remove it from its present situation. It is called the Logan Stone, and is at such a height from the ground, that no person can believe that it was raised to its present position by art.

Other rocking stones are so shaped, and so situated, that there can be no doubt they were erected by human strength. Of this kind, Borlase thinks the great *Quoit* or *Karn-lehau*, in the parish of Tywidnek, to be. It is thirty-nine feet in circumference, and four feet thick at a medium, and stands on a single pedestal. There is also a remarkable stone of the same kind in the Island of St. Agnes, in Scilly. It is poised on a mass of rock, which is ten feet six inches high, forty-seven feet round the middle, and touches the ground with no more than half its base. From this the rocking stone rises on one point only, and is so nicely balanced, that two or three men with a pole can move it. It is eight feet six inches high, and forty-seven feet in circumference. On the top there is a basin, hollowed out, three feet eleven inches in diameter, at a medium, but wider at the brim, and three feet deep. From the globular shape of this upper stone, it is highly probable that it was rounded by human art, and perhaps even placed on its pedestal by human strength.

In Sithney parish, near Helston, in Cornwall, stood the famous *Logan*, or rocking stone, commonly called *Men*

Amber, *Men-au-bar*, or the top stone. It was eleven feet by six, and four high, and so nicely poised on another stone, that a little child could move it, and all travellers who passed this way desired to see it. But Shrubsall, Cromwell's governor of Pendennis, with much ado, caused it to be undermined, to the great grief of the country. There are some marks of the tool upon it, and by its quadrangular shape, it was probably dedicated to Mercury.

In the parish of Kirkmichael, in Scotland, there is a very remarkable stone of this description. It stands on a flat-topped eminence, surrounded at some distance by steep rocky hills. It rests on the plain surface of a rock, level with the ground. Its shape is quadrangular, approaching to the figure of a rhombus, of which the greater diagonal is seven feet, and the lesser five. Its medium thickness is about two feet and a half; its solid contents will, therefore, be about fifty-one cubical feet. As it is of very hard and solid whinstone, its weight, reckoning the cubical foot at eight stone three pounds, may be reckoned to be 418 stone five pounds, or within thirty pounds of three tons. It touches the rock on which it rests only in one line, which is in the same plane with the lesser diagonal, and its lower surface is convex towards the extremities of the greater diagonal. By pressing down either of the extreme corners, and withdrawing the pressure alternately, a rocking motion is produced, which may be increased so much, that the distance between the lowest depression and highest elevation is a full foot. When the pressure is wholly withdrawn, the stone will continue to rock till it has made twenty-six or more vibrations, from one side to the other, before it settles in its naturally horizontal position. Both the lower side of the stone, and the surface of the rock on which it rests, appear to be worn and roughened by mutual friction.

JACK ADAMS, THE ASTROLOGER.

JACK ADAMS, "Professor of the Celestial Sciences, Clerkenwell-green," lived in the reign of Charles the Second, and was in his day an important personage. His biographer calls him "a blind buzzard, that pretended to have the eye of an eagle." He was chiefly employed in horary questions relative to love and marriage, and knew, upon proper occasions, how to soothe the passions and flatter the expectations of those who consulted him; as a man might have had much better fortune from him for five guineas, than for the same number of shillings. He affected a singular dress, and cast his horo-

scopes with great solemnity. When he failed in his predictions, he declared that the stars did not absolutely force, but powerfully incline; and threw the blame upon wayward and perverse fate! He maintained that their tendency was intrinsically right, when they intimated such things as were never verified; and that they were only wrong, as the hand of a clock, made by a skilful workman, when it is moved forward or backward by any external and superior force. He assumed the character of a learned and *cunning* man, but was no otherwise cunning than as he knew how to overreach those credulous mortals who were as willing to be cheated as he was to cheat them; and who relied implicitly upon his art. In the original print from which our engraving is taken, Jack Adams is thus designated:

"Magnifico Smokentissimo Custardissimo Astrologissimo, Cunningmanissimo, Rabbinissimo Vero JACKO ADAMS, de Clerkenwell Greeno, hanc lovelissiman sui Picturam. Hobbedeboody, pinxit et scratchabat.

The following curious description accompanies the portrait:

View here the wonder of Astrologers,
How solemnly he with himself confers,
Sure by his leaning posture we may guess
Some serious things his noddle doth possess.
The drum, tops, whips, and rattles, by his head,
He seems to slight; whilst fortune he doth read.
Unto which purpose with what earnestness
See how the gallant doth his counsel press;
So earnestly as not to be denied,
Longing to have a Princess for his bride.
Joan, Queen of Sluts, as earnest doth importune,
His worship would be pleased to tell her fortune.
Whilst he looks down with an intentive look,
On the twelve houses and poor Robin's book.
The medal which before him hangs on pin,
Is that which the Great Turk did send to him.

Nought else remaineth that we should describe,
But horn-book and napkin by his side,
His pipe's at girdle, which he calls his gun;
His inkhorn a porridge pot; and so we have done.

THE HEROIC MOTHER.

In the month of June, 1818, a pedler and his wife presented themselves at nightfall at the door of a little farm house, near the village of the Brie, in France, and requested of the farmer permission to sleep there; his wife was still confined to her bed, having lately laid-in. A small room was assigned to them, where they passed the night quietly. The next day being Sunday, the farmer and his servants went to mass to a neighbouring village. The pedler also expressed a wish to go, and there remained in the house only the wife of the farmer, the pedler's wife, who complained that she was not well, and a child of six years of age.

Scarcely had the people gone out, when the pedler's wife, armed with a knife, presented herself at the bed of the lying-in woman, and demanded her money, threatening to kill her in case of refusal. The latter, sick and weak, did not oppose the slightest resistance, and delivered up the keys of her drawers, at the same time desiring the little boy to conduct the woman who had to look for something in them. She rose softly from the bed, followed the pedler's wife without being heard, and having beckoned the child out of the room, locked the robber up in the chamber. She then desired the child to run to the village, to apprize his father, and desire him to bring assistance.

The child did not lose an instant; but by an inconceivable fatality met on the road the pedler, who had left the church, no doubt, to join his wife. Having asked the child where he was going, the latter answered ingenuously he was going to seek his father, as an attempt was made to rob them. The pedler took the child by the hand, and said it would be unnecessary, and that he would himself go and protect his mother.

They returned to the farm where the farmer's wife was shut up; they knocked at the door, but this woman not recognising the voice of her husband, obstinately refused to open it; the pedler made vain efforts to induce her to it, and being unable to attain his end, threatened to cut her child's throat, if she did not instantly decide upon it. Furious at not being able to prevail upon her, he executed his horrible threat, and killed the child, almost under the eyes of its mother, who heard without being able to give succour, the cries and last sighs of her son.

After having committed this useless crime, he endeavoured to penetrate into the house to save his wife; time pressed, they might each moment return from mass, and he could not succeed in getting admission but by mounting on the roof and descending down the chimney. During all this time he exhausted his rage in menaces and imprecations against the farmer's wife, who, almost fainting, saw nothing to deliver her from her certain death. This wretch had already got into the chimney, and was about to enter into the chamber, when the farmer's wife, collecting all her force, drew by sudden inspiration, the paillasse of her bed to the edge of the hearth, and there set it on fire. The smoke in a few minutes enveloped the assassin, who not being able to reascend, very soon fell into the fire half suffocated. The farmer's courageous wife lost not her presence of mind, but struck him several blows with the poker, which put him beyond the chance of recovering his senses. Finally, exhausted with fatigue and mental agony, she fell senseless on the carpet of her chamber, and remained in this situation till the moment when the farmer and his servants returned from church to be witnesses of this horrible occurrence. The dead body of the child at the gate of the farm-house, was the first spectacle that struck the eyes of this unhappy father. They forced open the gate, and after having recalled to life the farmer's wife, they seized

the two culprits, who were delivered up to justice. The pedler survived his wounds, and both received the punishment due to their crimes.

THE BOOK OF GIANTS.

"And there were giants in those days."

The extravagant accounts which the romances of all ages give of giants of incredible size and strength, has had the effect of making many disbelieve entirely in their existence. They contend that the stature of man hath been the same in all ages; and some have even gone so far as to pretend to demonstrate mathematically the impossibility of the existence of giants. Among these theorists, Mr. Laurin was, perhaps, the most explicit and ingenious, but the whole of his arguments are inconclusive; and leave the existence of giants to rest on the credibility of the accounts we have from those who pretend to have seen them, and not on any arguments drawn *a priori*.

In Scripture, giants are frequently mentioned; and although in some cases it is contended that the word translated giants, does not imply extraordinary stature, yet in the case of Og, King of Bashan, and Goliah of Gath, such is its evident meaning. Profane historians have given seven feet as the height of Hercules, their first hero; but we have in our own days seen men above eight feet high.

If we could credit the accounts of the gigantic bones said to have been discovered, eight feet would be nothing; but while we give these accounts which are recorded in history, we certainly must acknowledge our conviction that they are generally fabulous.

The Athenians are said to have found near their city, two famous skeletons, one of thirty-four, and the other of thirty-

six feet. At Totu, in Bohemia, we are told, a skeleton was found in the year 758, the head of which could scarcely be fathomed by the arms of two men together, and whose legs, which they still keep in the castle of that city, were twenty-six feet long. The scull of the giant found in Macedonia, September, 1691, held two hundred and ten pounds of corn. Near Mazarino, in Sicily, was found a giant 30 feet high; his head was the size of a hogshead, and each of his teeth weighed five ounces. Near Palermo, in the valley of Mazara, in Sicily, a skeleton of a giant thirty feet long was found in the year 1548; and another, thirty-three feet high, in 1550. Many curious persons, historians assure us, have preserved several of those gigantic bones.

The Chevalier Scory, in his voyage to the Peake of Teneriffe, says, they found in one of the sepulchral caverns of that mountain, the head of a Guanche which had eighty teeth, and the body was not less than fifteen feet long. In Rouen, in 1509, in digging the ditches near the Dominicans, they found a stone tomb containing a skeleton, whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose shin bone reached up to the girdle of the tallest man there, being about four feet high, consequently the body must have been seventeen or eighteen feet high. On the tomb was a plate of copper with this inscription :—

> "In this tomb lies the noble and puissant Lord, the Chevalier Ricon de Vallemont and his bones."

Platerus, a famous physician, declares that he saw at Lucerne, the true human bones of a subject, which must have been nineteen feet high. Valence, in Dauphiny, boasts of possessing the bones of the giant Bucart, tyrant of the Vivarais, who was slain by an arrow, by the Count de Cabillon, his vassal. The Dominicans had a part of the shin bones with the articulation of the knee, and his figure painted in fresco, with an inscription, showing that this giant was twenty-

two feet and a half high, and that his bones were found in 1705, near the banks of the Morderi, a little river at the foot of the mountains of Crussol, upon which, tradition says, the giant dwelt.

On the 11th of January, 1613, some masons digging near the ruins of a castle in Dauphiny, in a field which had long been traditionally called the giant's field, found, at the depth of eighteen feet, a brick tomb, thirty feet long, twelve feet wide, and eight feet high, on which was a gray stone, with the words *Theutobochus Rex*, engraved on it. When the tomb was opened, they found a human skeleton entire, twenty-five feet and a half long, ten feet wide across the shoulders, and five feet deep from the breast bone to the back. His teeth were each about the size of an ox's foot, and his shin bone measured four feet.

The celebrated Sir Hans Sloane, who wrote a learned treatise on the subject, does not doubt these facts, but thinks the bones were those of elephants, whales, or other enormous animals: but neither the bones, much less the head, of an elephant or whale, could be imposed on any anatomist, or even a connoisseur, for those of a man, however gigantic. The evidence, however, rests on too slender an authority to be deemed conclusive.

A SITUATION OF EXTREME HORROR.

"I ONCE" says a celebrated writer, "read a most horrible story of some French travellers, who attempted to explore the vaults of the Egyptian pyramids, which revives some of those terrifying obstructions we sometimes meet with in disturbed dreams. These persons had already traversed an extensive labyrinth of chambers and passages; they were on

their return, and had arrived at the most difficult part of it,—a very long and winding passage, forming a communication between two chambers; its opening narrow and low. The ruggedness of the floor, sides, and roof, rendered their progress slow and laborious, and these difficulties increased rapidly as they advanced. The torch with which they had entered became useless, from the impossibility of holding it upright, as the passage diminished its height. Both its height and width, at length, however, became so much contracted, that the party was compelled to crawl on their bellies. Their wanderings in these interminable passages (for such, in their fatigue of body and mind they deemed them) seemed to be endless. Their alarm was already great, and their patience already exhausted, when the headmost of the party cried out, that he could discern the light at the exit of the passage, at a considerable distance a-head, but that he could not advance any farther, and that in his efforts to press on, in hopes to surmount the obstacle without complaining, he had squeezed himself so far into the reduced opening, that he had now no longer sufficient strength even to recede! The situation of the whole party may be imagined: their terror was beyond the power of direction or advice; while the wretched leader, whether from terror, or the natural effect of his situation, swelled so that, if it was before difficult, it was now impossible for him to stir from the spot he thus miserably occupied. One of the party at this dreadful and critical moment, proposed, in the intense selfishness to which the feeling of vital danger reduces all, as the only means of escape from this horrible confinement,—this living grave, to cut in pieces the wretched being who formed the obstruction, and clear it by dragging the dismembered carcase piece-meal past them! He heard this dreadful proposal, and, contracting himself with agony at the idea of this death, was reduced by a strong muscular spasm to his usual dimensions, and was dragged

out, affording room for the party to squeeze themselves past over his prostrate body. The unhappy creature was suffocated in the effort, and was left behind a *corpse!*"

SUPERNATURAL WARNING.

THE age of superstition is past, and there are few, except in the lower rank of society, who will now give credit to improbable tales, however well they may be persuaded of the respectability of their source, unless they have the means of being acquainted with their truth and authenticity. Superstition, however, has still her votaries; and in spite of the enlightened and civilized state of society, at the present time, there are few who will not feel some interest at the recital of a story, in which any thing connected with supernatural agency is introduced, and more particularly so when that story is in the most remote manner founded on fact. The tale I am about to narrate deviates but very slightly from one which has been well authenticated, and at the time when it was fresh upon our memory, was almost universally believed.

A young gentleman, by the name of C——, was, some years ago, residing with a clergyman in the north of England, for the purpose of completing his education. He was heir to a large fortune, particularly amiable, of a lively disposition, gay in his manners, and entirely free from any taint of superstitious belief. He was strong and healthy, and very unlikely, in any manner, to give credit to the workings of his imagination, or to believe in dreams. I mention this because there are some people whose weak state of health, or whose melancholy disposition, might make them more liable to be exposed to the impression produced by any sudden alarm, or any unusual agitation. One morning, however, at breakfast, his haggard and pale looks, and his thoughtful manner,

attracted the attention of his friends, who were accustomed to see him animated and healthy, and upon their pressing him to account for this sudden alteration, he confessed that he had, during the night, had a dream, which had made so strong an impression upon him, that he could not drive it from his thoughts. He said, that he had seen a young woman enter his room softly, with a light in one hand and a knife in the other; that she made several attempts to stab him, but upon his resistance, she had disappeared. He then described her person and dress, both of which, he said, were so deeply impressed upon his memory, that they never could be effaced.

His friends treated the matter lightly, and endeavoured to ridicule him for giving so much credit to a dream; and Mr. C—— himself, as if ashamed of his weakness, tried to banish it from his thoughts. Several months passed away, and he resumed his usual gaiety of manner; every thing appeared forgotten; and when his dream intruded itself upon his recollection, he laughed at himself for having ever thought of such a trifle.

Years had elapsed, and Mr. C—— having come into the possession of a large property, proposed to an intimate friend to visit the Continent. They left England together; and after having travelled through most of the countries in Europe, were returning home, in the autumn of ——. A long and tedious day's journey brought them very late one evening to a retired village on the borders of Hungary; there was but one inn in the place, and that, from its appearance, did not promise them very comfortable accommodation. However, they had no choice; it was too late to proceed, and they alighted. There was nothing remarkable in their reception, they were proceeding to the apartment which was allotted to them, when Mr. C—— suddenly stopped short, and uttered a scream of horror; his friend ran to his assistance, surprised at an emotion for which he could not account, but Mr. C——

having closed the door, immediately related the circumstances of the dream which had made so much impression upon him some years before, adding, at the same time, that the female servant who had lighted them up stairs, was the same person, both in face, appearance, and dress, who had appeared to him in his vision. The sudden and unexpected recollection of a circumstance which had been so long forgotten, could not fail to agitate Mr. C—— exceedingly; but as there was nothing suspicious in the manners of the inhabitants of the inn, the friends retired to rest, having first taken care to fasten the door, and place their pistols near them.

Overcome by the fatigue of travelling, they were soon both asleep; but Mr. C—— awaking suddenly, beheld, to his extreme horror, the same woman, standing over him, with a light in one hand, and a knife in the other, having the blade directed towards his breast, apparently about to strike. In his agony of horror, he uttered a scream, which awoke his friend, who springing from his bed, was just in time to catch her arm. * * * *

HUGH WILLIAMS.

In the year 1664, on the 5th of December, a boat on the Meni, crossing that strait, with eighty-one passengers, was upset, and only one passenger, named Hugh Williams, was saved. On the same day, in the year 1785, was upset another boat, containing about sixty persons, and every soul perished, with the exception of *one*, whose name also was Hugh Williams. And on the 5th of August, 1820, a third boat met the same disaster; but the passengers of this were no more than twenty-five, and singular to relate, the whole perished with the exception of *one*, whose name was Hugh Williams.

Bristol Mercury.

A GOOD SHOT.

"It is now," said Von Wyk, "more than two years since, in the very place where I stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded. My wife was sitting within the house near the door, the children were playing about her, and I was without, busied in doing something to a waggon, when suddenly, though it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up, and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door! My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may well be conceived, when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way.—Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was, escape seemed impossible; yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a most happy chance, I had set it in the corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand; for, the opening was too small to admit of my having got in; and still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think: I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed, and, invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece.—The ball passed directly over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion immediately above his eyes, which shot forth, as it were, sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred more."—LICHTENSTEIN'S *Travels in South Africa.*

GUNPOWDER PLOT CONSPIRATORS.

THERE is not, we are well assured, one of our readers that is unacquainted with Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot. Indeed no historical event is perhaps better known, nor can the remembrance of it cease as long as schoolboys get a holiday by making bonfires, firing pop-guns, or burning "Old Guy" on the 5th of November.

Well, however, as the fact is known, the gunpowder treason is involved in much obscurity; and it is really difficult to believe either, that because the Jesuits were not sufficiently indulged by James the First, they should form the plan of destroying him, his parliament, and family at once, or that men could be found willing to undertake the hellish project: and yet, if we are to believe the concurring testimony of historians, the evidence of facts, and the memoirs of the individuals, such was really the case.

The plot appears to have been first concerted between Catesby and Piercy, or rather perhaps Catesby first communicated it to Piercy, and told him that the plan was to get barrels of gunpowder placed under the parliament house, which were to be fired on the first day of sitting, when the king and the royal family were to be present. Several other persons were enlisted in the plot, and Fawkes, an officer in the Spanish service, was sent for to Flanders. A house was hired next to the parliament house, towards the end of the year 1604; a hole was cut through the wall, though three feet thick; and at last even the vault itself under the house of parliament was hired. Several barrels of gunpowder and faggots of wood were introduced, and all was ready; when, fortunately for humanity, an event, which would have stamped the British annals with a crime unparalleled, was averted.

Ten days before the meeting of parliament, Lord Monteagle, a catholic, received a letter, warning him not to go to parliament that day, in order to avoid a terrible calamity. Lord Monteagle took the letter to Lord Salisbury, the secretary of state. The day before the meeting of parliament the vaults were searched, the gunpowder found, and Fawkes ready to carry the dreadful project into effect. He was seized and committed to the Tower.

The eight principal conspirators, whose portraits we have prefixed to this article, were Thomas Bates, Robert Winter, Christopher Wright, John Wright, Thomas Piercy, Guido Fawkes, Robert Catesby, and Thomas Winter. Of these, Catesby and Piercy, who fled into Staffordshire, were killed with one shot, in resisting an attempt to arrest them. Guy Fawkes was executed in 1606, in company with Thomas Winter. John Wright was killed in the same struggle as Catesby and Piercy; and Thomas Bates was executed. They were all men of terrible daring, and would not have shrunk from their purpose, appalling as it was.

BOILING MUD LAKE OF JAVA.

A PARTY of gentlemen having received an extraordinary account of a natural phenomenon in the plains of Grobogna, fifty paals north-east of Solo, they set off from Solo the 25th of September, 1814, to examine it. On approaching the dass or village of Kuhoo, they saw, between the tops of two trees in a plain, an appearance like the surf breaking over rocks, with a strong spray falling to leeward. Alighting, they went to the "Bluddugs," as the Javanese call them. They are situated in the village of Kuhoo, and by Europeans are called by that name. "We found them," says the narrator, "to be an elevated plain of mud about two miles in circumference, in the centre of which immense bodies of soft mud were thrown up to the height of ten or fifteen feet, in the form of large bubbles, which bursting, emitted great volumes of dense white smoke. These large bubbles, of which there were two, continued throwing up and bursting seven or eight times in a minute; at times they threw up two or three tons of mud. The party got to leward of the smoke, and found it to stink like the washings of a gun barrel. As the bubbles burst, they threw the mud out from the centre, with a pretty loud noise, occasioned by the falling of the mud on that which surrounded it, and of which the plain is composed. It was difficult and dangerous to approach the large bubbles, as the ground was all a quagmire, except where the surface of the mud had become hardened by the sun; upon this, we approached cautiously to within fifty yards of one of the largest bubbles, or mud-pudding, as it might properly be called, for it was of the consistency of custard pudding, and was about a hundred yards in diameter; here and there, where the foot accidentally rested on a spot not sufficiently hardened to bear, it sunk, to the no small distress of the walker.

"We all got close to a small bubble, (the plain was full of them, of different sizes,) and observed it attentively for some time. It appeared to heave and swell, and, when the internal air had raised it to some height, it burst, and the mud fell down in concentric circles; in which state it remained quiet until a sufficient quantity of air again formed internally to raise and burst another bubble, and this continued at intervals of from about half a minute to two minutes.

"From various other parts of the pudding round the large bubbles, there were occasionally small quantities of sand shot up like rockets to the height of twenty or thirty feet, unaccompanied by smoke: this was in parts where the mud was of too stiff a consistency to rise in bubbles. The mud, at all the places we came near, was cold.

"The water which drains from the mud is collected by the Javanese, and, being exposed in the hollows of split bamboos to the rays of the sun, deposits crystals of salt. The salt thus made is reserved exclusively for the use of the emperor of Solo; in dry weather it yields thirty dudgins of one hundred catties each, every month, but in wet or cloudy weather, less.

"Next morning we rode two and a half paals to a place in a forest called Ram am, to view a salt lake, a mud hillock, and various boiling pools.

"The lake was about half a mile in circumference, of a dirty looking water, boiling up all over in gurgling eddies, but more particularly in the centre, which appeared like a strong spring. The water was quite cold, and tasted bitter, salt, and sour, and had an offensive smell.

"About thirty yards from the lake stood the mud-hillock, which was about fifteen feet high from the level of the earth. The diameter of its base was about twenty-five yards, and its top about eight feet, and in form an exact cone. The top is open, and the interior keeps constantly boiling and heaving up like the bluddugs. The hillock is entirely formed of mud

which has flowed out of the top. Every rise of the mud was accompanied by a rumbling noise from the bottom of the hillock, which was distinctly heard for some seconds before the bubble burst; the outside of the hillock was quite firm. We stood on the edge of the opening and sounded it, and found it to be eleven fathoms deep. The mud was more liquid at the bluddugs, and no smoke was emitted either from the lake, hillock, or pools.

"Close to the foot of the hillock was a small pool of the same water as the lake, which appeared exactly like a pot of water boiling violently; it was shallow, except in the centre, into which we thrust a stick twelve feet long, but found no bottom. The hole not being perpendicular, we could not sound it without a line.

"About two hundred yards from the lake were two very large pools or springs, eight or twelve feet in diameter; they were like the small pool, but boiled more violently and stunk excessively. We could not sound them for the same reason which prevented our sounding the small pool.

"We heard the boiling thirty yards before we came to the pools, resembling the noise of a waterfall. These pools did not overflow—of course the bubbling was occasioned by the rising of air alone. The water of the bluddugs and of the lake is used medicinally by the Japanese."

WONDERS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

Upon examining the edge of a very keen razor by the microscope, it appears as broad as the back part of a very thick knife: rough, uneven, full of notches and furrows, and so far from any thing like sharpness, that an instrument so blunt as this seemed to be, would not serve even to cleave wood.

An exceedingly small needle being also examined, the point thereof appeared above a quarter of an inch in breadth; not

round nor flat, but irregular and unequal; and the surface, though extremely smooth and bright to the naked eye, seemed full of ruggedness, holes and scratches. In short, it resembled an iron bar out of a smith's forge.

But the sting of a bee, viewed through the same instrument, showed every where a polish amazingly beautiful, without the least flaw, blemish, or inequality; and ended in a point too fine to be discerned.

A small piece of exceedingly fine lawn appeared, from the large distances of the holes between its threads, somewhat like a hurdle or lattice; and the threads themselves seemed somewhat coarser than yarn wherewith ropes are made for anchors.

Some Brussels lace, worth five pounds a yard, looked as if it were made of a thick, rough, uneven, hair line, entwisted, fastened or clotted together in a very inartful manner.

But a silkworm's web being examined, appeared perfectly smooth and shining, every where equal, and as much finer than any thread the finest spinster in the world could make, as the smallest twine is finer than the thickest cable. A pod of this silk being wound off, was found to contain nine hundred and thirty yards; but it is proper to take notice, that as two threads are glued together by the worm through its whole length, it makes really double the above number, or one thousand eight hundred and sixty yards; which, being weighed with the utmost exactness, were found no heavier than two grains and a half. What an exquisite fineness was here! and yet this is nothing when compared to the web of a small spider, or even with the silk that issues from the mouth of this very worm when newly hatched from the egg.

Let us examine things with a good microscope, and we shall be immediately convinced that the utmost power of art is only a concealment of deformity, an imposition upon our want of sight; and that our admiration of it arises from our ignorance of what it really is.

This valuable discoverer of truth will prove the most boasted performances of art to be ill-shaped, rugged and uneven, as if they were hewn with an axe, or struck out with a mallet and chisel; it will show bungling inequality and imperfection in every part, and that the whole is disproportionate and monstrous. Our finest miniature paintings appeared before this instrument as mere daubings, plastered on with a trowel, and entirely void of beauty, either in the drawing or the colouring. Our most shining varnishes, our smoothest polishings, will be found to be mere roughness, full of gaps and flaws.

THOMAS PETT, THE MISER.

THOMAS PETT, who died in Clifford's Passage, on the 2d of June, 1803, was a native of Warwickshire. At the age of ten years he came to London, with a solitary shilling in his pocket. As he had neither friends nor relations in the capital, he was indebted to the humanity of an old woman, that sold pies, for a morsel of bread, till he could procure himself a crust. In the course of a few days he was engaged as an errand-boy by a tallow-chandler. Mrs. Dip, a lady of London mould, however, could not reconcile herself to his rustic manners and awkward gait; so that she dismissed him one cold winter's evening, with this observation, "Your master hired you in my absence, and I'll pack you off in his." The good husband did not desert Tom; he found him out, and bound him apprentice to a butcher, in the borough of Southwark. He behaved so well during his apprenticeship, that his master recommended him, when he was out of his time, to a brother of the cleaver in Clare-market, as a journeyman. Tom's maxim was, that honesty was not the shortest road to wealth, but that it was by far the surest. For the first five years he was engaged at twenty-five pounds a year, meat and

drink. The accumulation of money, and the abridgement of expense, were the two sole objects of his thoughts. His expenses were reduced to these three heads, lodging, clothing, and washing: as to the first, he fixed on a back room on the second floor, with one window, that occasionally admitted a straggling sunbeam. As to dress, every article was second-hand, nor was he choice in the colour or quality; jocosely observing, when he was twitted on his garb, that, according to Solomon, there was nothing new under the sun; and that, as to colour, it was a mere matter of fancy; and that that was the best which stuck longest to its integrity: then, as to washing, he used to say, a man did not deserve a shirt that would not wash it himself; and that the only fault he had to find with Lord North, was the duty he imposed on soap. There was one expense, however, that lay heavy on his mind, and which robbed him of many a night's sleep, and that was shaving; he often lamented that he had not learnt to shave himself; he used to console himself by hoping, that beards would one day be in fashion, and that even the Bond-street loungers would be driven to wear artificial ones. He made a promise one night when he was very thirsty, that as soon as he had accumulated a thousand pounds, he would treat himself to a pint of porter every Saturday. Fortune soon put it in his power to perform this promise, and he continued to observe it till the additional duty was laid on porter: he then sunk to half a pint, as he thought that sufficient for any man that did not wish to get drunk, and, of course, die in a workhouse. If he heard of an auction in the neighbourhood, he was sure to run for a catalogue, and when he had collected a number together, he used to sell them for waste paper. When he was first told that the Bank was restricted from paying in specie, he shook loudly, as Klopstock the poet says; took to his bed, and could not be prevailed on to taste a morsel, or wet his lips, till he was assured that all was right. On

Sundays, after dinner, he used to lock himself up in his room, and amuse himself with reading an old newspaper, or writing rhymes, many of which he left behind him on slips of paper. The following will serve as a specimen of his talents in this way:—

On hearing that Small-beer was raised.

They've rais'd the price of table drink;
What is the reason, do you think?
The tax on malt, the cause I hear:
But what has malt to do with table-beer?

He was never known, even in the depth of the coldest winter, to light a fire in his room, or to go to bed by candle-light.

He was a great friend to good cheer at the expense of another. "Every man," said he, "ought to eat when he can get it—an empty sack cannot stand."

If his thirst at any time got the better of his avarice, and water was not at hand, he would sometimes venture to step into a public house, and call for a pennyworth of beer. On trying occasions, he was always sure to sit in the darkest corner of the tap-room, in order that he might drink in every thing that was said with thirsty ear. He was seldom or ever known to utter a word, unless Bonaparte or a parish dinner were mentioned, and then he would draw a short contrast between French kickshaws and the roast beef and plumb-pudding of Old England, which he called the staple commodity of life. Once on a time he was prompted, by what demon I cannot tell, to purchase a *pint* of small beer; but the moment he locked it up in his closet, he repented, tore the hair out of his wig, and threw the key out of the window, lest he should be tempted, in some unlucky moment, to make too free with it.

Thus far of the life of Thomas Pett, whose pulse, for the last twenty years of his life, rose and fell with the funds; who never lay down or rose that he did not bless the first inventor of compound interest; whose constant saying was, "that

gold was the clouded cane of youth, and the crutch of old age;" who, for forty-two years lived in Clare-market as a journeyman butcher; who lodged thirty years in one gloomy apartment, which was never brightened with coal, candlelight, or the countenance of a visitant; who never treated man, woman, or child, to a glass of any kind of liquor; who never lent or borrowed a penny; who never spoke ill or well of any one; who never ate a morsel at his own expense; who never said a civil thing, as far as is known, to that part of creation which renders life tolerable; who would not trust a washerwoman with a pocket handkerchief; who looked on all mankind to be fools, or mad, who did not pile up yellow dirt; and who wanted to bargain for a coffin half an hour before he died.

About three days before his dissolution, he was pressed by his mistress to make his will, which he at last reluctantly assented to, observing, as he signed his name, that it was a hard thing that a man should sign away all his property with a stroke of the pen.

He left £2,475 in the three per cents, to distant relations, not one of whom he had ever seen or corresponded with.

The following list of his wearing apparel, &c. was taken after his death by a wag in the neighbourhood.

An old bald wig.

A hat as limber as a pancake.

Two shirts that might pass for fishing-nets.

A pair of stockings embroidered with threads of different colours.

A pair of shoes, or rather sandals.

A bedstead instead of a bed.

An almanack out of all date.

A gouty chair and a leafless table.

A looking-glass that had outlived reflection.

A leathern bag, with a captive guinea, &c. &c.

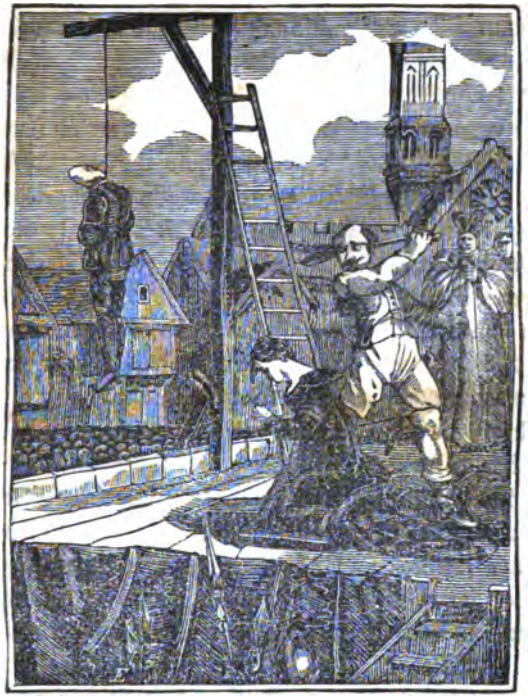
MORAN, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

Some years ago, one Moran, a slater, possessed the faculty of ventriloquism in a very extraordinary degree; from the tops of the houses he could accost travellers in the streets, in a voice that seemed to proceed from the next passenger. This man was employed to work at the new episcopal palace, built by Primate Robinson, at Armagh. One morning, a labourer, who wrought about the premises, was terrified by a hollow and dismal voice, that proceeded from a dark cellar in a house that had belonged to the late Thomas Ogle, which his Grace the Primate had given orders to pull down. He was summoned in a manner that he found it impossible to resist, to descend into the dark terrific vault. Trembling, agitated, and perspiring at every pore, he obeyed the awful mandate. When he was in the cellar, profound silence prevailed for a few minutes. The same voice then solemnly uttered these tremendous words: "I am the spirit of a murderer; to-night I will visit you in the little room of your kitchen, and communicate to you the horrid crimes I have committed. If you regard your life here, or your salvation hereafter, meet me in that room at twelve o'clock." The poor labourer was unable to utter a syllable, and with trembling knees he betook himself to his house, sent for the vicar of his parish, and encouraged by his presence, awaited the approach of the awful hour. Twelve o'clock, however, came, but the spirit came not. Next morning he was obliged to resume his work; when he came opposite the same spot, the same voice again accosted him, but in a more elevated and angry tone, "Beware how you bring with you the vicar to our interview. This night let me meet you alone, at twelve o'clock, or your destruction will ensue." The wretched labourer thus beset, as he thought, by preternatural powers, obeyed. At a quarter before twelve o'clock, he was seated at a little table in his

room. His apparatus, for defence against the spiritual visitant, was a bible, a sword, and a bottle of whiskey. His pallid lips were alternately applied in ejaculating pious prayers to Heaven, or swallowing exhilarating drams; and his trembling hands now and then grasped, and then dropped the useless steel, as his courage rose and fell. Meanwhile, his wife and daughters stood almost breathless at the outside of the door, counting the tickings of a cuckoo clock. At length, at the first sound of the expected hour, a deep groan was heard in the room, and a noise, which, to their affrighted ears, seemed to resemble the fall of a thunderbolt. The poor labourer had dropped down, powerless on the floor. His imagination had overpowered him, and at the first stroke of the clock, he had tumbled on the ground, a senseless lump. All his vital powers were suspended for a long time; and, after their revival, the poor fellow was deprived for a considerable period of the exercise of his understanding; and, if it had not been for the humanity of William Johnson, father to the celebrated architect, of Dublin, he would have perished, a wretched victim to the tricks of Moran, the ventriloquist.

NUMBER OF LETTERS IN VOLTAIRE'S WORKS.

In a number of the *Journal de a Libraire*, published at Paris in 1817, a new and complete edition of Voltaire's works is announced in twelve vols. octavo. The bookseller apprizes the public, that each volume will contain a thousand pages, each page fifty lines, and each line fifty-five letters. By a little simple calculation, it will be found that the literature, poetry, philosophy, and history of Voltaire, are comprised in thirty-three millions of letters!



EXECUTION OF MADAM TIQUET.

MADAM TIQUET was the daughter of Monsieur Carlier, a book seller at Metz, who left behind him a million of French livres, or 50,000*l*. She was born in the year 1657, and lost her father when she was but fifteen years old. Her natural qualifications were shining, and they had received all the embellishments which could be derived from education.

Among her numerous admirers was M. Tiquet, counsellor of parliament. He might in all probability have sighed with a train of hopeless lovers, if he had not made use of an old aunt, who had a great ascendency over his fair mistress; and, by

a present of 4000 livres, so effectually persuaded her of his passion, that she was continually speaking to her niece in his praise. Having observed in the young lady herself an extravagant fondness for magnificence and expense, he one day took an opportunity of presenting her with a fine nosegay of flowers, intermixed with diamonds, to the value of 15,000 livres. These dazzled her eyes and wounded her heart; that is to say, they induced her to prefer M. Tiquet to the rest of her lovers, because she looked on him to be the richest and most generous of them all.

The aunt improved the kind sentiments she entertained for this gentleman; while he, on the other hand, never examined the temper or qualities of his mistress, but believing all things about her were as fair as her person, resolved at all events to marry her, if he could gain her consent. Assiduities like his are seldom continued long, without producing their effect: the lady was not more inexorable than the rest of her sex; her aunt's lectures, and M. Tiquet's presents, at length subdued her heart, or to speak more properly, procured her hand, which, with great seeming tenderness, she gave to M. Tiquet.

The first months of their marriage were happy, and in due time Madam Tiquet brought her husband, at one birth, a son and a daughter, to be the pledges of their love.

But this marriage, concluded without consideration, little answered the expectations of either of the parties. Madam Tiquet thought of nothing but her husband's riches, and how she might waste them in subserviency to her pleasures. The counsellor was so taken up with the beauty and fortune of his wife, that he made no question of her virtue, which, to his cost, he found afterwards was a point he ought to have considered.

The happy day over, the excessive expenses of Madam Tiquet obliged her husband to endeavour to set some bounds

to them, though against his will. The Sieur Mongeorge, captain in the guards, a person who had all the qualities of a fine gentleman, so dazzled the eyes of Madam, that she and this officer quickly indulged themselves in the criminal passion they had for each other. The jealousy of the husband, excited by these proceedings, increased in Madam Tiquet the aversion she had conceived for her spouse.

M. Tiquet in debt, which was increased by the expenses he had incurred by his marriage, was now exposed to the pursuit of his creditors. This circumstance, added to his constantly watching his wife's steps, in order to interrupt her pleasures, raised her hatred to such a pitch, that it turned at last to fury, and she resolved to have him assassinated. She had some knowledge of a vile character, one Augustus Cattelain, whom, with her porter, she employed to assassinate him. They waylaid him in the night, but failed in their object. She next mixed poison in some broth, but the valet-de-chambre by whom she sent it, suspecting it, made a false step and threw it down : he then left the service.

This irritated the lady so much, that she determined within herself to find out a short remedy, by recurring to her first project. She opened her scheme on this head to her porter, and directed him to find persons who could execute it.

It happened that M. Tiquet went to pay a visit to a neighbour of his, one Madam de Villemur, and staid there pretty late. His servants sitting up for him, heard several pistol-shots in the street before the door; upon which, running out in a hurry, they found their master assassinated, and weltering in his blood. When they came to his assistance, he desired that they would carry him back to Madam de Villemur's, which was done; his domestics then went to acquaint their lady. She, pretending great surprise, went immediately to the house where he was, to inquire how he did, but that was all she could do; for he having earnestly desired that she

might not enter the room where he was, she was constrained to go back without seeing him, at which she affected some concern. He had received three wounds, but none of them were mortal. The commissary of that quarter of the town came to see and to examine M. Tiquet, as soon as his wounds were dressed. The first question he asked him was, "What enemies have you?" The poor gentleman answered, "I know of none except my wife." This answer confirmed the suspicions of the world, which, as soon as the affair was known, fell immediately upon her. She did not, however, betray the least signs of guilt; but manifested a constancy scarcely to be accounted for.

She was advised to flee, and on the eighth day, a Theatine came hastily into her chamber, and addressed her thus:—"Madam, there is no time to be lost; in a few moments you will be apprehended: I have brought you one of the habits of my order; slip it on; get down stairs; there is a sedan waits, which will carry you to a place where there is a post-chaise in which you may go immediately to Calais, and from thence to England, till we see what turn things will take."—"Such measures," replied Madam Tiquet, "are proper for the guilty; innocence is every where secure; these reports are spread by my husband, to prejudice me in the eyes of the world, and to intimidate me so far as to leave my country, that he may get my fortune into his hands; but his skill shall fail him; I am not frightened; I will fall into the hands of the law, for I doubt not but the law will do me justice."

The next day the Sieur Diffita, lieutenant-criminel, entered the room. Madam Tiquet arose, and paid him her compliments with great gravity, "You needed not, Sir," said she, "have brought this mighty escort. I never had any intention to fly, and if you had come alone, I should have gone with you wherever you were pleased to carry me."

On coming, however, to the Chatelet, she changed colour;

but she presently recovered it and appeared as serene as ever. Augustus Cattelain put himself into the hands of justice, making an open confession, that, three years before, Madam Tiquet had engaged him in a conspiracy to murder her husband, in which also her porter was concerned: it was upon this that she was apprehended; for as to the last assassination, there was no proof against her. Her crime, therefore, was not the actual causing her husband to be assassinated, but for having been concerned in a conspiracy for that purpose, which had not, however, taken effect. For this offence she incurred a capital punishment, and the judges of the Chatelet, on the 3d of June, 1699, passed sentence upon her and upon the porter, by which she was adjudged to have her head cut off, and he to be hanged. This was afterwards confirmed by an arret of Parliament. Augustus Cattelain, notwithstanding his being an evidence, was condemned to the gallies for life.

M. Tiquet, being cured of his wounds, went to Versailles, accompanied by his two children, and threw himself at the feet of the king. "Sire," said he, "I implore your mercy for Madam Tiquet; be not more severe than God himself, who doubtless has pardoned her on her repentance. Has your justice been more offended than I? Yet I freely forgive her; and my children lift for their mother their pure and innocent hands to your majesty. The crime she intended has been expiated by the terrors and afflictions she has felt in the deplorable condition she is now in, ready to fall a sacrifice to justice; as her crime, then, is done away, do not, Sire, inflict death for repentance." The king, however, was inexorable; nevertheless he granted to M. Tiquet all the effects of his wife, which would otherwise have fallen to the crown, that his own and his children's circumstances might be made more easy. The brother of this unhappy woman, who was a captain in the guards, as well as the Sieur Mongeorge, used all

their interest to save her. At last his majesty yielded: but the archbishop of Paris, the famous cardinal de Noailles, interposed, and told him, that if such a crime escaped with impunity, it would become frequent; that the security of married men's lives depended on the death of Madam Tiquet; since the grand penitentiary's ears were already stunned with the confessions of women, who charged themselves with having attempted their husband's lives. This remonstrance determined the king, who declared that Madam Tiquet should be made an example.

When she was brought before the lieutenant-criminel, he ordered her sentence to be read, looking all the while steadfastly upon her, that he might perceive what effects it produced. Madam Tiquet heard it without the least emotion or change of colour. The lieutenant-criminel exhorted her to confess her crime, and she acknowledged all. They asked her if the Sieur de Mongeorge had any knowledge of this affair? upon which she cried out, "Alas! if I had communicated the least tittle of it to him, I should have lost his esteem beyond retrieving." The parson of St. Sulpice was then admitted to her. She heard with great docility all his instructions. She frequently entreated him to beg pardon of her husband, and assure him, that in death she had for him all that tenderness which had made the first year of their marriage so delightful. There was perhaps never seen in Paris so great a crowd, as in the streets through which Madam Tiquet passed to Le Greve. She went in a coach, and the curate of St. Sulpice with her; the porter was there before her, and had with him a confessor. At the sight of the amazing multitude, her spirits began to sink; the clergyman who was with her endeavoured to console her. Revived and encouraged by his words, she lifted up her hood, and looked upon the spectators with an air at once modest and resolved.

When Madam Tiquet was brought to the place where she was to suffer, there fell so great a rain that they were obliged to defer the execution till it was over. She had, during this space, all the apparatus of her punishment in view, and at the same time a mourning coach with six horses, covered with black cloth, which was to carry away her body. When she saw the porter executed, she lamented his destiny so much that she seemed to forget her own. When she was directed to mount the scaffold she gave her hand to the executioner, that he might help her. When she was on the scaffold, she kissed all the instruments of death, and did every thing with an air as if she had studied her part. She accommodated her hair and head-dress in a moment, and was instantly on her knees in a posture ready to suffer; but the executioner was so agitated, that he could hardly perform his office: he missed his blow thrice, and when her head fell from her body all the spectators set up a loud cry. Though Madam Tiquet was forty-two years old when she suffered, her beauty was not in the least decayed; and, as she died in full health and vigour, her face retained an agreeable air even after her head was struck off.

SINGULAR RECOVERY OF A FEMALE UNJUSTLY EXECUTED.

The following account of the case of a poor girl who was unjustly executed in 1766, is given by a celebrated French author, as an instance of the injustice which was often committed by the equivocal mode of trial used in France:

"About seventeen years since, a young peasant girl, possessed of a very agreeable figure, was placed at Paris in the service of a man depraved by all the vices consequent on the corruption of great cities. Smitten with her charms, he tried

every method to seduce her; but she was virtuous, and resisted. The prudence of this girl only irritated the passion of her master, who, not being able to make her submit to his desires, determined on the most black and horrible revenge. He secretly conveyed into her box many things belonging to him, marked with his name. He then exclaimed that he was robbed, called in a commissaire (a ministerial officer of justice,) and made his deposition. The girl's box was searched, and the things were discovered. The unhappy servant was imprisoned. She defended herself only by her tears; she had no evidence to prove that she did not put the property in her box; and her only answer to the interrogatories was, that she was innocent. The judges had no suspicion of the depravity of the accuser, whose station was respectable, and they administered the law in all its rigour; a rigour undoubtedly excessive, which ought to disappear from our code to give place to a simple but certain penalty which would leave fewer crimes unpunished. The innocent girl was condemned to be hanged. The dreadful office was ineffectually performed, as it was the first attempt of the son of the great executioner. A surgeon had purchased the body for dissection, and it was conveyed to his house. On that evening, being about to open the head, he perceived a gentle warmth about the body. The dissecting knife fell from his hand, and he placed in his bed her whom he was about to dissect. His efforts to restore her to life were effectual; and at the same time he sent for a priest, on whose discretion and experience he could depend, in order to consult with him on this strange event, as well as to have him for a witness to his conduct. The moment the unfortunate girl opened her eyes, she believed herself in the other world, and perceiving the figure of the priest, who had a marked and a majestic countenance, (for I know him, and it is from him that I have this fact,) she joined her hands tremblingly, and exclaimed, 'Eternal Father, you know my inno-

cence, have pity on me!' In this manner she continued to invoke the ecclesiastic, believing, in her simplicity, that she beheld her God. They were long in persuading her that she was not dead—so much had the idea of punishment and of death possessed her imagination. Nothing could be more touching and more expressive than the cry of an innocent being, who thus approached towards him whom she regarded as her Supreme Judge; and, independently of her affecting beauty, this single spectacle was sufficient to create the most lively interest in the breast of an observing and sensible man. What a scene for a painter! What a moral for a philosopher! What a lesson for a legislator!

"The process was not submitted to a new revision, as was stated in the *Journal de Paris*. The servant having returned to life, recognised a man in him whom she had adored, and who, directing her prayers towards the only adorable Being, quitted the house of the surgeon, who was doubly unquiet on her account and his own. She retired to hide herself in a distant village, fearing to meet the judges or the officers, who, with the dreadful tree, incessantly haunted her imagination. The villanous accuser remained unpunished, because his crime, though manifested to the eyes of two individual witnesses, was not so clear to the eyes of the magistrates and of the laws. The people subsequently became acquainted with the resurrection of this girl, and loaded with reproaches the execrable author of her misery; but, in this immense city, his offence was soon forgotten, and the monster perhaps still breathes; at least, he has not publicly suffered the punishment which he deserves.

"A book should be published, containing a collection of cases in which innocent persons have been punished, in order, by showing the causes of error, to avoid them for the future. Perhaps some man of the law may undertake this important work."

THE TWO BROTHERS.

THE Count de Ligniville, and Count d'Autricourt, twins, descended from an ancient family in Lorraine, resembled each other so much, that when they put on the same kind of dress, which they did now and then for amusement, their servants could not distinguish the one from the other. Their voice, gait, and deportment the same, and these marks of resemblance were so perfect, that they often threw their friends, and even their wives, into the greatest embarrassment. Being both captains of light horse, the one would put himself at the head of the other's squadron, without the officers ever suspecting the change. Count d'Autricourt having committed some crime, the Count de Ligniville never suffered his brother to go out without accompanying him, and the fear of seizing the innocent instead of the guilty, rendered the orders to arrest the former of no avail. One day Count de Ligniville sent for a barber, and after having suffered him to shave one half of his beard, he pretended to have occasion to go into the next apartment, and putting his night-gown upon his brother, who was concealed there, and placing the cloth which he had about his neck under his chin, made him sit down in the place which he had just quitted. The barber immediately resumed his operation, and was proceeding to finish what he had begun, as he supposed, but to his great astonishment, he found, that a new beard had sprung up. Not doubting that the person under his hands was the devil, he roared out with terror, and sunk down in a swoon on the floor. Whilst they were endeavouring to call him to life, Count d'Autricourt retired again into the closet, and Count de Ligniville, who was half shaved, returned to his former place. This was a new cause of surprise to the poor barber, who now imagined that all he had seen was a dream, and he could not be con-

vinced of the truth until he beheld the two brothers together. The sympathy that subsisted between the two brothers was no less singular than their resemblance. If one fell sick, the other was indisposed also; if one received a wound, the other felt pain; and this was the case with every misfortune that befel them, so that on that account, they watched over each other's conduct with the greatest care and attention. But what is still more astonishing, they both had often the same dreams. The day that Count d'Autricourt was attacked in France by the fever of which he died, Count de Ligniville was attacked by the same in Bavaria, and was near sinking under it.

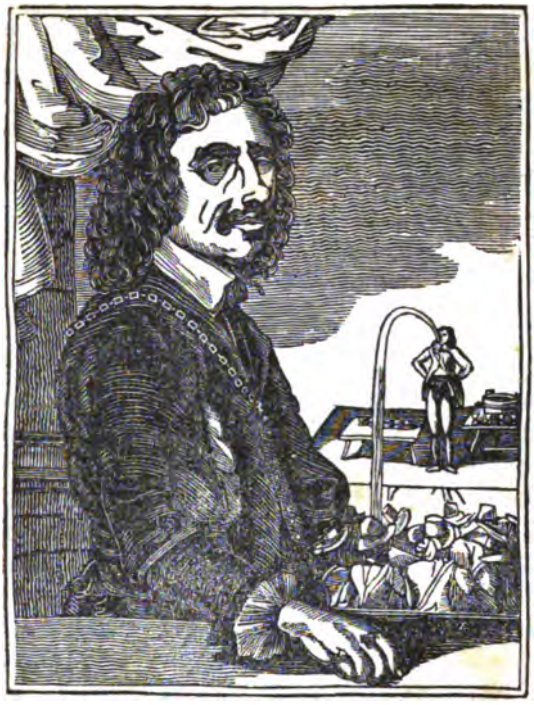
THE FATAL REVENGE.

On the eighth of September, 1727, some strollers took a puppet show to the village of Barnwell, in Cambridgeshire, for the purpose of exhibiting it in a large thatched barn; but just as the show was about to begin, an idle fellow attempted to enter the barn without paying, which the owners of the show prevented, and a quarrel ensued. After some altercation, the fellow departed, and the door being fastened, all was quiet; but this execrable villain, to revenge the supposed injury he had received from the showman, went to a heap of hay and straw which stood close to the barn, and secretly set it on fire. The spectators of the show, who were in the midst of their entertainment, were soon alarmed by the flames, which had now communicated rapidly to the barn. In the sudden terror which instantly seized the whole assembly, every one rushed towards the door, which unfortunately happened to open inwards; and the crowd that was behind still urging those that were before, they pressed so violently against it that it could not be opened; and being too well secured to give way,

the whole company, consisting of more than one hundred and twenty persons, were kept confined in the building till the roof fell in, which covered them with fire and smoke: some were suffocated in the smouldering thatch, and others were consumed alive in the flames: six only escaped with life; the rest, among whom were several young ladies of fortune, and many innocent children, were reduced to one undistinguishable heap of mangled bones and flesh, the bodies being half consumed, and totally disfigured. The surviving unhappy friends of the dead, not knowing which were the relics they sought, a large hole was dug in the churchyard, and all were promiscuously interred together in one grave: and what contributed still more to heighten this horrible event, was the escape of the villain without any punishment being inflicted on him.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON IN THE RIO DE LA PLATA.

In the year 1793, the waters of this river were forced, in the month of April, by a most violent current of wind, to the distance of ten leagues, so that the neighbouring plains were entirely inundated, and the bed of the river was left dry. A number of ships which had been sunk in the river for upwards of thirty years, were uncovered; and, among others, an English vessel which was cast away in the year 1762. Several persons repaired to the bed of the river, on which they could walk without wetting their feet, and returned laden with silver and other riches, which had been long buried under the water. This phenomenon continued three days, at the end of which the wind ceased, and the water returned with great violence to its native bed.



BLASH LE MANFRE, THE WATER SPOUTER.

Blash de Manfre, commonly called the Water Spouter, rendered himself famous for drinking water in large quantities and discharging it from his stomach, converted into various sorts of wine, simple waters, beer, oil and milk. This he performed before the emperor and several continental kings. He is said to have been one of the most wonderful jugglers that ever appeared, and was considered as a magician by many. He travelled through most of the countries of Europe, but declined going to Spain on account of the Inquisition, where a horse that had been taught to tell the spots on the cards,

the hour of the day, was with its owner put on a charge of having dealt with the devil. The supposed human criminal soon convinced the inquisitors that he was an honest juggler, and that his horse was as innocent as any ass of the Inquisition. Blash de Manfre died in 1651, at the age of seventy-two.

THE BOOK OF DWARFS.

The most ancient dwarfs of which mention is made are the pigmies; but these people so famous for their battles with the storks, may have never existed; at least, in searching after all the parts where they have been placed, no vestige is found of them; whence it is very probable that this pretended nation is indebted for its origin only to some foreign name, ill interpreted by the Greeks, as we have several examples of such mistakes. It is, however, certain that Homer is the first who spoke of them, comparing in his Iliad, the Trojans attacking the Greeks in the absence of Achilles, to storks falling impetuously on the pigmies. But Homer wanted a comparison that might make an agreeable picture, and not to discuss a point of history. It would be laying too great a restraint on the imagination of a poet, to subject him to historical exactness, when we only require from him fire and vivacity. Let us therefore give up to him the nation of the pigmies, and examine what more serious authors have said of Dwarfs. Still we shall here find enough of the fabulous: witness the dwarf cited by Nicephorus, which was seen at the court of Constantine, and was not bigger than a partridge; the historian on this occasion might have had a somewhat poetical imagination. The Romans, especially under the first emperors, placed dwarfs among the objects of their luxury and ostentation. Augustus had one whose statue it is

pretended he had ordered to be made, and he so little spared the expense, that the apples of the eyes were represented by precious stones; this dwarf, as Suetonius relates, was less than two feet in height, weighed seventeen pounds, and had a very strong voice. This statue, formerly in the cabinet of the king of France, showed that Augustus was not so nice in this affair, as the statue represented a rickety subject, ill-proportioned, and with nothing of that air of a little adolescent, which dwarfs usually have. He might be supposed to be about thirty years old.

Tiberius admitted a dwarf to his table, and indulged him in the boldest questions, which the dwarf taking advantage of, hastened the punishment of a state criminal. Mark Antony had one below two feet, whom by way of irony he had called Sisyphus. Domitian had assembled a number of dwarfs that he formed into a little troop of gladiators.

Not only the emperors entertained dwarfs, but the princesses and even considerable ladies kept some. History has preserved to us the name of Conopas, the dwarf of the princess Julia, daughter of Augustus, who was two feet nine inches high: and this taste remained till the reign of Alexander Severus; but that prince having expelled the male and female dwarfs from his court, the mode of them soon ceased throughout the empire.

The passion which the Romans then had for these little men, had made them an object of commerce; and interest, an occasion of cruelty. The dealer, in order to have a greater number of dwarfs to sell, hit upon the project of squeezing up children in boxes and bandages contrived with art. It is evident that such of these children as could survive this cruel torture, were in no respect dwarfs, but deformed and maimed men.

The desire of having dwarfs did not seem afterwards to be so considerable. Johnson, however, relates that the first wife of

Joachim Frederic, elector of Brandenberg, seemed to improve on the Roman ladies; having assembled a number of dwarfs of both sexes, in order to marry them with a view of multiplying their species; but her attempt was fruitless, and none of them left issue. Hoffman and Peter Messic cite Catherine of Medicis as having had the same taste, but with as little success, which need excite no surprise.

Dwarfs are also appendages to the dignity of the Grand Seignor, and when deaf and dumb are deemed invaluable. Domenichino has placed dwarfs in the suite of the Emperor Otho; Raphael has done the same in a series of paintings of the history of Constantine, and Velasquez has painted some of the Spanish court. Dwarfs formed a part of the revenue of William Duke of Normandy, and at that time were the usual pages of every lord. They were employed to hold the bridle of the king's horses in grand processions.

Russia and Poland have been long celebrated for the great number and diminutive size of their dwarfs. We have read of some of them who were cradled in a lady's slipper, and held up to be christened in a soup-plate. Such miniatures of our kind are sometimes called *lusus naturæ*, or sports of nature; but nothing can argue more strongly a want of refinement, or positive barbarism, than to make them compose the sports of man. Peter the Great, who travelled into different parts of Europe to learn the trade of a carpenter, whatever were his other great qualities, did not show himself much above a carpenter in the vulgar pleasure which he received from assembling and tormenting these diminutive creatures; and thus displaying the defects and weakness of our nature. It is no less barbarous and unfeeling to expose to ridicule an assemblage of dwarfs, than an assemblage of hunchbacks or of cripples. Having expressed our disapprobation of a species of amusement which could not now find a place in the refined court of St. Petersburgh, we lay before

our readers a curious passage, extracted from the memoirs of a Scotch gentleman, called Bruce, giving an account of a dwarf wedding which he witnessed at Moscow, and which delighted and enchanted the courtiers of Czar Peter, a little more than a century ago:—

"The Princess Natalia, only sister to the czar by the same mother, ordered preparations to be made for a grand wedding for two of her dwarfs who were to be married; on which occasion several small coaches were made, and little Shetland horses provided to draw them; and all the dwarfs in the kingdom were summoned to celebrate the nuptials, to the number of ninety-three. They went in grand procession through all the streets of Moscow. Before them went a large open waggon drawn by six horses, with kettle-drums, trumpets, French horns, and hautboys. Then followed the marshall and his attendants, two and two, on horseback. Then the bridegroom and bride in a coach and six, attended by their brideman and maid, who sat before them in the coach. They were followed by fifteen small coaches, each drawn by six Shetland horses, and each containing four dwarfs. It was somewhat surprising to see such a number of little creatures in one company together; especially as they were furnished with an equipage conformable to their stature. Two troops of dragoons attended the procession to keep off the mob, and many persons of fashion were invited to the wedding, who attended in their coaches to the church where the small couple were married. From thence the procession returned in order to the princess's palace, where a grand entertainment was prepared for the company. Two long tables were covered on each side of a long hall where the company of dwarfs dined together. The princess, with her two nieces, princesses Ann and Elizabeth, the czar's daughters, were at the trouble themselves to see them all seated and well attended, before they sat down to their own table. At night,

the princesses, attended by the nobility, conducted the married couple to bed in grand state. After that ceremony the dwarf company had a large room allotted them to make merry among themselves; the entertainment concluded with a ball, which lasted till day-light. The company which attended the princesses on this occasion was so numerous that they filled several rooms."

What improvement has taken place in the age since 1713.—The present emperor's accomplished sister, the late queen of Wirtemberg, would no more have thought of arranging and superintending a dwarf wedding, than of exhibiting punch's puppetshow in her drawing-room.

AN ISLAND THAT ROSE OUT OF THE SEA.

THE following surprising account of a new island, that rose out of the sea in the year 1707, among the Islands of the Archipelago, and near the Island of Santorini, is translated from the French of a Jesuit Missionary, who presented the account to M. de Seriol, at that time ambassador from the French Court, at Constantinople:

The ancient name of Santorini, was that of Thera, or Theramena, and famous for its gulf, in which a new island appeared about two hundred years before the birth of Christ. It is now called the great Cameni, or great burning island, to distinguish it from another of less magnitude, which, like the former, rose out of the same gulf in the year 1573. Between these two burning islands, and in the same gulf, the island, which is the subject of this little history, rose out of the sea in the year 1707. On the 23d of May, as soon as the light of the morning had rendered objects visible, the island in question was seen to rise out of the sea, about a league from Santorini. A slight earthquake preceded its appearance, doubtless occa-

sioned by the motion of that enormous mass of matter, which was then breaking from the bottom and gradually ascending towards the surface of the water. A company of seamen perceiving something at a distance, that seemed to float on the water, imagined it must be part of a wreck, and went towards it in their boats; but on finding their mistake, and that what they at first imagined to be the remains of a ship, was, in reality, a prodigious mass of rocks and earth, which continued to rise higher and higher above the surface of the sea, they were greatly terrified, and returned with the utmost expedition to Santorini, where their report spread a general consternation over the whole island.

For some time the inhabitants, who ran in crowds to the sea-shore, were lost in astonishment; but at last curiosity and courage got the better of their fears, and some of them resolved to examine this strange object themselves. Accordingly they went in boats to the new island, and seeing no danger, landed upon it. In passing from one rock to another, they observed the ground was every where covered with white stones, resembling bread, and as easily broken. They found also a large number of oysters sticking to the rocks, and were preparing to fill their boats with them; but perceiving the rocks to move and rise under their feet, they were alarmed, and immediately made off in their boats. This trembling was occasioned by the rising of the island, which in a few days gained above twenty feet in height, and forty in breadth; so that by the beginning of June it was elevated more than thirty feet above the surface of the water, and near five hundred paces in circumference. But the five or six following days, its increase being almost imperceptible, it was imagined it would rise no higher. The part now visible was of a circular figure, and covered with a white earth; whence the inhabitants called it the White Island.

The various motions of the island, and the rocks that were

detached from it, which sometimes rose above the surface of the sea, and sometimes sunk below it, often changed the colour of the water. Sometimes it was tinctured green, sometimes yellow, and sometimes reddish, according to the nature of the minerals thrown up from the abyss. Sulphur was found in the greatest quantity, so that the waters were tinged with it twenty miles round. The boiling of the sea round this new island was very extraordinary; and on approaching the island, the heat became excessive. All the shores were covered with dead fish, and the air tainted with a loathsome stench, which extended as far as Santorini.

During the whole of June, and the half of July, things continued nearly in the same state; but on the 16th of July, the inhabitants of Santorini were struck with a new phenomenon, more terrible than any of the former. Towards sunset there appeared, about sixty paces from the island, a large column, consisting of eighteen black rocks, arising out of a part of the gulf, which was so deep that all attempts to fathom it had proved fruitless. These eighteen rocks, which at first appeared at a little distance from one another, being united, formed a second island, called the Black Island, and which was soon after joined to the other.

Hitherto neither fire nor smoke had been seen. But upon the appearance of these eighteen rocks, clouds of smoke, mixed with flames, began to appear during the night; and at the same time the most dreadful noises, which seemed to come from the centre of the island, were heard. The White Island emitted neither fire nor smoke; but the Black Island threw out both with such velocity, and in such amazing quantities, that both the pillar of fire, and column of smoke, were seen at Candia, which is thirty-two leagues from Santorini.

In proportion as the Black Island rose higher, and the breaches in it became larger, the fire increased. The sea became more agitated; the boiling of the waters more violent;

and the air, which every day became more noisome, joined with the smoke which the island threw out in amazing quantities, almost took away the breath at Santorini, and totally destroyed all the vines on the island.

During the night between the first and second of August, a noise was heard like the discharge of cannon; and at the same time two sheets of flame burst out from one of the mouths of the Black Island. The following days the noise increased, and resembled the most dreadful claps of thunder, so that most of the doors and windows in Santorini were broke and burst open. Red hot stones of an enormous size were now seen flying in the air. From the largest mouth of the volcano issued astonishing columns of smoke mixed with ashes; which, being driven by the wind, covered all the neighbouring parts. Some of the ashes were carried as far as the Isle of Ansi, eight leagues from Santorini; and a shower of red hot stones, falling upon the Lesser Cameni, formed a scene, which, on a less dreadful occasion, would have been very pleasing. Every day presented something new to the beholders. Sometimes after the usual noises, the appearance of innumerable rockets, were projected from the large opening; and at others, sheaves of fire; which, after mounting to a prodigious height, fell down again on the white island, which became entirely illuminated.

In this manner the volcano continued its eruption several times in a day, till January 1708. But on the 10th of February, the fire, the smoke, the subterraneous noises, the boiling of the sea, and the projection of red hot stones, became more dreadful than ever, and increased by the 15th of April to such a degree, that it was imagined the new island must have been destroyed. But after that time the claps of thunder became less dreadful, the waters more calm, and the stench scarcely perceivable. The smoke, however, grew still thicker, and the southern part of the Island still continued to increase.

On the 5th of July, some ecclesiastics ventured near a part of the island where there was neither fire nor smoke, with an intention to land. But, when they came within two hundred paces, they observed the water grow hotter as they advanced. They sounded, but found no bottom with ninety-five fathoms of line. While they were deliberating how they should proceed, they perceived that the pitch on the bottom of their bark melted, upon which they immediately returned to Santorini. They were hardly landed before the large mouth of the volcano began its usual eruptions, and threw out an amazing quantity of red hot stones, which fell on the place they had just left. On measuring this new island from proper stations on the Greater Cameni, it was found to be two hundred feet high, one hundred broad, and five thousand round.

All now continued quiet till the year 1710, when its volcano again vomited out torrents of fire and smoke, and the sea boiled to a considerable distance from the island. No appearance of its increase was, however, observed for some time; but in the year 1712, it was twelve leagues round. The fury of the larger mouth was greatly abated; no subterraneous noises were heard; but considerable quantities of smoke continued to issue, and the sea was often tinged of different colours for more than a league from the island.

We shall conclude this short narrative with observing, that, according to Pliny, the island of Santorini itself rose out of the sea; and that many other islands in the Archipelago are said to have been produced in the same manner.

THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

The fame of an English bull dog has been deservedly transmitted to posterity by a monument in basso-relievo, which still remains on the chimney-piece of the grand hall,

at the castle of Montargis, in France. The sculpture, which represents a dog fighting with a champion, is explained by the following narrative.

Aubri de Mondidier, a gentleman of family and fortune, travelling alone through the forest of Bondi, was murdered, and buried under a tree. His dog, an English bull dog, would not quit his master's grave for several days; till at length, compelled by hunger, he proceeded to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri's, at Paris, and by his melancholy howling seemed desirous of expressing the loss they had both sustained. He repeated his cries, ran to the door, looked back to see if any one followed him, returned to his master's friend, pulled him by the sleeve, and with dumb eloquence entreated him to go with him.

The singularity of all these actions of the dog, added to the circumstance of his coming there without his master, whose faithful companion he had always been, prompted the company to follow the animal, who conducted them to a tree, where he renewed his howl, scratching the earth with his feet, significantly entreating them to search that particular spot. Accordingly, on digging, the body of the unhappy Aubri was found.

Some time after, the dog accidentally met the assassin; who is styled, by all the historians that relate this fact, the Chevalier Macaire; when, instantly seizing him by the throat, he was with great difficulty compelled to quit his prey.

In short, whenever the dog saw the chevalier, he continued to pursue and attack him with equal fury. Such obstinate virulence in the animal, confined only to Macaire, appeared very extraordinary, especially to those who at once recollected the dog's remarkable attachment to his master, and several instances in which Macaire's envy and hatred to Aubri de Mondidier had been conspicuous.

Additional circumstances increased suspicion; and at length

the affair reached the royal ear. The king (Louis VIII.) accordingly sent for the dog, who appeared extremely gentle till he perceived Macaire in the midst of several noblemen; when he ran fiercely towards him, growling at and attacking him as usual.

In those rude times, when no positive proof of a crime appeared, an order was issued for a combat between the accuser and the accused. These were denominated the judgments of God, from a persuasion that heaven would much sooner work a miracle than suffer innocence to perish with infamy.

The king, struck with such a collection of circumstantial evidence against Macaire, determined to refer the decision to the chance of battle; in other words, he gave orders for a combat between the chevalier and the dog. The lists were appointed in the Isle of Notre Dame, then an uninclosed, uninhabited place; Macaire's weapon being a great cudgel.

The dog had an empty cask allowed for his retreat, to enable him to recover breath. Every thing being prepared, the dog no sooner found himself at liberty, than he ran round his adversary, avoiding his blows, and menacing him on every side, till his strength was exhausted; then, springing forward, he griped him by the throat, threw him on the ground, and obliged him to confess his guilt in the presence of the king and the whole court. In consequence of which the chevalier, after a few days, was convicted upon his own acknowledgment, and beheaded on a scaffold in the Isle of Notre Dame.

The above curious recital is translated from the *Memoires sur les Duels*, and is confirmed by many judicious critical writers; particularly Julius Scaliger and Montfaucon, neither of whom have ever been regarded as fabricators of idle stories. On this narrative the melodrame of the Forest of Bondi is founded.

MOLL CUT PURSE.

MARY FRITH, or as she was more generally called, Moll Cut Purse, was a woman of masculine figure and spirit, who lived in the reign of Charles the First. She was a participator in most of the crimes and wild frolics of her time; and was notorious as a fortune-teller, a pickpocket, and a receiver of stolen goods. In this she acted much on the same plan that was afterwards adopted by Jonathan Wild, keeping a correspondence with most of the thieves of that time. She was particularly intimate with Mulled Sack, (whose life and portrait may be found on another page of this work,) until he

once left her in pawn for a tavern score, when she dropped his acquaintance.

Moll Cut Purse once robbed General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath, for which offence she was sent to Newgate, but by the proper application of a large sum of money she soon obtained her liberty. She lived a life of iniquity which was extended to the age of seventy-five years. Moll was very fond of smoking tobacco, which her early biographer thinks hastened her death; but the smokers of the present day would deny such an inference. Moll's character and exploits are alluded to by Butler and Swift. Her portrait we have copied from an old print of the time.

DREADFUL CATASTROPHES AMONG THE ALPS.

BY MONSIEUR L. SIMOND.

This amusing traveller, who resided in England during the years 1810 and 1811, has published a Journal of a Tour and Residence in Switzerland, in the years 1817, 1818, and 1819, from which the following tragical pictures are taken:

About four years ago, by the temporary damming up of the river Dranse, in one of those valleys which open upon that of Bagne, the most dreadful effects were produced. The scantiness of the water that reached the inhabited parts, at the time when the stream should have been fullest, gave rise to suspicions; and, upon ascending to the desert part, a great lake was found to have accumulated behind an immense barrier of ice, brought down by the avalanches of the preceding winter, and which threatened to deluge the whole country, as soon as this perishable bulwark came to be melted away. Immediate measures were taken to open a tunnel or gallery through the ice, and so to drain the lake by degrees. But, though the greatest skill and industry were employed, and a very great

part of the accumulated water actually discharged by this artificial opening, the whole dike at last gave way, on the 16th of June, and a dreadful inundation ensued. The rapid increase of the heat had loosened and disengaged several of the huge masses of which the bulwark was composed, which, parting from the rest with loud explosions, floated up to the surface, and weakened and undermined its foundations. The catastrophe was, in this way, in some measure foreseen and provided for; but, when it did come, it was still sufficiently terrible.

At half past four in the evening, a terrible explosion announced the breaking up of the dike; and the waters of the lake rushing through, all at once formed a torrent one hundred feet in depth, which traversed the first eighteen miles in the space of forty minutes, carrying away one hundred and thirty chalets, a whole forest, and an immense quantity of earth and stone. When it reached Bagne, the ruins of all descriptions, borne along with it, formed a moving mountain three hundred feet high, from which a column of thick vapour arose, like the smoke of a great fire. An English traveller, accompanied by a young artist, Mr. P. of Lausanne, and a guide, had been visiting the works, and on his return was approaching Bagne, when, turning round by chance, he saw the frightful object just described coming down, the distant noise of which had been lost in the nearer roar of the Dranse. He clapt spurs to his horse to warn his companion, as well as three other travellers who had joined them. All dismounting, scrambled up the mountain precipitately, and arrived in safety beyond the reach of the deluge, which, in an instant, filled the valley beneath. From Bagne the inundation reached Martigny, four leagues, in fifty minutes, bearing away in that space thirty-five houses, eight windmills, ninety-five barns, but only nine persons, and very few cattle, most of the inhabitants having been on their guard. The village of Beau-

vernier was saved by a projecting rock, which diverted the torrent. It was seen passing like an arrow by the side of the village, without touching it, though much higher than the roofs of the houses. The fragments of rocks and stones deposited before reaching Martigny, entirely covered a vast extent of meadows and fields. Here it was divided; but eighty buildings of this town were destroyed, and many were injured. The streets were filled with trees and rubbish; but only thirty-four persons appear to have lost their lives at Martigny, the inhabitants having retired to the mountains. Below Martigny, the inundation spreading wide, deposited a quantity of slime and mud, so considerable it is hoped, as will redeem an extensive swamp. The Rhone received it by degrees, and at different points, without overflowing, till it reached the Lake of Geneva, at eleven o'clock at night, and was lost in its vast expanse, having gone over eighteen Swiss leagues in six hours and a half, with a gradually retarded movement.

Such are a part of the dangers of an Alpine residence, but there are others still more frightful. The snow not only slides from the mountains, but the mountains themselves slide down upon the valleys. The most extensive catastrophe of this kind, that has occurred of late years, took place in 1806, in the mountain of Rossberg, where a space twice as large as the city of Paris, slipped down at once into the Lake of Lowertz, and occasioned the most dreadful devastation. M. Simond collected the particulars from the narrative of Dr. Zay, of Arc, who was an eye-witness to the terrible disaster.

The summer of 1806 had been very rainy, and on the 1st and 2d of September it rained incessantly. New crevices were observed in the flank of the mountain; a sort of crackling noise was heard internally; stones started out of the ground; detached fragments of rocks rolled down the mountain. At two o'clock in the afternoon, on the 2d of September, a large rock became loose, and, in falling, raised a cloud

of black dust. Toward the lower part of the mountain the ground seemed pressed down from above; and when a stick or a spade was driven in it, moved of itself. A man who had been digging in his garden, ran away from fright, at these extraordinary appearances. Soon, a fissure larger than all the others was observed; insensibly it increased. Springs of water ceased all at once to flow; the pine-trees of the forest absolutely reeled; birds flew away screaming. A few minutes before five o'clock, the symptoms of some mighty catastrophe became still stronger; the whole surface of the mountain seemed to glide down, but so slowly as to afford time to the inhabitants to go away. An old man, who had often predicted some such disaster, was quietly smoking his pipe, when told by a young man, running by, that the mountain was in the act of falling. He rose and looked out, but came into his house again, saying he had time to fill another pipe. The young man, continuing to fly, was thrown down several times, and escaped with difficulty. Looking back, he saw the house carried off all at once.

Another inhabitant, being alarmed, took two of his children and ran away with them, calling to his wife to follow with a third; but she went in for another, who still remained, (Marianne, aged five.) Just then Francisca Ulrich, their servant, was crossing the room with this Marianne, whom she held by the hand, and saw her mistress. At that instant, as Francisca afterwards said, "the house appeared to be torn from its foundation, (it was of wood,) and spun round and round like a tetotum. I was sometimes on my head, sometimes on my feet, in total darkness, and violently separated from the child." When the motion stopped, she found herself jammed in on all sides, with her head downwards, much bruised, and in extreme pain. She supposed she was buried alive at a great depth. With much difficulty she disengaged her right hand, and wiped the blood from her eyes. Presently

she heard the faint moans of Marianne, and called to her by her name. The child answered that she was on her back, among stones and bushes which held her fast, but that her hands were free, and that she saw the light, and even something green. She asked whether people would not soon come to take them out. Francisca answered, that it was the day of judgment, and that no one was left to help them, but that they would be released by death, and be happy in heaven. They prayed together. At last, Francisca's ear was struck by the sound of a bell, which she knew to be that of Stenenberg; then seven o'clock struck in another village, and she began to hope there were still living beings, and endeavoured to comfort the child. The poor little girl was at first clamorous for her supper; but her cries soon became fainter, and at last quite died away. Francisca, still with her head downwards, and surrounded with damp earth, experienced a sense of cold in her feet almost insupportable. After prodigious efforts, she succeeded in disengaging her legs, and thinks this saved her life. Many hours had passed in this situation, when she again heard the voice of Marianne, who had been asleep, and now renewed her lamentations. In the mean time the unfortunate father, who with much difficulty had saved himself and two children, wandered about till daylight, when he came among the ruins to look for the rest of his family. He soon discovered his wife, by a foot which appeared above ground. She was dead, with a child in her arms. His cries, and the noise he made in digging, were heard by Marianne, who called out. She was extricated with a broken thigh; and, saying that Francisca was not far off, a further search led to her release also, but in such a state that her life was despaired of. She was blind for some days, and remained subject to convulsive fits of terror. It appeared that the house, or themselves at least, had been

carried down about one thousand five hundred feet from where it stood before.

In another place, a child two years old was found unhurt, lying on its straw mattrass upon the mud, without any vestige of the house from which it had been separated. Such a mass of earth and stones rushed at once into the lake of Lowertz, although five miles distant, that one end of it was filled up, and a prodigious wave passing completely over the island of Schwanah, seventy feet above the usual level of the water, overwhelmed the opposite shore, and, as it returned, swept away into the lake many houses, with their inhabitants.

SPECTRE OF THE BROKEN.

That celebrated optical illusion called the Spectre of the Broken is thus described from personal observation, by two distinguished philosophers, M. Haue and M. Gmelin. M. Haue, in his diary of an excursion to the Hartz mountains in Hanover, of which the Broken is one, writes as follows: "After having been here for the thirtieth time, I was at length so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing this atmospheric phenomenon, and perhaps my description may afford satisfaction to others who visit the Broken through curiosity. The sun rose about four o'clock, and the atmosphere being quite serene towards the east, his rays could pass without any obstruction over the Heinrichshohe. In the southwest, however, towards Achtermannshohe, a brisk west wind carried before it thin transparent vapours, which were not yet condensed into thick heavy clouds.

About a quarter past four I went towards the inn, and looked round to see whether the atmosphere would permit me to have a free prospect to the south-west, when I observed

at a very great distance, towards Achtermannshohe, a human figure of a monstrous size. A violent gust of wind having almost carried away my hat, I clapped my hand to it, by moving my arm towards my head, and the colossal figure did the same. The pleasure which I felt on this discovery can hardly be described; for I had already walked many a weary step in the hope of seeing this shadowy image, without being able to gratify my curiosity. I immediately made another movement, by bending my body, and the colossal figure before me repeated it. I was desirous of doing the same thing once more, but my colossus had vanished. I remained in the same position, waiting to see whether it would return, and in a few minutes it again made its appearance on the Achtermannshohe. I paid my respects to it a second time, and it did the same to me. I then called the landlord of the Broken; and having both taken the same position which I had taken alone, we looked towards the Achtermannshohe, but saw nothing. We had not however stood long, when two such colossal figures were formed over the above eminence, which repeated our compliments by bending their bodies as we did; after which they vanished. We retained our position, kept our eyes fixed on the same spot, and in a little time the two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a third. Every movement that we made by bending our bodies, these figures imitated, but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faint, sometimes strong and well defined.

"Having thus had an opportunity of discovering the whole secret of this phenomenon, I can give the following information to such of my readers as may be desirous of seeing it themselves. When the rising sun (and, according to analogy, the case will be the same at the setting sun) throws his rays over the Broken, upon the body of a man standing opposite to fine light clouds, floating around or hovering past him, he

need only fix his eyes steadfastly upon them, and in all probability he will see the singular spectacle of his own shadow extending to the length of five or six hundred feet at the distance of about two miles before him. This is one of the most agreeable phenomena I ever had an opportunity of remarking on the great observatory of Germany."

M. Gmelin in his account says: "The first time I was deceived by this extraordinary phenomenon, I had clambered up to the summit of the Broken very early in the morning, in order to wait there for the inexpressibly beautiful view of the sun rising in the east. The heavens were already streaked with red, the sun was just appearing above the horizon in full majesty, and the most perfect serenity prevailed throughout the surrounding country, when the other Hartz mountains in the south-west, towards the Worm mountains, &c. lying under the Broken, began to be covered by thick clouds. Ascending at that moment the granite rocks called Teufelskanzel, there appeared before me, but at a great distance, the gigantic figure of a man as if standing on a large pedestal. Scarcely had I discovered it, when it began to disappear; the clouds sunk down speedily, and I saw the phenomenon no more. The second time, however, I saw this spectre somewhat more distinctly, a little below the summit of the Broken, as I was looking at the sun rising, about four o'clock in the morning. The weather was rather tempestuous; the sky towards the level country was pretty clear, but the Hartz mountains had attracted several thick clouds which had been hovering around them, and which beginning to settle on the Broken, confined the prospect. In these clouds, soon after the rising of the sun, I saw my own shadow, of a monstrous size, move itself for a couple of seconds exactly as I moved; but I was soon involved in clouds, and the phenomenon disappeared.

"It is impossible," adds M. Gmelin, "to see this phenome-

non, except when the sun is at such an altitude as to throw his rays upon the body in a horizontal direction; for if he is higher, the shadow is thrown rather under the body than before it."

GHOST STORY.

In the year 1704, a gentleman, to all appearance of large fortune, took furnished lodgings in a house in Soho-square. After he had resided there some weeks with his establishment, he lost his brother, who had lived in Hamstead, and who on his death-bed particularly desired to be interred in the family vault in Westminster abbey. The gentleman requested his landlord to permit him to bring the corpse of his brother to his lodgings, and to make arrangements there for the funeral. The landlord, without hesitation, signified his compliance.

The body, dressed in a white shroud, was accordingly brought in a very handsome coffin, and placed in a great dining-room. The funeral was to take place the next day, and the lodger and his servants went out to make the necessary preparations for the solemnity. He staid out late, but this was no uncommon thing. The landlord and his family, conceiving that they had no occasion to wait for him, retired to bed as usual, about twelve o'clock. One maid servant was left up to let him in, and to boil some water, which he had desired might be ready for making tea on his return. The girl was accordingly sitting alone in the kitchen, when a tall, spectre-looking figure entered, and clapped itself down in a chair opposite to her.

The maid was by no means one of the most timid of her sex; but she was terrified beyond expression, lonely as she was, at this unexpected apparition. Uttering a loud scream, she flew out like an arrow, at a side-door, and hurried to the

chamber of her master and mistress. Scarcely had she awakened them, and communicated to the whole family some portion of the fright with which she was herself overwhelmed, when the spectre, enveloped in a shroud, and with a death-like paleness, made its appearance, and sat down in a chair in the bed-room, without their having observed how it entered. The worst of all was, that this chair stood by the door of the bed-chamber, so that not a creature could get away without passing close to the apparition, which rolled its glaring eyes so frightfully, and so hideously distorted its features, that they could not bear to look at it. The master and mistress crept under the bed-clothes, covered with profuse perspiration, while the maid-servant sunk nearly insensible by the side of the bed.

At the same time the whole house seemed to be in an uproar; for, though they had covered themselves over head and ears, they could still hear an incessant noise and clatter, which served to increase their terror.

At length all became perfectly still in the house. The landlord ventured to raise his head, and to steal a glance at the chair by the door; but, behold, the ghost was gone! Sober reason began to resume its power. The poor girl was brought to herself after a good deal of shaking. In a short time, they plucked up sufficient courage to quit the bed-room, and to commence an examination of the house, which they expected to find in great disorder. Nor were their anticipations unfounded. The whole house had been stripped by artful thieves, and the gentleman had decamped without paying for his lodging. It turned out that he was no other than an accomplice of the notorious Arthur Chambers, who was executed at Tyburn in 1706, and that the supposed corpse was this arch rogue himself, who had whitened his hands and face with chalk, and merely counterfeited death. About midnight he quitted the coffin and appeared to the maid in the kitchen. When she flew up stairs, he softly followed her,

and seated at the door of the chamber, he acted as a sentinel, so that his industrious accomplices were enabled to plunder the house without the least molestation.

THE OVERJOYED BARBER.

THE following instance of mischievous imposition may be depended on as a fact, having occurred a few years ago. On the drawing of one of the large prizes, some person who was in the hall, and knew the disposition of a poor barber, who belonged to a lottery club at Limehouse, the numbers of their tickets, &c. immediately set off to make a false report of their good fortune, which was performed with so much plausibility, that the breaking of all the things in the barber's shop (before determined on, in case of good luck) was directly put in practice; and, as the populace were invited to assist in this rude demonstration of joy, a fire was made before the door, where wig-blocks, band-boxes, &c. &c. were actually burning, before the fraud was discovered. A public-house would have been opened, if the landlord had not been rather incredulous. The author of this sport took care to withdraw before its conclusion.

COURSING EXTRAORDINARY.

WHILE a gentleman of Kirkaldy was lately enjoying the amusement of coursing, along with some friends, a favourite dog sprung after a hare. In the course of the chase a rabbit came in his way, which he picked up and carried along with him, continuing the original pursuit till within reach of his prey, when he dropped the rabbit and seized the hare. Both animals were killed.

THE HINDOO GOD SIVA.

THE above engraving of Siva and his wife Parvati, is copied from an image cast in brass, made in India, and presented to the London Missionary Society. Images of this kind are kept in the houses of the natives who worship the deity, whom they suppose to reside in the image.

In this engraving, Siva has his wife, named Parvati, on his knee. Both are highly ornamented, and so is the animal whereon they ride, which is meant to represent a white bull. As Siva is considered to be the God of Justice, he is seated on this animal, which the Hindoos look on as a symbol of

divine justice, the colour probably denoting the purity of that justice.

Among the three chief gods of India, Siva is considered as the destroyer, or changer of things; for the Hindoos suppose, that, at the end of certain very long periods of time, he puts an end to all things as they then are, and changes or reproduces them. His images are accompanied by emblems, denoting the destruction and change connected with the revolutions of time. Some of these are seen in this engraving. The third eye—which is usually given to Siva, as denoting his knowledge of the past, the present, and the future—is seen in his forehead: Parvati has the same; and this third eye seems peculiar to him and his supposed family. A crescent on his head intimates the measuring of time, by the changing phases of the moon.

Siva is sometimes seen with two hands; at others, with four, eight or ten: in the engraving he has four. In the upper right hand is seen his trident; in the lower, what is supposed to be meant for an hour-glass. In his upper left hand is an antelope, joined behind him to the trident; in the lower left hand, is a lotos flower.

A multitude of tales are told of Siva and Parvati; and a vast number of names are given to them, all which are supposed to have some hidden meaning. The Brahmins profess to explain all these things, and all the emblems and ornaments about their idols.

Both indecent and cruel rites are practised in the idolatrous worship of these supposed deities. Well might St. Peter brand the worship of the heathen as "*abominable idolatries!*"

At an annual festival in honour of this god, many Hindoo devotees inflict on themselves the greatest cruelties.

RATTLE AND OTHER AMERICAN SNAKES; THEIR POWER TO CHARM, &c.

Extracts from Mr. Heckewelder's Letters.

In the summer of 1770, says Mr. H., while I was fishing under the bank of the Lehigh, I heard, for the space of near an hour, the sound of a ground squirrel, seemingly in distress, on the top of the bank. At length I went up to see what was the matter with the squirrel, when, to my utter astonishment, I discovered the animal about half way up a bush, but running sometimes higher up, sometimes lower down, and a very large rattlesnake at the root of the bush on which the squirrel was. Here I was immediately struck with the idea that the snake was in the act of enchanting, and I hoped now to be fully convinced that the rattlesnake obtained its prey altogether in this manner, as I have often heard reported. I therefore sat down quietly upon a log about six yards distant, where I had a full view of both the snake and squirrel. Sometimes I thought I saw the squirrel going down for the last time, and to enter the jaws of the snake; but it would again return up the bush with the same liveliness it had run down. Finding, finally, no alteration in the squirrel or its motions, and my patience being exhausted, I determined on killing the snake, and examining into the case of the squirrel, viz. what strength, &c. it yet retained after being charmed for so long a time; for by this time the supposed charm had lasted near three hours. I struck at the snake with a long pole, but missed it; upon which it ran down the bank where I had been fishing. Remaining on the bank by the bush on which the squirrel was, I hailed a man on the opposite side of the river, desiring him to cross in a canoe and kill the snake under the bank, with which he immediately complied; but likewise missing his stroke on account of the bushes, the snake took up the

bank again, where I killed it. We now both joined to shake the squirrel down, but it had both strength and sense enough to climb to the very top, I suppose nearly twenty feet high. However, we brought it down to the ground, and though it had fallen about two yards from the bush, it well knew its hole in which it dwelt, and this was at the root of the bush, and exactly at the spot where the snake had lain. Here the mystery was cleared up to us at once. We conjectured that the snake was either watching the squirrel to come down to enter its hole, or for its companion or young, which were probably in the hole, to come out, all which were sufficient to cause anxiety to the squirrel on the bush. The dexterity, however, of the squirrel in making its way into the hole, at the very place where we stood, showed plainly that it retained its full strength and sagacity, and had by no means suffered from the charm of the snake. Dated at Bethlehem, August 5, 1796.

"Having questioned Indians a number of times with respect to snakes having the power of charming, and always being answered in the negative, I was at length desired," says Mr. Heckewelder, "to give the reason the white people had for believing such a thing; which not being satisfactory, Pemaholend (an aged and much respected Delaware Indian) declared the rattlesnake obtained its food merely from slyness and persevering patience. It knows as well where to watch for its prey as a cat does, and succeeds as well. It has and retains its hunting ground. In spring, when the warm weather sets in, and the woods seem alive with smaller animals, it leaves its den. It will cross a river and go a mile and farther from its den, to the place where it intends to spend the summer, and in fall, when all the young animals bred this season are become strong and active, so that they are no more so easily overtaken or caught, it directs its course back again to its den, the same as a hunter does to his camp.

"The white people, continued Pemaholend, probably have taken the idea of this snake having the power of charming, from a tradition of ours (the Indians) which our forefathers have handed down to us from many hundred years back, and long before ever the white people came into this country. Then (they tell us) there was such a snake, and a rattle-snake too, but there was only *this one* snake that had this power, and it was afterwards destroyed; it hath never been said that any other of the kind had ever made its appearance."

MR. DANIEL LAMBERT.

Mr. Daniel Lambert was born at Leicester, in the year 1769: during the younger period of his life, no particular circumstances worthy of record occurred. He was apprenticed to an engraver, and until he arrived at the age of nineteen, he was not of more than ordinary bulk,—neither were his parents, nor any of his family above the common stature.—The rapidly increasing size of Mr. Lambert, after this period, cannot be attributed to want of exercise, for he was, on the contrary, remarkably active, and took great pleasure in field sports, and particularly delighted in shooting.—To the breed of dogs, Mr. Lambert paid the most marked attention; and the delight he received from that celebrated Leicestershire Nimrod, (Mr. Meynell) first impressed his mind with the love of that faithful and sagacious animal.

Mr. Lambert perceived that there was no hound in Mr. Meynell's pack, whose *tongue* his master did not instantly recognise, nor any one which did not obey his master's voice.—Until Mr. L. became too corpulent for riding on horseback, he partook of the pleasures of the chase with inexpressible delight; and even after that event, frequently accompanied the hounds to *cover*, receiving high gratification from a *view halloo!* The improvement of the breed of spaniels

and setters was the peculiar object of Mr. Lambert; and to such a degree of celebrity had his name attained in consequence of his exertions, that a brace of puppies was sold at Tattersall's for seventy guineas; and for a small white terrier bitch, which he had at the time of his death, and which was supposed one of the most beautiful in the kingdom, he had refused the astonishing sum of nearly one hundred guineas. Mr. Lambert had also been much attached to coursing, and he was equally celebrated for possessing some excellent greyhounds, which were patterns of symmetry and high breeding: in the most distinguished parts of the country through which he passed, his dogs were constantly running with those in the neighbourhood where he was staying, and they were justly allowed to have been of tried bottom. Mr. Lambert himself occasionally went in his carriage to see the matches.—Before he left Leicester he was the keeper of the gaol, as his father previously had been; and frequently, when sitting at the door smoking his pipe, many a stranger, attracted by his extraordinary size, would enter into conversation with him. Indeed, in his own neighbourhood he was greatly respected, and more especially amongst the sporting part of it. This circumstance, added to the knowledge he had acquired by reading and otherwise cultivating his mind, rendered Mr. Lambert a remarkably pleasant companion; and few men were better calculated to add to the pleasures of the festive board. His person was tall and his countenance manly. His disposition and general suavity of manners very prepossessing, and he sang with much taste. He was also a good judge of painting, and more particularly of the portraits of animals, from the great attention he had paid to the breed of dogs, and the observations he had been accustomed to make on that nobler animal the horse in the first field of sportsmen in the united kingdom. He well knew the different proportions of symmetry, and whether or not the painter had depicted

nature in her truest colours, and if he had caught her in her happiest moods. Replete with anecdote and of a lively turn of mind, possessing a genius naturally mechanical, and with a choice selection of words, and a variety of subjects, to which his active thoughts were ever inclined, it is not to be wondered that Mr. Lambert was respected by those who were in a higher rank of life, and beloved by those who were his most intimate acquaintances.

There is one circumstance in support of this assertion, which we particularly wish not to pass unnoticed, as it also shows that he entertained that high sense of honour which will ever command respect from *all* ranks. Mr. Lambert, at an early period of his life, was riding to view some coursing matches, and just before he arrived at the appointed spot, he met a brace of greyhounds coursing a hare, which they killed very near him; not far behind and much ahead of the rest of the company, was a person of considerable property, who was much interested in the match, and who declared his own dog had won the race. Mr. Lambert immediately contradicted him, observing that he was surprised he should make that declaration, when there was any one present, who must have known that such was not the case. Mr. Lambert was answered in so rude a manner as to call forth from him some menacing words, and he appealed to his sporting friends present, to say if they ever had any reason to doubt his word, adding that he neither knew the dogs which had been running nor the person to whom they belonged. Their reply was "Mr. Lambert, we are perfectly satisfied that you never will tell an untruth, and we shall abide by *your* decision." Mr. Lambert left the town of Leicester to the great regret of many intimate friends, on April 4, 1806, in a very handsome carriage, the dimensions of which were accommodated to his convenience and comfort, and wherever he went, he was received with the greatest civilities, and had every attention

shown him from all ranks, so highly was he respected. One nobleman, Lord S., during Mr. Lambert's stay in his neighbourhood, every day sent his keepers to know what game he would like, either at his own table, or to send to his distant friends. Numerous are the occasions which could be related of similar attentions which were shown him, and never was a frown seen on Mr. Lambert's countenance, except it was justly raised by the impertinent remarks and rude observations of those whose situation in life should have taught them a better behaviour. Amongst this number, Mr. Lambert often mentioned, that when a *distinguished* nobleman paid him a visit, he asked him such unmanly and such disgusting questions, that he looked at his *distinguished* visiter with ineffable contempt, and would not condescend to answer him. Mr. Lambert was enabled not only to discern a well-bred man, but also by his own deportment and polite acquiescence in the wishes of others, to show that he himself was well acquainted with both men and manners. With all that corpulency which at an early period deprived Mr. Lambert of his life, yet he did not give way to sloth. Though latterly he could not walk, and evidently was a burden to himself, suffering much pain in his legs, yet he was cheerful in the extreme. He rose early in the morning, and appeared at breakfast refreshed by his sleep, and either read or sang. In the forenoon, when free from visiters, he read the news of the day, or some recent publication, from which he could obtain information. At dinner, he was particularly abstemious, but his friends partook the cheerful glass with him, and the evening was often devoted, not only to the enjoyment of society from the ability of others, but also by his own exertions, to add by his vocal and mental powers, to the pleasures of those around. In his political sentiments, Mr. Lambert appeared, like a true Englishman, to have no other view than that of applauding or condemning measures, and not men, being satisfied with whatever he be-

lieved was for the welfare of his native land, and regretting those public transactions which he conceived brought either disgrace or misfortune upon his country. Mr. Lambert certainly was well aware, that every hour "his mortal coil was likely to be shuffled off," and the thought of another and a better world frequently occupied his mind. He was well aware, that in all probability his death would be sudden, and that his life would be short. Yet the cheerfulness which ever accompanied him, and his general character, leave no room to doubt but that he was *prepared* for this awful event, although he had no immediate previous warning of its approach. When indeed his astonishing weight is recollected, and it is known that his bones were not larger, nor his frame higher or more gigantic than that of much smaller men, when it is recollected that he was incapable of that activity and of partaking of those pleasures in which he had engaged in the earlier periods of his life, it may by his friends be considered a happy release for him from a world of trouble and fatigue; yet his relatives must ever regret that Providence did not a short time longer spare his life, to enable him to reach that home he was anxious again to visit, and which he very soon expected to behold, after an absence of more than three years. He would there have been welcomed with all the ardour of sincere affection, and with the heartfelt salutations of his numerous friends.

Mr. Lambert had determined that Stamford should be the last town in which he would publicly receive company, and he went there on Tuesday the 27th of June, the races commencing at that period. Mr. Lambert came from Huntingdon to Stamford, and in the evening sent for the printer, that he might have handbills published immediately, announcing his arrival. His orders were given with his usual cheerfulness, and he retired to rest fatigued with his journey, but apparently unusually anxious to have his bills printed, that he might

admit his visiters by nine o'clock on the following morning. Till within a few minutes of the expiration of that very hour, he had no reason to suppose that it was to be the last of his life—that he was not to survive its duration. At about half past eight o'clock, nature worn out with a trespass she could no longer endure, sunk beneath the pressure of such unusual corpulency, and after a faint struggle yielded to that power which no mortal can resist. Mr. Lambert was in his fortieth year, and his weight a few days previous, at Ipswich, was found to be fifty-two stone eleven pounds, (fourteen pounds to the stone,) which is ten stone eleven pounds more than the great Mr. Bright, of Essex, ever weighed. As might naturally be supposed, within a few hours after Mr. Lambert's decease all identity of features were lost, and in forty-eight hours it was become necessary to remove him to his mother earth. His coffin was six feet four inches long, four feet four inches wide, and two feet four inches deep, the immense size of his legs making it almost a square case, which was built around him upon two axletrees and four clog-wheels. The window and wall of the room in which he lay were obliged to be removed to allow of his exit; and having thus been extricated, his remains were drawn by eight men with ropes to the burial ground, for into the church it was not possible to take him. A regular descent to the grave was made, by cutting away the earth slopingly for some distance, and thus were his remains rolled into it, amidst an immense concourse of people, besides whom, during the day, hundreds attended to visit the place of his interment.—The circumference of the body of this astonishing man, was three yards four inches, and that of his leg, one yard one inch; and his height five feet eleven inches. Indeed, we may with great propriety exclaim of Mr. Lambert, as did the royal Dane of his mysterious father, that—

> "Take him for all in all,
> We shall not look upon his like again."

MURDER IN AMERICA.

A MAN who resided near the Drylands, in New-York, having to pay a sum of £800, called on a neighbour, who kept a public house, and mentioned the circumstance, observing, that he had the whole amount at home, except £15. which he wished to borrow. The landlord agreed to lend him the above sum, but stated that he must wait till the next day, as he should go out to collect some debts, when, if he would call, he should have what he wanted. He accordingly went at the appointed time, and having waited the whole evening, was prevailed on by the landlord's wife to stay all night, her husband not having come home, on whose return she promised to call him; he accordingly retired to bed, but was soon disturbed by terrifying dreams, on which he awoke a pedler, who had taken up his residence in the same room for the night, and informed him that he had dreamed his house was on fire, and his wife and children enveloped in the flames. The pedler endeavoured to pacify him, but without effect, as he determined on going home immediately; finding he could not prevail on him to return to his bed, and feeling interest in the dream, he agreed to accompany him, taking with him a pair of pistols well loaded. On approaching the house, they were alarmed (the night being dark) by observing a bright light in the lower apartment, and on approaching the window, they beheld three men with black ened faces, counting out money on the table. Each of the spectators singled out his man, and shot two of the plunderers dead: the third was met at the door, endeavouring to escape, but, being overcome with conscious guilt, he made very little resistance, and soon shared the fate of his companions. The agitated husband then went into his bed-room, where he found his wife and three young children weltering

in their blood, having apparently been murdered in their sleep. On washing the faces of the robbers, they proved to be near neighbours, who were intimately connected with the family.—*New-York Gazette.*

NUMBER OF THE KNOWN SPECIES OF ORGANIZED BEINGS.

From the collections in the Paris Museums, M. Humboldt estimates (Ann. de Chimie, xv.) the known species of plants at 56,000 and those of animals at 51,000; among which, 44,000 insects, 4,000 birds, 700 reptiles, and 500 mammalia. In Europe live about 400 species of birds, eighty mammalia, and thirty reptiles; and on the opposite southern zone on the Cape, we find likewise almost five times more birds than mammalia. Towards the equator the proportion of birds, and particularly of reptiles, increases considerably. However, according to Cuvier's enumeration of fossil animals, it appears that in ancient periods the globe was inhabited much more by mammalia than birds.

SINGULAR DEATH.

On the 8th of August, 1823, a young man, named Thomas Clements, lost his life in a manner as dreadful as it was extraordinary. He was fishing with a draw net, near Elizabeth Castle, Jersey, and taking a little sole out of the net, he put it between his teeth to kill it, when the fish, with a sudden spring, forced itself into his throat, and choked him. The unfortunate man had just time to call for assistance, but it came too late; he expired soon after in dreadful agony.

THE HINDOO DEITY GANESA.

Ganesa is, like Vishnu and Siva, one of the principal deities of the Hindoos. His name, Ganesa, signifies a Governor or Leader of Gods; and when the Hindoos offer sacrifices, or enter on any other religious ceremonies, they begin by praying to Ganesa.

When they mean to address any of their greater gods, for they have *gods many and lords many*, they beg Ganesa to help them. When they sit down to write, even a letter, they write an invocation to Ganesa at the top. Few books are begun without the words "Salutation to Ganesa." All worldly affairs of any moment are begun in the same way.

In some parts of India, in particular, the natives would not, on any account, build a house, without having first placed on the ground an image of this deity, which they sprinkle with oil, and adorn every day with flowers: and, in those parts, they set up his figure in all their temples, in the streets, on the high roads, and in open plains at the foot of some tree.

The figure of the idol in our engraving has the head of an elephant, and has four arms and hands. In his hands he holds different things, which are probably meant to represent what may be expected from him by his worshippers. The animal on which he rides is intended for the figure of a huge rat. Over his head are some sacred letters, enclosed in the figure of a serpent.

When the Hindoos worship this idol, they cross their arms, close their fists, and in this manner strike themselves on their temples: then, still with their arms crossed, they take hold of their ears, and bow their bodies and bend their knees three times; after which, with the hands joined, they address to him their prayers, striking on their foreheads. Many persons keep in their houses a small metal image of this god, and worship it daily.

Idle tales are common among the people, by which they pretend to account for several things about this idol.

One fable tells us how he came to have an elephant's head. It is this:—

Ganesa and another of their pretended gods were one day fighting together, when, as the story goes, Ganesa would have conquered, but a third god came in and cut off Ganesa's head. His mother was greatly displeased and distressed at this, and, in revenge, began to make great confusion, as she was a pretended goddess. Nothing could quiet her but the restoration of her son. His head could not, however, be found: it was determined, therefore, to fix on his trunk the

head of the first animal that should be found, which happened to be an elephant.

Another fable pretends to show why Ganesa rides on a rat. It is this:—

His rat, it is said, was a giant, of great power; but he abused his power, and inflicted much evil on mankind. Ganesa attacked him, and threw him down. Instantly the giant turned himself into a rat as large as a mountain, and was just going to attack Ganesa, when Ganesa leaped on his back, crying out, "From henceforth thou shalt be my beast of burden!"

ICE ISLANDS.

THE interest which the return of Captain Parry has given to subjects connected with the Polar Sea, induces us to give an account of Ice Islands. This name is bestowed by seamen on the huge solid masses of ice which float on the seas near or within the polar circles. Many of these fluctuating islands are met with on the coast of Spitzbergen, to the great danger of the vessels employed in the Greenland fishery. In the midst of these tremendous masses, navigators have been arrested and frozen to death. In this manner the brave Sir Hugh Willoughby perished, with all his crew, in 1553; and in the year 1773, Lord Mulgrave, after every effort which the most accomplished seaman could make to reach the termination of his voyage, was caught in the ice, and nearly experienced the same unhappy fate. The scene he describes, divested of the horrors attendant on the eventful expectation of change, was most beautiful and picturesque. Two large ships becalmed in a vast basin, surrounded on all sides by ice islands of various forms; the weather clear; the sun gilding the circumambient ice, which was low, smooth, and even covered with snow, except where pools of water, on a

portion of the surface, shot forth new icy crystals, and the smooth surface of the comparatively small space of sea in which they were hemmed. Such is the picture drawn by our navigator, amid the perils by which he was surrounded.

After fruitless attempts to force their way through the fields of ice, the limits of these became at length so contracted, that the ships were immoveably fixed. The smooth extent of surface was soon lost: the pressure of the pieces of ice, by the violence of the swell, caused them to pack, and fragment rose upon fragment, until they were in many places higher than the main-yard. The movements of the ships were tremendous and involuntary, in conjunction with the surrounding ice, actuated by the currents. The water having shoaled to fourteen fathoms, great apprehensions were entertained, as the grounding of the ice, or of the ships, would have been equally fatal: the force of the ice might have crushed them to atoms, or have lifted them out of the water, and have overset them; or, again, have left them suspended on the summits of the pieces of ice at a tremendous height, exposed to the fury of the winds, or to the risk of being dashed to pieces by the failure of their frozen dock. An attempt was made to cut a passage through the ice; but after a perseverance truly worthy of Britons, it proved ineffectual. The commander, who was at all times master of himself, directed the boats to be made ready to be hauled over the ice, till they should reach navigable water, proposing in them to make the voyage to England; but after they had thus been drawn over the ice for three progressive days, a wind having sprung up, the ice separated sufficiently to yield to the pressure of the ships in full sail. After having laboured against the resisting fields of ice, they at length reached the harbour of Smeeringberg, at the west end of Spitzbergen.

The vast islands of floating ice which abound in the high southern latitudes, are a proof that they are visited by a much

severer degree of cold than equal latitudes towards the north pole. Captain Cook, in his second voyage, fell in with one of these islands, in latitude 50 degrees 40 minutes south. It was about fifty feet high, and half a mile in circuit, being flat on the top, while its sides, against which the sea broke exceedingly high, rose in a perpendicular direction. In the afternoon of the same day, the 10th of December, 1773, he fell in with another large cubical mass of ice, about two thousand feet in length, four hundred feet in breadth, and in height two hundred feet. Mr. Forster, the naturalist of the voyage, remarks that, according to the experiments of Boyle and Marian, the volume of ice is to that of sea water nearly as 10 to 9: consequently, by the known rules of hydrostatics, the volume of ice which rises above the surface of the water, is to that which sinks below it as 1 to 9. Supposing, therefore, this mass of ice to have been of a regular figure, its depth under water must have been 1800 feet, and its whole height 2000 feet: estimating its length, as above, at 2000 feet, and its breadth at 400 feet, the entire mass must have contained 1600 millions of cubic feet of ice.

Two days after, several other ice islands were seen, some of them nearly two miles in circuit, and 600 feet high; and yet such was the force of the waves, that the sea broke quite over them. They exhibited for a few moments a view very pleasing to the eye; but a sense of danger soon filled the mind with horror: for had the ship struck against the weather side of one of these islands, when the sea ran high, she must in an instant have been dashed to pieces. The route to the southward was afterwards impeded by an immense field of low ice, the termination of which could not be seen, either to the east, west, or south. In different parts of this field were islands, or hills of ice, like those which had before been found floating in the sea.

At length these ice islands became as familiar to those on board as the clouds and the sea. Whenever a strong reflection of white was seen on the skirts of the sky, near the horizon, then ice was sure to be encountered; notwithstanding which, that substance itself was not entirely white, but often tinged, especially near the surface of the sea, with a most beautiful sapphirine, or rather a berrylline blue, evidently reflected from the water. This blue colour sometimes appeared twenty or thirty feet above the surface, and was probably produced by particles of sea water which had been dashed against the mass in tempestuous weather, and had penetrated into its interstices. In the evening, the sun setting just behind one of these masses, tinged its edges with gold, and reflected on the entire mass a beautiful suffusion of purple. In the larger masses were frequently observed shades or casts of white, lying above each other in strata, sometimes of six inches, and at other times of a foot in height. This appearance seemed to confirm the opinion entertained relative to the increase and accumulation of such huge masses of ice, by heavy falls of snow at different intervals: for snow being of various kinds, small-grained, large-grained, in light feathery locks, &c. the various degrees of its compactness may account for the different colours of the strata.

In his third attempt to proceed southward, in January, 1774, Captain Cook was led, by the mildest sunshine which was, perhaps, ever experienced in the frigid zone, to entertain hopes of penetrating as far toward the south pole as other navigators had done toward the north pole; but on the 26th of that month, at four in the morning, his officers discovered a solid ice-field of immense extent before them, bearing from east to west. A bed of fragments floated around this field, which was raised several feet above the surface of the water. While in this situation, the southern part of the horizon was

illuminated by the rays of light reflected from the ice, to a considerable height. Ninety-seven ice-islands were distinctly seen within the field, beside those on the outside; many of them very large, and looking like a ridge of mountains, rising one above the other until they were lost in the clouds. The most elevated and most rugged of these ice-islands were surmounted by peaks, and were from two to three hundred feet in height, with perpendicular cliffs or sides astonishing to behold. The largest of them terminated in a peak not unlike the cupola of St. Paul's.

The outer, or northern edge, of this immense field of ice, was composed of loose or broken ice closely packed together, so that it was not possible to find any entrance. Such mountains of ice, Captain Cook was persuaded, were never seen in the Greenland seas, so that not any comparison could be drawn; and it was the opinion of most of the persons on board, that this ice extended quite to the pole, to which they were then within less than nineteen degrees; or, perhaps, joined to some land to which it had been fixed from the earliest time. Our navigator was of opinion that it is to the south of this parallel that all the ice is formed, which is found scattered up and down to the northward, and afterward broken off by gales of wind, or other causes, and brought forward by the currents which are always found to set in that direction in high latitudes. "Should there," he observes, "be land to the south behind this ice, it can afford no better retreat for birds, or any other animals, than the ice itself, with which it must be wholly covered. I, who was ambitious, not only to go farther than any one had been before, but as far as it was possible for man to go, was not sorry at meeting with this interruption; as it in some measure relieved us, or at least shortened the dangers and hardships inseparable from the navigation of the southern polar regions."

The approximation of several fields of ice of different mag-

nitudes produces a very singular phenomenon. The smaller of these masses are forced out of the water, and thrown on the larger ones, until at length an aggregate is formed of a tremendous height. These accumulated bodies of ice float in the sea like so many rugged mountains, and are continually increased in height by the freezing of the spray of the sea, and the melting of the snow which falls on them. While their growth is thus augmented, the smaller fields, of a less elevation, are the meadows of the seals, on which these animals at times frolic by hundreds.

The collision of great fields of ice, in high latitudes, is often attended by a noise, which, for a time, takes away the sense of hearing any thing beside; and that of the smaller fields with a grinding of unspeakable horror. The water which dashes against the mountainous ice, freezes into an infinite variety of forms, and presents to the admiring view of the voyager ideal towns, streets, churches, steeples, and almost every form which imagination can picture to itself.

DAVIS THE SOMNAMBULIST.

A REMARKABLE instance of this affection of the nerves occurred on Sunday evening last, October 5, to a lad named George Davis, sixteen and a half years of age, in the service of Mr. Hewson, butcher, of Bridge-road, Lambeth. At about twenty minutes after nine o'clock, the lad bent forward in his chair, and rested his forehead on his hands; and in ten minutes started up, went for his whip, put on his one spur, and went thence to the stable; not finding his own saddle in the proper place, he returned to the house and asked for it Being asked what he wanted with it, he replied to go his rounds. He returned to the stable, got on the horse without the saddle, and was proceeding to leave the stable: it was

with much difficulty and force that Mr. Hewson, junior, assisted by the other lad, could remove him from the horse; his strength was great, and it was with difficulty he was brought in doors. Mr. Hewson, sen. coming home at this time, sent for Mr. Benjamin Ridge, an eminent practitioner, in Bridge-road, who stood by him for a quarter of an hour, during which time the lad considered himself stopped at the turnpike gate, and took 6d out of his pocket to be changed; and holding out his hand for the change, the sixpence was returned to him. He immediately observed, "None of your nonsense—that is the sixpence again, give me my change." When threepence half-penny was given to him, he counted it over, and said, "None of your gammon; that is not right. I want a penny more;" making the fourpence half-penny, which was his proper change. He then said "Give me my castor" (meaning his hat,) which slang term he had been in the habit of using, and then began to whip and spur to get his horse on: his pulse at this time was 136, full and hard; no change of countenance could be observed, nor any spasmodic affection of the muscles, the eyes remaining closed the whole of the time. When stripped, he asked for his jacket; his coat was given to him; he said, "This is not my jacket, it is my best coat; but never mind, I am behind my time." When he had put it on, he began the motion of whipping and spurring; he was held in the chair by force, and his observations were to "get out of his way, and let go his horse.—Ah, damn you, won't you, I will soon make you let him go: go along Jack." He then whipped and spurred in motion to make his horse kick, in order to get away, saying, "Let go my horse's tail, or I will soon make you." He was then brought out of the parlour into the front shop, and was asked what orders he had? He there went through the regular list of all the customers living at Brixton, &c. which he had been in the habit of calling on, and named the kind

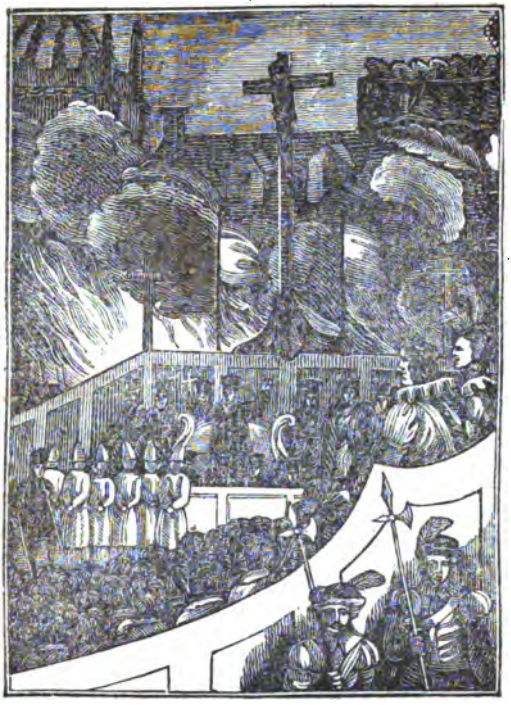
and exact quantity of meat to be supplied to each, as regularly as if he had been sent out in a morning. He was then told to clean the shop; he stripped off his coat, and turned up his sleeves to begin washing the benches, and was obliged to be held to prevent his doing it. After two or three minutes he observed, "There is no pigs' victuals mixed up, let me go; when master comes home he will be angry at that." A gentleman present then told Mr. Hewson, that if he had the boy on board ship he would tie him up and ropesend him. It was agreed that the experiment should be tried: he was held by the arms in front, and Mr. Hewson, jun. a stout young man, took a hand whip, which he applied with all his force across the shoulders, but which did not appear to make any impression, although a dozen lashes were applied. Immediately after this the operation of bleeding was had recourse to. His coat was taken off his arm, shirt sleeve stripped up, and Mr. Ridge bled him to thirty-two ounces; no alteration had taken place in him during the first part of the time the blood was flowing; at about twenty-four ounces, the pulse began to decrease; and when the full quantity named above had been taken, it was at eighty—a slight perspiration on the forehead. During the time of bleeding, Mr. Hewson related the circumstance of a Mr. Harris, optician in Holborn, whose son some years since walked out on the parapet of the house in his sleep. The boy joined in the conversation, and observed he lived at the corner of Brownlow-street. After the arm was tied up, Mr. Hewson, jun. told him to take some lights to a customer; he answered that he had taken them in the morning. He was then told by Mr. Hewson, sen. to take some more. "That is of no use," answered he, "I shall have to bring them back again." In three or four minutes from this he awoke, unlaced one boot and said he would go to bed: in three minutes from this time he got up, and asked what was the matter (having then been one hour in the

trance,) not having the slightest recollection of any thing that had passed; except having fetched in water, and of having moved from one chair to the other in the kitchen, being the last two acts previous to sinking into the trance, and wondering at his arm being tied up, and at the blood, &c. A strong aperient medicine was then administered, he went to bed, slept well, and the next day appeared perfectly well, excepting debility from the bleeding and operation of the medicine, and has no recollection whatever of what had taken place. Neither his family nor himself were ever affected in this way before. His eyes were several times opened by force, and the pupils regularly contracted and dilated, but he was not sensible to vision. It was ascertained from his mother on the Tuesday following, that twelve months previously he had been attacked with fever, which affected his brain, and for which he was sent to the fever-house at Battlebridge, where his head was shaved and blistered. Could this latter circumstance have in any way affected the particular nerves oppressed in this trance?

WILD ELEPHANT.

Bombay, July 3, 1822.—Khasgur, a town in the province of Agra, sixty-four miles N. W. from Furruckabad, has for some time been ravaged by a wild elephant with only one tusk, who had taken up his abode in a wet dike near the town, from which he issued whenever he happened to be so disposed, and without fear or mercy devoured men and beasts, villagers and travellers, as they came in his way. The Sahabina Alashan having been moved to compassion by the lamentations of the inhabitants, undertook the deliverance of the town, and resolutely bound up their *kurimi himet* to destroy him. They accordingly provided themselves with

twelve good elephants, and under the supposition that the wild elephant would show symptoms of mildness at the sight of a female, they determined to take a female elephant in their train—placing her, however, in front, with an advanced guard under seven bold Burkardaz, well mounted on seven elephants, with a great concourse of people. The Sahabina Alashan then took post in the rear, and gave the word to advance. On arriving at the ditch, the wild elephant was discovered, and a shot was immediately fired at him. This did not in the least alarm him; on the contrary, it excited his utmost choler, and he turned his face towards the Sahabina Alashan, and began to shake both his ears at them in a manner at once wild and terrific. Upon this the armed Burkardaz on the elephants advanced within 160 yards of the spot in a most courageous style, supported by the Sahabina Alashan in the rear. The elephant, wild as he was, very judiciously took alarm at this formidable advance, and endeavoured to retreat. The hunters upon this opened a heavy fire, which drove the animal out of the ditch. The whole body then pursued and crossed the dike, and after a severe contest, this formidable animal was slain by a ball entering his left eye. On opening him, no less than eighty balls were found in his head. He measured nine and a half cubits high, twelve feet in length, and seven and a half round the neck. He had been a resident of the ditch Khaegur for upwards of four years, and had killed during the time, about fifty of the inhabitants.



AUTO-DA-FE IN SPAIN.

THE restoration of absolute power in Spain, and the clamours of the priesthood for the restoration of the Inquisition, naturally excite an alarm that the cruelties for which the church of Rome has been too much distinguished, in Spain may be revived. We need not ransack the dungeons of the Inquisition to learn that thousands have fallen victims to persecution in that country; for independent of those who perished within its walls there have been frequent immolations in public; and sanguinary murder, by every species of cruelty that ingenuity could invent, was called an *Auto-da-Fe*,

or Act of Faith. What an insult to the Deity, who is merciful and forgiving! One of these murders took place in 1680, in order to celebrate the marriage of Charles II. of Spain, with a princess of the Bourbons, and in the presence of the royal family. Our engraving will convey some idea of the horrid ceremony, but the following narrative is necessary to exhibit its atrocity. The Auto-da-Fe took place at the capital.

The ministers of religion, monks, and their attendants, within many leagues of Madrid, being summoned, a solemn procession took place on the 30th of May, for the purpose of proclaiming the approaching ceremony, calling on the faithful to attend, and promising those indulgences which the sovereign pontiffs had ordained in their various decrees. The following is a literal translation of the proclamation, which was repeated eight times, in different parts of the city, and before the royal family, who were seated in a balcony of the alcazar, or palace, as the procession passed:—"Be it known to all the inhabitants of Madrid, and those of the neighbouring districts, that the holy office of the kingdom of Toledo, will celebrate a public Auto-da-Fe in the Great Square of this city, on the 30th June, when all the graces and indulgences granted by the sovereign pontiffs, will be conceded to those who accompany and assist at the said Auto; which is thus proclaimed, that it may come to the knowledge of all the faithful."

While several thousand workmen were employed under the direction of an architect especially appointed to prepare the amphitheatre, a company of soldiers of the faith were organized, and nearly all the grandees solicited permission to act as *familiars*,—a privilege allowed only to the purest blood in Spain. "Many of the highest nobility," says our author, "immortalized their names by this memorable act of piety; and, in order that future generations may enjoy the

consolation of seeing our age ennobled, that the present may admire what those who come after will, without doubt, imitate; as also that the ministers of the holy tribunal may enjoy the pleasure of witnessing the estimation in which its rank and dignity are held by the most illustrious names in the universe, the names of those who asked the favour of being allowed to act as familiars, and assumed the habit of the Holy Inquisition, on this occasion, are inserted." Of the eighty-five names which follow, a fourth were grandees of the first class, forty counts and marquesses, and the remainder either their immediate heirs or relatives.

The procession of the green and white crosses took place on the 29th of June, when all those destined to take an active part in the ceremony of the following day attended; and, amongst others, the Duke of Medinaceli, bearing the standard of Faith.

Passing before the palace, to the sound of instruments, and chaunting the Miserere, the procession moved on to the Brasero, or place of execution, where one of the symbols of Christianity was planted and consecrated on a pedestal prepared for its reception. As to the standard and green cross, they were destined to ornament the arena of the amphitheatre, to which the procession went, after quitting the Brasero.

The procession of the criminals followed that of the crosses and standard: they were conducted to the amphitheatre, to have their respective sentences read; this part of the rehearsal, for so it may be called, is compared by the author to that which will be seen in the "tremendous day of the universal judgment; because, if the ignominy of the guilty creates horror there, the glory of the just and sovereign majesty of Christ and his apostles, who, following the standard and cross, assisted by choirs of angels, will bend their way to the Valley of Jehosaphat, where the Supreme Judge will occupy his throne," &c.

Although the preparations commenced as early as three in the morning of the 30th, the victims, living and dead, were not led forth before seven o'clock; at which hour the procession commenced. Of the number who graced this horrible triumph, twenty-one were condemned to the flames, and thirty-four to be burnt in effigy.—There were eleven penitents who had abjured the Jewish faith, and fifty-four reconciled Israelites, wearing sanbenitors and carrying wax tapers. Judging from the author's description, the procession must have been at once one of the most magnificent and terrific ever witnessed in Spain. Though attended by upwards of two hundred thousand spectators, not a sound was heard to break the awful silence, as it passed along; nothing could exceed the order and regularity preserved throughout: these are subjects of panegyric with the author, but his chief admiration is reserved for the Inquisitor-General, Don Diego Sarmiento de Talladares. "There was much to admire," says Don Jose, "in each individual of this marvellous assemblage; but the majesty with which the Inquisitor-General upheld the dignity of his office, was so transcendent, that he appeared to have exceeded himself! As the cause was so much of God, it pleased him to grant greater light to his minister; because, when he predestines men for high employment, he prepares them with the knowledge necessary for their intended occupations."

That part of the amphitheatre appropriated to the royal family and the court, was resplendent with gold and silver ornaments, displayed on damask, silk, and velvet draperies of all hues. After having exhausted his power of description, in detailing the other portions of the edifice, Don Jose del Olmo concludes by observing, that it might justly be regarded as one of the wonders of the world.

Those parts of the theatre thrown open for the public, were crowded to excess, and the king, attended by the whole

of his family and court, had taken their seats some time before the procession had arrived. When high mass was over, the Inquisitor-General proceeded to the royal balcony, and administered the usual oath; after which it was taken by the municipality.

A sermon was then preached by the king's chaplain, which being ended—

A secretary began to read the sentences of those condemned to the flames: this ceremony occupied the attention of the auditory till four o'clock, when the victims were conducted to the Brasero, under an escort, and accompanied by the Corregidor and Alcaldes, appointed to see the sentences put into execution. Don Fernandez Alvarez Valdes, an officer high in the sacred tribunal, followed, to bear testimony to the event. When those victims, who are described in another account as pale, languid, and wo-begone, the very emblems of despair, had been led off, the secretaries proceeded with the trials and sentences of those convicted of superstition, sorcery, bigamy, and as impostors and hypocrites. It was nine o'clock before the prisoners were assembled round the Grand Inquisitor, to go through the different forms of abjuration. The articles of faith were then put to each penitent, who was required to give his answer in an audible voice.

Giving absolution, saying mass, and chaunting *Te Deum*, took up another hour; after which, the royal family withdrew, and thus ended the ceremony of the 30th of June, 1680.

The process of strangling and burning continued all night: as to those who were condemned to be flogged and publicly degraded, their punishment was reserved for the following day. Nearly a third of the whole number, whether destined to be burned, flogged, or degraded, were women. When the executions had terminated, another grand procession was performed, for the purpose of restoring the crosses and standard to the cathedral.

The persecuting spirit of the "holy office," as the most diabolical tribunal that demon or man ever invented was called, was not confined to native Spaniards, but more than one Englishman has suffered by its Autos-da-fe and tortures. What those tortures were, we will not stop to inquire; it is sufficient to say, that the ingenuity of the priesthood was continually exercised in order to devise new means of augmenting human sufferings.

CHILTON THE SOMNAMBULIST.

THE following singular account of a most remarkable somnambulist, is copied from a scarce tract by Dr. William Oliver, Fellow of the Royal Society and of the College of Physicians, published in 1707, and entitled "A relation of a very extraordinary sleeper, at Tinsbury, near Bath." We give the narrative in the author's own words.—EDIT.

"May the 13th, 1694, one Samuel Chilton, of Tinsbury, near Bath, a labourer, about twenty-five years of age, of a robust habit of body, not fat, but fleshy, and dark brown hair, happened, without any visible cause, or evident sign, to fall into a very profound sleep, out of which no art used by those that were near him, could rouse him, till after a month's time; he then rose of himself, put on his clothes, and went about his business of husbandry as usual; slept, could eat and drink as before, but spake not one word till about a month after. All the time he slept victuals stood by him; his mother fearing he would be starved, in that sullen humour, as she thought it, put bread and cheese, and small beer before him, which was spent every day, and it is supposed by him, though no one ever saw him eat or drink all that time.

"From this time he remained free of any drowsiness or sleepiness till about the 9th of April, 1696, and then fell into

a sleeping fit just as he did before. After some days they were prevailed upon to try what effect medicines might have on him, and accordingly one Mr. Gibs, a very able apothecary of Bath, went to him, bled, blistered, cupped and scarified him, and used all the external irritating medicines he could think of, but all to no purpose, nothing of all these making any manner of impression on him; and after the first fortnight he was never observed to open his eyes. Victuals stood by him as before, which he ate of now and then, and sometimes they have found him fast asleep with his mouth full of meat. In this manner he lay for about ten weeks, and then could eat nothing at all, for his jaws seemed to be set, and his teeth clenched so close, that with all the art they had with their instruments they could not open his mouth, to put any thing into it to support him. At last, observing a hole made in his teeth, by holding his pipe in his mouth, as most great smokers usually have, they, through a quill, poured some tent into his throat now and then; and this was all he took for six weeks and four days, and of that not above three pints or two quarts, some of which was spilt too.

"August the 7th, which was seventeen weeks from the 9th of April, (when he began to sleep) he awoke, put on his clothes, and walked about the room, not knowing he had slept above a night, nor could he be persuaded he had lain so long, till going out into the fields he found every body busy in getting in their harvest, and he remembered very well when he fell asleep they were sowing of barley and oats, which he then saw ripe and fit to be cut down.

"There was one thing observable, that though his flesh was somewhat wasted with so long lying in bed, and fasting for above six weeks, yet a worthy gentleman, his neighbour, assured him, when he saw him, which was the first day of his coming abroad, he looked brisker than ever he saw him in his life before; and on asking him whether the bed had not

made him sore, he assured him and every body, that he neither found that, nor any other inconveniency at all; and that he had not the least remembrance of any thing that passed or was done to him all that while. So he fell again to his husbandry as he used to do, and remained well from that time till August the 17th, 1697, when in the morning he complained of a shivering and coldness in his back, vomited once or twice, and that same day fell into his sleeping fit again.

"Being then at Bath, and hearing of it, I took horse on the 23d, to inform myself of a matter of fact I thought so strange. When I came to the house, I was, by the neighbours, (for there was nobody at home at that time besides this man) brought to his bedside, where I found him asleep, as I had been told before, with a cup of beer, and a piece of bread and cheese, upon a stool by his bed, within his reach: I took him by the hand, felt his pulse, which was at that time very regular; I put my hand on his breast, and found his heart beat very regular too, and his breathing was easy and free; and all the fault I found was, that I thought his pulse beat a little too strong: he was in a breathing sweat, and had an agreeable warmth all over his body. I then put my mouth to his ear, and, as loud as I could, called him by his name several times, pulled him by the shoulders, pinched his nose, stopt his mouth and nose together, as long as I durst, for fear of choking him, but all to no purpose, for in all this time he gave me not the least signal of his being sensible. I lifted up his eyelids, and found his eyeballs drawn up under his eyebrows, and fixed without any motion at all. Being baffled with all these trials, I was resolved to see what effect *spirit* of *sal ammoniac* would have, which I had brought with me, to discover the cheat, if it had been one; so I held my vial under one nostril a considerable time, which being drawn from quicklime, was a very piercing spirit, and so strong I could not bear it under

my own nose a moment without making my eyes water; but he felt it not at all. Then I threw it several times up the same nostril, it made his nose run and gleet; and his eyelids shiver and tremble a very little, and this was all the effect I found, though I poured up into one nostril about a half ounce bottle of this fiery spirit, which was as strong almost as fire itself. Finding no success with this neither, I crammed that nostril with powder of *white hellebore*, which I had by me, in order to make my further trials, and I can hardly think any impostor could ever be insensible of what I did. I tarried some time afterwards in the room, to see what their effects altogether might be upon him; but he never gave any token that he felt what I had done, nor discovered any manner of uneasiness, by moving or stirring any one part of his body, that I could observe. Having made these my experiments I left him, being pretty well satisfied he was really asleep, and no sullen counterfeit, as some people thought him.

"Upon my return to Bath, and relating what I had observed, and what proofs this fellow had given me of his sleeping, a great many gentlemen went to see him, as I had done, to satisfy their curiosity in a rarity of that nature, who found him in the same condition I had left him in the day before; only his nose was inflamed and swelled very much, and his lips and the inside of his right nostril blistered and scabby with my *spirit* and *hellebore*, which I had plentifully dosed him with the day before. His mother upon this for some time after would suffer nobody to come near him, for fear of more experiments upon her son. About ten days after I had been with him, Mr. Woolmer, an experienced apothecary at Bath, called at the house, being near Tinsbury, went up into the room, finding his pulse pretty high, as I had done, takes out his lancet, lets him blood about fourteen ounces in the arm, ties his arm up again, nobody being in the house, and leaves him as he found him; and he assured me he never made the

least motion in the world when he pricked him, nor all the while his arm was bleeding.

"Several other experiments were made by those that went to see him every day from Bath, but all to no purpose, as they told me on their return: I saw him myself again the latter end of September, and found him just in the same posture, lying in his bed, but removed from the house where he was before about a furlong or more; and they told me, when they removed him, by accident, carrying him down stairs, which were somewhat narrow, they struck his head against a stone, and gave him a severe knock, which broke his head, but he never moved any more at it than a dead man would. I found now his pulse was not quite so strong, nor had he any sweats, as when I saw him before. I tried him again the second time, by stopping his nose and mouth, but to no purpose; and a gentleman then with me ran a large pin into his arm to the very bone, unknown to me, but he gave us no manner of token of his being sensible of any thing we did to him. In all this time they assured me nobody had seen him either eat or drink, though they endeavoured it all they could; but it always stood by him, and they observed sometimes once a day, sometimes once in two days, all was gone. It is further observable, he never fouled his bed, but did his necessary occasions always in the pot.

"In this manner he lay till the 19th of November, when his mother hearing him make a noise, ran immediately up to him and found him eating; she asked him how he did? He said, very well, thank God. She asked him again, which he liked best, bread and butter, or bread and cheese? He answered, bread and cheese; Upon this, the poor woman overjoyed, left him to acquaint his brother with it, and they came straight up into the chamber to discourse with him, but found him as fast asleep again as ever, and all the art they had could not awake him. From this time to the end of January,

or the beginning of February, (for I could not learn from any body the very day) he slept not so profoundly as before, for when they called him by his name he seemed to hear them, and be somewhat sensible, though he could not make them any answer. His eyes were not now shut so close, and he had frequently great tremblings of his eyelids, upon which they expected every day he would awake, which happened not till about the time just now mentioned, and then he awoke perfectly well, not remembering any thing that happened all this while. It was observed he was very little altered in his flesh, only complained the cold pinched him more than usually, and so presently fell to husbandry, as at other times."

TURPIN, THE HIGHWAYMAN.

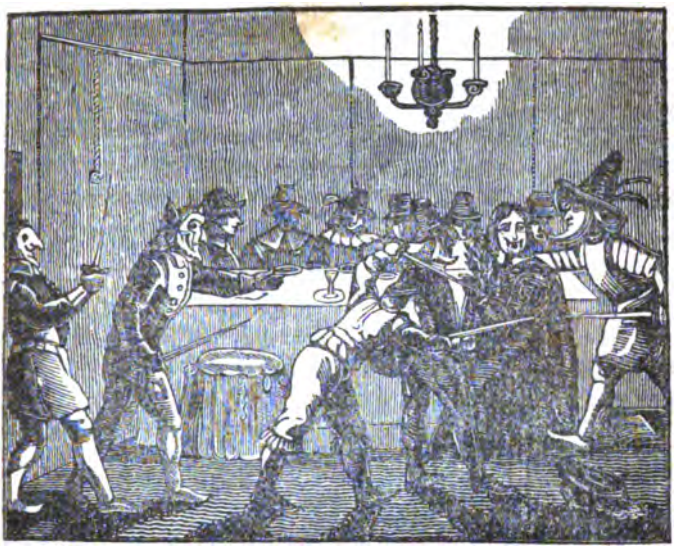
Dick Turpin was one of the most desperate and cruel highwaymen that ever took to the road. He was notorious in the shires of York and Lincoln: and after innumerable minor offences, was tried for horse-stealing, and he immediately wrote to his father for a character, as though it could be sent by post. He behaved in York Castle with great impudence.

His villanies were heavy and manifold. His behaviour at the place of execution (for he suffered for horse-stealing) was curious. The morning before his execution, he gave three pounds ten shillings amongst five men, who were to follow the cart as mourners, with hat-bands and gloves to several persons more. He also left a gold ring, and two pair of shoes and clogs to a married woman at Brough, that he was acquainted with; though he at the same time acknowledged he had a wife and child of his own.

He was carried in a cart to the place of execution, on Saturday, April 7, 1739, with John Stead, condemned also for horse-stealing; he behaved himself with amazing assurance, and bowed to the spectators as he passed. It was remarkable, that as he mounted the ladder, his right leg trembled, on which he stamped it down with an air, and with undaunted courage, looking round about him; and after speaking near half an hour to the topsman, threw himself off the ladder, and expired directly.

His corpse was brought back from the gallows about three in the afternoon, and lodged at the Blue Boar, at Castle-gate, till ten the next morning, when it was buried in a neat coffin in St. George's church-yard, within Fishergate Postern, with this inscription: I. R. 1739, R. T. aged 28. He confessed to the hangman that he was thirty-three years of age. The grave was dug very deep, and the persons whom he appointed his mourners, as above mentioned, took all possible care to secure the body; notwithstanding which, on Tuesday morning, about three o'clock, some persons were discovered to be moving off the body, which they had taken up, and the mob having got scent where it was carried to, and suspecting it was to be anatomized, went to a garden in which it was deposited, and brought away the body through the streets of the city, in a sort of triumph, almost naked, being only laid on a board covered with some straw, and carried on four men's shoulders, and buried it in the same grave, having first filled the coffin with slack lime.

Turpin was, perhaps, as desperate a ruffian as ever pulled trigger in the face of a traveller. He shot people like partridges! Many wild and improbable stories are related of him; such as his rapid ride to York, his horse chewing a beef-steak all the way; but setting these aside, he was a desperate and extraordinary villain.



ASSASSINATION OF DORISLAUS.

When Oliver Cromwell wished to form an alliance between the Commonwealth of England and the Republic of Holland, he sent over an envoy of the name of Dorislaus, a doctor in civil law, who was born at Delft, and educated at Leyden, but had lived long in London. Dr. Dorislaus was one of the Professors of Gresham College, and had from the commencement of the civil war exercised the office of judge advocate in the Earl of Essex's army.

When Dr. Dorislaus arrived at the Hague, he took a temporary lodging until better accommodation could be provided for him. While he was at supper on the evening on which he arrived at the Hague, in company with many others, who lodged at the same house or hotel, six gentlemen entered the room with their swords drawn, and requested all those who

were at table not to stir, for that "there was no harm intended to any one but the agent who came from the rebels in England, who had newly murdered their king." One of the assassins, who knew Dorislaus, pulled him from the table, and killed him at his feet; upon which they all put up their swords and walked leisurely out of the house, no attempt being made to arrest any of them. Clarendon says, the assassins were Scotchmen, and most of them servants or dependents on the Marquis of Montrose.

THE CORNISH MURDER.

LILLO, the author of the tragedy of George Barnwell, wrote another tragedy, called the "Fatal Curiosity," which was founded on the following dreadful murder:

"In September, Anno Christi, 1618, there lived a man at Perin in Cornwall, who had been blessed with an ample possession and fruitful issue; unhappy only in a younger son, who, taking liberty from his father's bounty, joined with a crew like himself, who, weary of the land, went roving to sea, and, in a small vessel, southward, made prize of all whom they could master; and so increased in wealth, number, and strength, that in the Straits they adventured upon a Turkish man of war, where they got great booty: but their powder by mischance taking fire, our gallant, trusting to his skilful swimming, got to shore upon the Isle of Rhodes, with the best of his jewels about him; where, after a while, offering some of them for sale to a Jew, he knew them to be the governor's of Algiers, whereupon he was apprehended, and for a pirate condemned to the gallies, among other Christians, whose miserable slavery made them use their wits to recover their former liberty; and accordingly watching the opportunity, they slew some of their officers, and valiantly released

themselves. After which this young man got on board an English ship, and came safe to London, where the experience he had acquired in surgery preferred him to be servant to a surgeon, who, after a while, sent him to the East Indies: there, by his diligence and industry he got money, with which he returned home: and longing to see his native country, Cornwall, in a small ship from London, he sailed westward; but ere he attained his port, he was cast away upon that coast; where, once more, his excellent skill in swimming brought him safe to shore. But then, having been fifteen years absent, he understood that his father was much decayed in his estate, and had retired himself to live privately in a place not far off, being indeed in debt and danger.

"His sister he finds married to a mercer, a meaner match than her birth promised. To her he first appears as a poor stranger, but after a while privately reveals himself to her, showing her what jewels and gold he had concealed in a bow-case about him, and concluded that the next day he intended to appear to his parents, yet to keep his disguise, till she and her husband should come thither, to make their common joy complete.

"Being come to his parents, his humble behaviour, suitable to his poor suit of clothes, melted the old couple into so much compassion, as to give him shelter from the cold season, under their outward roof; and by degrees, his stories of his travels and sufferings, told with much passion to the aged people, made him their guest so long by the kitchen fire, that the husband bade them good night, and went to bed. Soon after, his true stories working compassion in the weaker vessel, she wept, and so did he; but withal, he, taking pity on her tears, comforted her with a piece of gold, which gave her assurance that he deserved a lodging, which she afforded him, and to which she brought him: and being

in bed he showed her his wealth, which was girded about him, which he told her was sufficient to relieve her husband's wants, and to spare for himself: and so being weary, he fell asleep.

"The old woman being tempted with the golden bait that she had received, and greedily thirsting after the enjoyment of the rest, she went to her husband, and awaking him, presented him with this news, and her contrivance what further to do; and though with horrid apprehensions he oft refused, yet her pewling eloquence (Eve's enchantment) moved him at last to consent, and to rise to be master of all that wealth, by murdering the owner thereof: which accordingly they did, and withal, covered the corpse with clothes, till opportunity served for carrying it away.

"Early in the morning the sister hastens to her father's house, where, with signs of great joy, she inquires for a sailor that should have lodged there the last night. The old folks at first denied that they had seen any such, till she told them that he was her brother, her lost brother, which she knew assuredly by a scar upon his arm, cut with a sword in his youth, and they were resolved to meet there the next morning and be merry.

"The father hearing this, hastily runs up into the room, and finding the mark, as his daughter had told him, with horrid regret for this monstrous murder of his own son, with the same knife wherewith he killed him, he cut his own throat. The mother, soon after, going up to consult with her husband what to do, in a strange manner beholding them both weltering in blood, wild and aghast, finding the instrument at hand, readily rips up her own belly.

"The daughter, wondering at their delay in returning, seeks about for them, whom she found out too soon, and with the sad sight of this bloody scene, being overcome with sudden horror and amazement for this deluge of destruction, she

sunk down and died, the fatal end of that family. The truth of these things was soon made known, and quickly flew to King James's court, clad with these circumstances: but the imprinted relation conceals their names, in favour of some neighbour of repute, and kin to the family."—*Sanderson's History of King James.*

BARON TRENCK BEATEN.

In January, 1823, Howard Trask, a prisoner in the county jail in Boston, United States, made his escape. He was tried, says an American paper, in the Supreme Court for murder committed in the state prison, and acquitted on the plea of insanity, and who, being committed for safe keeping to the jail in this town, in September, 1822, killed two of his fellow-prisoners, who had been permitted to accompany him in his room, to assist him in reading the Bible. Since the commission of this last act, he has been kept in irons. A short time since, he entirely stripped himself of his irons, and they were replaced by a new set much stronger. There were shackles upon his legs, by which he was chained to the floor, a double pair of handcuffs, and an iron collar with a chain passing from it to the irons between his hands. These irons had been strictly examined on the Monday, and were entirely sound, and they were apparently so on Tuesday. He, however, succeeded on Tuesday night in breaking both pair of handcuffs, the chain of his collar and the chain by which he was fastened to the floor. He then removed two or three thick oak planks which formed a part of the ceiling, and were fastened by several bolts, broke two large bars of iron, removed a number of small stones in the wall, and forced out a large stone forming a part of the outer face of the wall, which fell upon the platform, and left an opening large

enough for him easily to escape. By the assistance of a plank from his room, he made his way to the top of a shed, from which he escaped into the street, carrying with him probably his collar and handcuffs. Soon after the shifting of the jail watch, at one o'clock, the stone was discovered upon the platform, and the room was found deserted. From a noise that was heard, it was supposed that the escape was effected a little before twelve o'clock. A person, supposed to be him, was soon afterwards seen by the watchmen near the market, and challenged by them, but he gave such an account of himself that they suffered him to pass on. It does not appear that he had any instrument to assist in relieving himself from his irons, or in removing the wall.

SIR GEORGE HASTINGS.

At Winborne, St. Giles, is a whole length portrait of Sir George Hastings, formerly Lord of the Manor of Woodland, Dorset. Under the picture is the following account of him, drawn by Shaftesbury, the noble author of the Characteristics.

"He was peradventure, an original in our age, or rather the copy of our ancient nobility in hunting, not in warlike times. He was low, very strong, and very active; of reddish flaxen hair, his clothes always green cloth, and never worth, when new, five pounds. His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer; and near the house, rabbits for his kitchen; many fish-ponds, great store of wood and timber, a bowling green in it, long, but narrow, full of high hedges, it being never levelled since it was ploughed; they used round sand bowls; and it had

a large banqueting-house, like a stand, built in a tree. He kept all manner of sport hounds that ran, buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and hawks, long and short winged. He had a walk in the forest and the manor of Christ church; this last supplied him with red deer; sea and river fish; and indeed all his neighbours' grounds, and royalties, were free to him, who bestowed all his time on these sports, but what he borrowed to caress his wives and daughters, there being not a woman in all his walks, of the degree of a yeoman's wife, or under, and under the age of forty, but it was her own fault if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular, always speaking kindly to the husband, brother or father, who was to boot very welcome in his house. Whenever he came there, he found beef, pudding, and small beer, in great plenty, the house not so neatly kept as to shame him, or dirty his shoes, the great hall strewed with marrow bones, full of hawks, paches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers; the upper side of the hall hung with fox skins of this and the last year's killing; here and there a polecat, intermixed with game keepers' and hunters' poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room as properly furnished. On a great hearth, paved with brick, lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed, he always having three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white stick of fourteen inches long, lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, cross bows, and stone bows, and such like accoutrements; the corners of the rooms full of the best chosen hunting poles; his oyster table, at the lower end, which was in constant use twice a day all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters at both dinner and supper at all seasons; the neighbouring town of Poole supplied

him with them. The upper part of the room had two small tables and a desk, on one side of which there was a church Bible, and on the other side the Book of Martyrs; on the tables were hawks' hoods, bells, and such like; two or three old green hats with the crown thrust in, so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of the pheasant kind of poultry; these he took much care of, and fed himself. Tables, dice, cards, and books, were not wanting. In the hole of the desk were a store of tobacco-pipes that had been used. On one side of this end of the room, was the door of the closet, wherein stood the strong beer, and the wine, which never came from thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed, for he never exceeded in drink, or permitted it. On the other side was the door of an old chapel, not used for devotion; the pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, venison, pasty, gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pie, with thick crust, extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef or mutton, except on Fridays, when he had the best of salt fish, as well as any other fish he could get: and this was the day his neighbours of best quality visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sang it in "With my part lyes therein a'." He drank a glass or two of wine at meals, very often put syrup of gilly-flowers in his sack, and had always a tun glass without feet, standing before him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary. He was well-natured but soon angry.

"He lived to be a hundred, and never lost his eye-sight, but always wrote and read without spectacles, and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore he rode to the death of a stag as well as any."—*Percy Anecdotes.*

RECENT MARTYRDOM.

THE following event occurred at Smyrna, April 1819.

Athanasius, a Greek Christian, twenty-four years of age, was the son of a boatman, who carried on a small trade in the Archipelago.—The gains of the father being unable to support the son, and the business not sufficiently great to require his assistance, he was obliged to look out for employment in some other way. He engaged in the service of a Turk, who, being pleased with his conduct, considered him as a proper object for exercising his influence in converting him to the Mahometan faith. After holding out great offers, he ultimately prevailed on him to renounce Christianity, in presence of the Meccamay, who is the Turkish judge and bishop. He continued in the service for about a year after, when he quitted it, and having experienced severe reproofs of conscience for his apostasy, he made a pilgrimage to Mount Achas, where there are many convents, from which he returned some months after.

On his arrival at Smyrna, in the costume of a Greek monk, he proceeded instantly to the Meccamay, expressed his repentance at renouncing the Christian faith, and his resolution to abjure the tenets of the Mahometan. On this he was confined in a dungeon, and endured the torture with the greatest fortitude, persisting in his resolution to die a Christian. A day was then appointed for his execution in the most public part of Smyrna, and opposite one of the principal mosques; and he was led to the scaffold bound, attended by the Turkish guards. Here he was offered his life, nay, houses, money, in short riches, if he would still continue in the Mahometan creed; but no temptation could induce Athanasius again to apostatize.

On this occasion a Turkish blacksmith was employed to decapitate him. As a last attempt, however, to effect, if prac-

ticable, a change of opinion, the executioner was directed to cut part of the skin of his neck, that he might feel the edge of the sword. Even this, however, failed of success. He was then ordered to kneel on the ground, when he declared, with a calm and resigned countenance, that "he was *born* with Jesus, and would *die* with Jesus!" At one blow the head was struck off. The guards then instantly threw buckets of water on the neck and head of the corpse, to prevent the multitude of surrounding Greek spectators from dipping their handkerchiefs in his blood, to keep as a memorial of an event so remarkable. The body was publicly exposed for three days, the head placed between the legs, on the anus, and afterwards given up to the Greeks, by whom it was decently interred, in the principal church-yard of Smyrna. This is the third instance of the kind which has occurred at Smyrna during the last twenty years.

A SHORT MODE OF BRINGING A GHOST TO LIGHT.

Mrs. Water, a widow lady, who, with her family, occupied a cottage at Hampstead, during the autumn of 1817, was much alarmed by unusual noises in various parts of her premises at the dead hour of the night. At first she was induced to believe these sounds proceeded from thieves, but having missed nothing to confirm her suspicions, this idea was abandoned, and one of a more solemn description found place in her breast; namely, that the disturbance arose from some supernatural agency; a belief which was confirmed by both her servant maids, who affirmed most positively that they had seen things which had the appearance of a human figure clothed in white, flitting through the garden after nightfall. The terror arising from the continuance of these supposed visitations from the other world, which were kept

a secret from the neighbourhood, at length induced Mrs. Water to apply to her nephew, who at once suspected the cause, and by agreement was secretly admitted on the premises, in company with a friend, without the knowledge of the servants, on the night fixed upon; when taking their station behind some trees in the shrubbery, they patiently waited the midnight hour, being provided with a dark lantern, in the event of artificial light being necessary to unravel the mystery. Soon after one, a figure enveloped in white entered the garden from a door leading into an adjoining field, and approaching directly to the house, rattled several of the shutters and doors. This turned out to be the signal of his arrival, and in a few seconds a female came from the house and joined the aerial visitant, which, without much ceremony, encircled her not in his shadowy, but sinewy arms. While in this state of bliss the friends approached with as much silence as possible, but not with sufficient precaution to prevent alarm, and before they could secure the spirit he vanished, not into the air, but into an adjoining pig-sty, which happened to be untenanted, and was filled with dry straw. The female vanished with as much celerity into the house, and shut the door, waiting in a state more easily conceived than imagined the issue of their untoward interruption to her joys. The friends having approached the pig-sty, exhorted the evil spirit to come forth, with every argument of which they were masters, but all in vain, till at length one of them very deliberately set fire to the straw, the light and smoke of which produced the desired effect, and to their infinite surprise and amusement out crept a young gentleman, whose parents resided in the vicinage, and who had adopted this mode of carrying on an intrigue with the housemaid. It is needless to say that the shame of his exposure, as well as the danger which he had incurred, operated as a sufficient caution to prevent the repetition of similar idle and mischievous expe-

dients, by which on more occasions than one the lives of our fellow-creatures have been sacrificed.

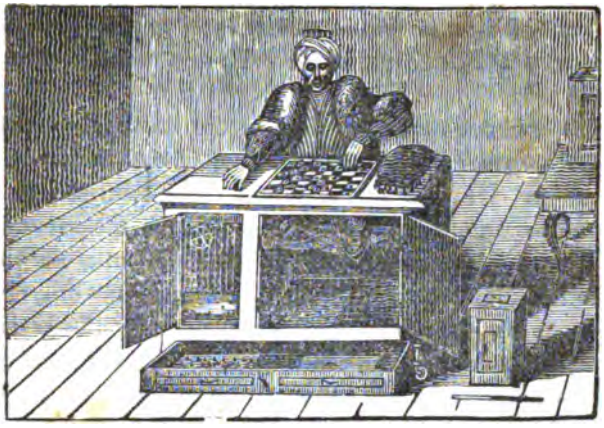
ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. John Langley, an Englishman, who settled in Ireland, where he died, left the following extraordinary will:

"I, John Langley, born at Wincaunton in Somersetshire, and settled in Ireland in the year 1651, now in my right mind and wits, do make my will in my own hand-writing. I do leave all my house, goods, and farm of Black Kettle, of two hundred and fifty-three acres, to my son, commonly called Stubborn Jack, to him and his heirs for ever, provided he marries a protestant woman, but not Alice Kendrick, who called me Oliver's whelp. My new buckskin breeches, and my silver tobacco stopper, with J. L. on the top, I give to Richard Richards, my comrade, who helped me off at the storming of Clonmel, when I was shot through the leg. My said son John shall keep my body above ground six days and six nights after I am dead; and Grace Kendrick shall lay me out, who shall have for so doing five shillings. My body shall be put upon the oak table, in the brown room, and fifty Irishmen shall be invited to my wake, and every one shall have two quarts of the best *aqua vitæ*, and each one a skein, dish, and knife, laid before him; and when the liquor is out, nail up my coffin, and commit me to the earth, whence I came. This is my will. Witness my hand, this third of March, 1674.

John Langley."

Some of Mr. Langley's friends asked him why he would be at such expense in treating the Irishmen he so much hated? He replied, that if they got drunk at his wake they would probably get to fighting and kill one another, which would do something toward lessening the breed.



AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER.

[This plate represents the machinery, opened for the purpose of showing the internal movements, and that no deception is made use of: also, the automaton deeply engaged in play, supposed to be in the act of placing one of the chess-men on the board.]

THIS astonishing piece of mechanism was the invention of Wolfgang de Kempelen, a Hungarian gentleman, and aulic counsellor to the royal chamber of the domains of the emperor in Hungary in 1769.

The room where it is exhibited has an inner apartment, in which appears the figure of a Turk, as large as life, dressed after the Turkish fashion, sitting behind a chest of three feet and a half in length, two feet in breadth; and two feet and a half in height, to which it is attached by the wooden seat on which it sits. The chest is placed upon four castors, and, together with the figure, may be easily moved to any part of the room. On the plain surface, formed by the top of the chest, in the centre, is raised an immoveable chess-board of handsome dimensions, upon which the figure has its eyes

fixed; its right arm and hand being extended on the chest, and its left arm somewhat raised, as if in the attitude of holding a Turkish pipe, which originally was placed in its hands.

The exhibiter begins by wheeling the chest to the entrance of the apartment within which it stands, and in face of the spectators. He then opens certain doors contrived in the chest, two in front, and two at the back, at the same time pulling out a long shallow drawer at the bottom of the chest, made to contain the chess-men, a cushion for the arm of the figure to rest upon, and some counters. Two lesser doors, and a green cloth screen, contrived in the body of the figure and its lower parts, are likewise opened, and the Turkish robe which covers them is raised; so that the construction both of the figure and chest internally is displayed. In this state the automaton is moved round for the examination of the spectators; and to banish all suspicion from the most skeptical mind, that any living subject is concealed within any part of it, the exhibiter introduces a lighted candle into the body of the chest and figure, by which the interior of each is, in a great measure, rendered transparent, and the most secret corner is shown. Here it may be observed, that the same precaution to remove suspicion is used, if requested, at the close as at the commencement of a game at chess with the automaton.

The chest is divided by a partition into two unequal chambers. That to the right of the figure is the narrowest, and occupies scarcely one third of the body of the chest. It is filled with little wheels, levers, cylinders, and other machinery used in clock-work. That to the left contains a few wheels, some small barrels with springs, and two quarters of a circle placed horizontally. The body and lower parts of the figure contain tubes, which seem to be conductors to the machinery. After a sufficient time, during which each spectator

may satisfy his scruples and his curiosity, the exhibiter re-closes the doors of the chest and figure, and the drawer at bottom, makes some arrangements in the body of the figure, winds up the works with a key inserted into a small opening on the side of the chest, places a cushion under the left arm of the figure, which now rests upon it, and invites any individual present to play a game of chess.

In playing a game the automaton makes choice of the white pieces, and always has the first move. These are small advantages towards winning the game, which are cheerfully conceded. It plays with the left hand, the right arm and hand being constantly extended on the chest, behind which it is seated. This slight incongruity proceeded from absence of mind in the inventor, who did not perceive his mistake till the machinery of the automaton was too far completed to admit of the mistake being rectified. At the commencement of a game, the automaton moves its head, as if taking a view of the board; the same motion occurs at the close of a game. In making a move, it slowly raises its left arm from the cushion placed under it, and directs it towards the square of the piece to be moved. Its hand and fingers open on touching the piece, which it takes up, and conveys to any proposed square. The arm then returns with a natural motion to the cushion, upon which it usually rests. In taking a piece the automaton makes the same motions of the arm and hand to lay hold of the piece, which it conveys from the board; and then returning to its own piece, it takes it up, and places it on the vacant square. These motions are performed with perfect correctness; and the dexterity with which the arm acts, especially in the different operation of castling, seems to be the result of spontaneous feeling—bending of the shoulder, elbow, and knuckles, and cautiously avoiding to touch any other piece than that which is to be moved, nor ever making a false move.

After a move made by its antagonist, the automaton remains for a few moments only inactive, as if meditating its next move; upon which the motions of the left arm and hand follow. On giving check to the king, it moves its head as a signal. When a false move is made by its antagonist, which frequently occurs through curiosity, to observe in what manner the automaton will act, (as, for instance, if a knight be made to move like a castle,) the automaton taps impatiently on the chest with its right hand, replaces the knight on its former square, and, not permitting its antagonist to recover his move, proceeds immediately to move one of its own pieces; thus appearing to punish him for his inattention. The little advantage in play which is hereby gained, makes the automaton more than a match for its antagonist; and seems to have been contemplated by the inventor as an additional resource towards winning the game.

It is of importance that the person matched against the automaton should be attentive in moving a piece, to place it precisely in the centre of the square, otherwise the figure, in attempting to lay hold of the piece, may miss its hold, or even sustain some injury in the delicate mechanism of the fingers. When the person has made a move, no alteration in it can take place; and if a piece be touched it must be played somewhere. This rule is strictly observed by the automaton. If its antagonist hesitates to move for a considerable time, it taps smartly on the top of the chest with the right hand, which is constantly extended upon it, as if testifying impatience at his delay.

During the time that the automaton is in motion, a low sound of clock-work running down is heard, which ceases soon after its arm returns to the cushion; and then its antagonist may make his move. The works are wound up at intervals, after ten or twelve moves, by the exhibiter, who is usually employed in walking up and down the apartment in

which the automaton is shown; approaching, however, the chest from time to time, especially on its right side.—BLACKWOOD'S *Edinburgh Magazine, February*, 1819.

GREAT FROST OF 1813 AND 1814.

THE great fog which preceded this remarkable frost, commenced, in London, on the evening of the 29th of December, 1813, about two hours before Lord Castlereagh set out from London on his way to embark for the Continent. Happily his lordship proceeded on his journey without interruption; it was not so with the Prince Regent, who, intending to pay a visit to the Marquis of Salisbury, at Hatfield-House, was obliged to return back to Carlton-House, after one of his outriders had fallen into a ditch on this side of Kentish-Town, and which short excursion occupied several hours. Mr. Croker, of the Admiralty, also wishing to proceed on a visit northward, wandered in the dark for several hours, without making more than three or four miles' progress.

This tremendous fog, or "darkness that might be *felt!*" continued till the 3d of January. On most of the roads, excepting the high north road, travelling was performed with the utmost danger, and the progress of the mails was greatly impeded. On Wednesday, the 29th of December, the Birmingham mail was nearly seven hours in going from the Post-Office to a mile or two below Uxbridge, a distance of twenty miles only. On this, and the other evenings, the short stages in the neighbourhood of London had two persons with links running by the horses' heads; nevertheless, with this and other precautions some serious and many whimsical accidents occurred. Pedestrians even carried links or lanterns, and many who were not provided with those illuminators, lost themselves in the most frequented, and, at other times,

well-known, streets. Hackney coachmen mistook the pathway for the road, and *vice versa*, the greatest confusion occurring.

On the 31st of December, the state of the metropolis, in consequence of the increased fog, was at night truly alarming. It required great attention and knowledge of the public streets to proceed any distance, and those persons who had any material business to transact, were unavoidably compelled to carry torches. The usual lamps appeared through the haze no bigger than small candles. The most careful hackney-coachmen got off the box and led their horses, while others drove only at a walking pace. There were frequent meetings of carriages, and great mischief ensued. Among the passengers much caution and apprehension prevailed. Many, alarmed at the idea of being run down, made exclamations, such as, "Who is coming?" "Mind!" "Take care!" &c. Females who had ventured abroad before the fog came on, were placed under great peril; several missed their way. Such was the extreme density of the atmosphere, on Tuesday evening, the 28th, that the Maidenhead coach on its return from town, missed the road near Harford-Bridge, and was overturned. Lord Hawarden was among the passengers, and received an injury by the accident.

Almost immediately on the cessation of the fogs, heavy falls of snow took place. There is nothing in the memory of man to equal those falls. After several shorter intervals, the snow continued incessantly for 48 hours, and this, too, after the ground was covered with a condensation, the result of nearly four weeks' frost. Almost the whole of the time the wind blew continually from the north and north-east, and was intensely cold. A short thaw also, which scarcely lasted one day, only rendered the state of the streets so much the worse. Hence the mass of snow and water became so thick, that it was with difficulty that hackney-coaches, with an

additional horse, and other vehicles, could plough their way through. Almost all kinds of trades and callings, carried on in the streets, stopped, which considerably increased the distress of the lower orders. Few carriages, even stages, could travel on the roads, which, even about town, seemed deserted. From many buildings icicles, full a yard and a half long, were seen suspended. The house water-pipes were all frozen, whence it became necessary to have plugs in the streets for the supply of all ranks of people. The Thames, from London Bridge to Blackfriars, was, for nearly a fortnight, completely blocked up at ebb tide.

All the ponds and rivers in the neighbourhood of London were completely frozen, and skating was pursued with great avidity on the Canal in St. James's, and the Serpentine in Hyde-Park. On Monday, the 10th of January, the Canal and the Basin in the Green-Park were conspicuous for the number of *steel-shod* heroes who covered their glassy surfaces, and who, according to their respective qualities, administered to the pleasure of the throng which crowded their banks; some, by the agility and grace with which they performed their evolutions, and others by the tumbles and other accidents which marked their clumsy career. There was, as usual, a motley collection of all orders of his majesty's subjects, engaged in the busy scene, who seemed all alike eager candidates for the applause of the multitude; and sweep, dustman, drummer, or beau, each seemed conscious of possessing some claim, not only to his own good opinion, but to that of the fair *belles* who viewed his movements. There were several accidents in the course of the day, but none we believe of a serious nature.

While these parks were thus numerously attended, Hyde-Park had to boast of a more distinguished order of visiters, who, in the course of the afternoon, flocked in prodigious crowds to the banks of the Serpentine, which was covered

with most excellent ice. Notwithstanding the keenness of the breeze, several females of dash, clad in robes of the richest fur, bid defiance to its chilling embrace, and on the fragile bosom of the river ventured their fair frames. The skaters were in great numbers, and were of first-rate note. Some of the most difficult movements of the art were executed with an agility and grace which excited universal admiration.

A lady and two officers performed a reel with a precision scarcely conceivable, and attracted a very numerous circle of spectators, whose boisterous applause so completely terrified the fair cause of their ecstasy, as to induce her to forego the pleasure she herself received from the amusement, and to put an end to that which she afforded to such as were disposed to admire her in silence.

Two unfortunate accidents occurred; one skating lady dislocated the *patella* or kneepan, and five gentlemen and a lady were immersed in the icy fluid, but received no further injury than a severe ducking.

On the 20th of January, in consequence of the great accumulation of snow heaped upon the ground, it became necessary to relieve the roofs of the houses by throwing off the load collected on them; and by these means the carriage-ways in the middle of the streets were rendered scarcely passable for man or horse; and all the above inconveniences were the consequence. The streams constantly flowing from the open plugs, added to the general mass of ice. An enormous increase took place in the price of coals, as the river-navigation and other means of conveyance were entirely obstructed.

The continuation of the frost and snow induced many coach-proprietors, particularly on the northern and western roads, not to continue running their coaches until a change of weather should take place. In many places where the roads lie low, the snow had drifted higher than the coaches, which was the case as near town as Finchley Common. The

snow had drifted into the road in the course of one night, a depth of sixteen feet, and it was impassable at first even to oxen. On Bagshot-Heath there was a complete stoppage, and accidents occurred by vehicles getting off the road. About Esher and Cobham again the road was completely choked up.

With the exception of the Kent and Essex roads no others were passable but a few miles out of London. The coaches on the western road remained stationary at different parts. The Windsor coach got through the snow at Colnbrook, which was sixteen feet deep, by employing about fifty labourers. Lower down, at Maidenhead-lane, the snow drifted to a great depth; and between Twyford and Reading it assumed quite a mountainous appearance. On parts of Bagshot-Heath, it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of its situation. The Newcastle coach went off the road into a pit upwards of eight feet deep, but without doing mischief to either man or horse. The middle North road was impassable as near as Highgate Hill.

On the 22d of January, and for some days afterwards, the ice on the Serpentine exhibited a singular appearance, from the mountains of snow which the sweepers had collected together in different situations. The spaces allotted for the skaters were in the forms of circles, squares, and oblongs. Next to the carriage ride, (on the north side,) were many astonishing evolutions displayed. Skipping on skates, and the Turk-cap backwards, were among the most conspicuous. A sledge was drawn by a pony, rough shod. The ice was not good, it being injured by the partial thaw in some places, and in others much cut up. It was highly amusing to see the most elegantly dressed females dashing through the hillocks of snow.

Among the extraordinary aspects and appearances of the late severe weather, the state of the river Thames was not the

least singular. Vast quantities of pieces of floating ice, loaded generally with heaps of snow, were seen almost every where on the surface; and being carried up and down by the tide or the stream, and collected where the projecting banks or the bridges made a resistance to the flow, and a support to the accumulation—sometimes forming a chain of glaciers, united one moment, at another clashing and cracking and dashing in a singular and awful manner; again, when the flood beneath was not sufficiently elevated to support the mass, and when the current passed strongly, the ice islands floated away, clashing and cracking as they went, rising one over another, and then receding, covered with angry foam, as the violence of the wind or wave impelled them.

In passing through the arches of the bridges the crash was tremendous; for, near the bridges, the floating pieces collected about midwater, or while the current was less forcible, and ranged themselves regularly one line upon another, the stream forming them into order as it passed, where it made its way in force, till the increasing confinement of the channel added such violence to the conflict, that a disruption took place, and the broken ice, with a crash, burst away again, and was carried up or down with the tide or the stream. The river was entirely frozen over for the space of a week, and a complete *frost fair* held upon it.

We shall now confine ourselves to a few of the events which took place on the marble bosom of the now-flowing Thames.

Sunday, January 30th.—Immense masses of ice, that had floated from the upper parts of the river, in consequence of the thaw of the two preceding days, now blocked up the Thames between Blackfriars and London bridges, and afforded every probability of its being frozen over in a day or two. Some venturous persons even now walked on different parts of the ice.

Monday, January 31st.—This expectation was realized. During the whole of the afternoon, hundreds of people were assembled on Blackfriars and London bridges, to see several adventurous men cross and re-cross the Thames on the ice. At one time seventy persons were counted, walking from Queenhithe to the opposite shore. The frost on Sunday night so united the vast mass, as to render it immoveable by the tide.

Tuesday, February 1st.—The floating masses of ice, with which we have already stated the Thames to be covered, having been stopped by London Bridge, now assumed the shape of a solid surface over that part of the river which extends from Blackfriars Bridge to some distance below Three-Crane-Stairs, at the bottom of Queen street, Cheapside. The waterman, taking advantage of this circumstance, placed notices at the end of all the streets of the city leading to the river, announcing a safe foot-way over the river, which, as might be expected, attracted immense crowds to witness so novel a scene. Many were induced to venture on the ice, and the example thus afforded soon led thousands to perambulate the rugged plain, where a variety of amusements were prepared for their entertainment.

Among the more curious of these was the ceremony of roasting a small sheep, which was *toasted*, or rather burnt, over a coal fire, placed in a large iron pan. For a view of this extraordinary spectacle sixpence was demanded, and willingly paid. The delicate meat, when done, was sold at a shilling a slice, and termed *Lapland mutton*. Of booths there were a great number, which were ornamented with streamers, flags, and signs, and in which there was a plentiful store of those favourite luxuries, *gin*, *beer*, and *gingerbread*.

Opposite Three-Crane-Stairs there was a complete and well-frequented thoroughfare to Bankside, which was strewed

with ashes, and apparently afforded a very safe, although a very rough path. Near Blackfriars Bridge, however, the path did not appear to be equally safe; for one young man, a plumber, named Davis, having imprudently ventured to cross with some lead in his hands; he sank between two masses of ice to rise no more. Two young women nearly shared a similar fate, but were happily rescued from their perilous situation by the prompt efforts of two watermen. Many a fair nymph, indeed, was embraced in the *icy arms* of old father Thames. Three prim young quakeresses had a sort of semi-bathing near London Bridge, and, when landed on *terra firma*, made the best of their way through the Borough, amidst the shouts of an admiring populace, to their residence at Newington.

A PALACE BUILT OF ICE.

In the year 1740, the Empress Anne of Russia, caused a palace of ice to be erected upon the banks of Neva. This extraordinary edifice, was 52 feet in length, 16 in breadth, and 20 feet high, and constructed of large pieces of ice cut in the manner of free-stone. The walls were three feet thick. The several apartments were furnished with tables, chairs, beds, and all kinds of household furniture of ice. In front of this edifice, besides pyramids and statues, stood six cannon, carrying balls of six pounds' weight, and two mortars, entirely made of ice. As a trial from one of the former, an iron ball, with only a quarter of a pound of powder was fired off, the ball of which went through a two-inch board, at sixty paces from the mouth of the piece, which remained completely uninjured by the explosion. The illumination in this palace, at night, was astonishingly grand.—*Frostiana.*

ORANG OUTANG.

THE chief of the monkey tribe, or orang outang, has been often studiously held up as not only making a nearer approach to the general figure of mankind than any other animal, but even as possessing a degree of intellect superior to the rest of the animal world; and a variety of exaggerated descriptions might be cited from those who have given its natural history. Two very distinct species of orang outang are known; the one a native of Africa, and of a black colour; the other a native of the East Indies, and of a reddish or chestnut colour.

It is to these that most of the popular tales relate. But the two species, distinct as they are, have been till lately confounded by most authors, and among others by Linnæus, under the title of Simia Satyrus. The species which makes the nearest approach to the human figure, is the chestnut-coloured, or reddish orang outang, well represented in the works of Vosmaer and Audebert.

Mr. Vosmaer's account of the manners of a chestnut-coloured orang outang, brought into Holland, in the year 1776, and presented to the Prince of Orange's menagerie, is so curious, that I shall repeat it from his accurate publication on that subject.

This animal, says Mr. Vosmaer, was in height about two Rhenish feet and a half. It showed no fierceness or malignity, and was even of a melancholy appearance. It was fond of being in company, and showed a preference to those who daily took care of it, of which it seemed to be very sensible. Often when they retired, it would throw itself on the ground as if in despair, uttering lamentable cries. Its keeper having been accustomed sometimes to sit near it on the ground, it would take the hay of its bed, and spread it in the form of a cushion, or a seat, and by every demonstration invite its keeper to sit with it. Its usual manner of walking was on all fours, but it could also walk on its two hind feet. One morning it got unchained, and we beheld it, with wonderful agility ascend the beams and rafters of the building; it was not without some trouble that it was taken, and we then remarked the prodigious strength of the animal, the assistance of four men being necessary, in order to hold it in such a manner as to be properly secured. During its state of liberty, it had, among many other things, taken the cork from a bottle of Malaga wine, which it drank to the last drop, and had set the bottle in its place again. When presented with strawberries on a plate, of which it was extremely fond, it

was very amusing to see it take them up one by one with a fork, and put them into its mouth. Its common drink was water, but it also willingly drank all sorts of wine, but preferred Malaga. After eating, it always wiped its mouth, and when presented with a toothpick, always used it in a proper manner. This animal lived seven months in Holland, and was brought from the island of Borneo.

DR. SHAW'S *Zoological Lectures.*

VERY REMARKABLE CAVERN ON THE ISLAND OF HOONGA.

ON the island of Hoonga, in the South Pacific Ocean is a peculiar cavern, situated on the western coast, the entrance to which is at least a fathom beneath the surface of the sea at low water, and was first discovered by a young chief whilst diving after a turtle. The nature of this cavern will be better understood if we imagine a hollow rock rising sixty feet or more above the surface of the water, into the cavity of which there is no known entrance but one, and that is on the side of the rock, as low down as six feet under the water, into which it flows, and consequently the base of the cavern may be said to be the sea itself. Finow, King of Hoonga, and his friends, being on this part of the island, proposed one afternoon, on a sudden thought, to go into this cavern and drink cava, (a liquor the natives are very partial to.) Mr. Mariner, a gentleman many years a resident in the island, who related this story, was not with them at the time this proposal was made; but happening to come down a little while after to the shore, and seeing some of the young chiefs diving into the water one after another, was not a little surprised, and inquired of the last, who was just preparing to take the same step, what they were about? Follow me, said he, and I will

take you where you have never been before, and where Finow, and his chiefs, and Matabooles, are now assembled. Mr. Mariner, supposing it to be the famous cavern of which he had heard some account, prepared* himself to follow his companion, who dived into the water, and he after him, and, guided by the light reflected from his heels, entered the opening in the rock, and rose into the cavern. He was no sooner above the surface of the water than, sure enough, he heard the voices of the king and his friends. Being directed by his guide, he climbed up a jutting portion of rock, and sat down. All the light that came into this place was reflected from the bottom, and was sufficient, after remaining about five minutes, to show objects with some little distinctness; at least, he could discover, being directed by the voice, Finow and the rest of the company seated, like himself, round the cavern. Nevertheless, as it was desirable to have a stronger illumination, Mr. Mariner dived out again, and procuring his pistol, primed it well, tied plenty of gnatoo tight round it, and wrapped up the whole in a plantain leaf; he directed an attendant to bring a torch in the same way. Thus prepared, he reentered the cavern as speedily as possible, unwrapped the gnatoo, a great portion of which was perfectly dry, fired it by the flash of the powder, and lighted the torch. The place was now illuminated tolerably well, for the first time since its existence. It appeared, by guess, to be about forty feet wide in the main part, but which branched off on one side in two narrow portions. The medium height seemed also to be about forty feet. The roof was hung with stalactites in a very curious

* It is proper here to mention, that, in presence of a superior chief it is considered very disrespectful to be undrest. Under such circumstances as the present, therefore, every one retires a little; and, as soon as he has divested himself of his usual dress, slips on an apron made of the leaves of the chi-tree, or of matting called gie. The same respect is shown, if it is necessary, to undress near a chief's grave, because some katooa, or god, may be present.

way, resembling, upon a cursory view, the gothic arches and ornaments of an old church. After having examined the place, they drank cava, and passed away the time in conversation upon different subjects. Among other things, an old mataboole, after having mentioned how the cavern was first discovered, *viz.*, by a young chief in the act of diving after a turtle, related an interesting account of the use which this chief made of this accidental discovery. The circumstances are as follow:

In former times there lived a Tooi (governor) of Vavaoo, who exercised a very tyrannical deportment toward his people. At length, when it was no longer to be borne, a certain chief meditated a plan of insurrection, and was resolved to free his countrymen from such odious slavery, or to sacrifice himself in the attempt. Being, however, treacherously deceived, by one of the party, the tyrant became acquainted with the plan, and immediately had him arrested. He was condemned to be taken out to sea and drowned, and all his family and relations were ordered to be massacred, that none of his race might remain. One of his daughters, a beautiful girl, young and interesting, had been reserved to be the wife of a chief of considerable rank; and she too would have sunk, the victim of a merciless destroyer, had it not been for the generous exertions of another young chief, who, a short time before, had discovered the cavern of Hoonga. This discovery he had kept within his breast a profound secret, reserving it as a place of retreat for himself, in case he should be unsuccessful in a plan of revolt which he also had in view. He had long been enamoured of this beautiful young maiden, but had never dared to make her acquainted with the soft emotions of his heart, knowing that she was betrothed to a chief of higher rank and greater power. But now the dreadful moment arrived when she was about to be cruelly sacrificed to the rancour of a man, to whom she was almost a

deadly enemy. No time was to be lost: he flew to her abode, communicated in a few short words the decree of the tyrant, declared himself her deliverer, if she would trust to his honour; and, with eyes speaking the most tender affections, he waited with breathless expectation for an answer. Soon her consenting hand was clasped in his; the shades of evening favoured their escape: whilst the wood, the covert, or the grove, afforded her concealment till her lover had brought a small canoe to a lonely part of the beach. In this they speedily embarked, and, as he paddled across the smooth wave, he related his discovery of the cavern destined to be her asylum, till an opportunity offered of conveying her to the Fiji islands. She who had intrusted her personal safety entirely to his care, hesitated not to consent to whatever plan he might think promotive of their ultimate escape: her heart being full of gratitude, love, and confidence, found an easy access. They soon arrived at the rock, he leaped into the water, and she, instructed by him, followed close after. They rose into the cavern, and rested from their fears and fatigue, partaking of some refreshment which he had brought there for himself, little thinking at the time of the happiness that was in store for him.

Early in the morning he returned to Vavaoo, to avoid suspicion; but did not fail, in the course of the day, to repair again to the place which held all that was dear to him: he brought her mats to lie on, the finest gnatoo for a change of dress, the best of food for her support, sandal-wood oil, cocoa-nuts, and every thing he could think of, to render her life as comfortable as possible. He gave her as much of his company as prudence would allow, and at the most appropriate times, lest the prying eye of curiosity should find out his retreat. He pleaded his tale of love with the most impassioned eloquence, half of which would have been sufficient to have won her warmest affections, for she owed her life to his prompt

and generous exertions at the risk of his own: and how was he delighted, when he heard the confession from her own lips, that she had long regarded him with a favourable eye, but a sense of duty had caused her to smother the growing fondness, till the late sad misfortune of her family, and the circumstances attending her escape, had revived all her latent affections, to bestow them wholly upon a man to whom they were so justly due. How happy were they in this solitary retreat! tyrannic power now no longer reached them: shut out from the world and all its cares and perplexities; secure from all the eventful changes attending upon greatness, cruelty, and ambition; themselves were the only powers they served, and they were infinitely delighted with this simple form of government. But although this asylum was their great security in their happiest moments, they could not always enjoy each other's company; it was equally necessary to their safety, that he should be often absent from her, and frequently for a length of time together, lest his conduct should be watched. The young chief therefore panted for an opportunity to convey her to happier scenes, where his ardent imagination pictured to him the means of procuring for her every enjoyment and comfort which her amiable qualifications so well entitled her to: nor was it a great while before an opportunity offering, he devised the means of restoring her with safety to the cheerful light of day. He signified to his inferior chief and matabooles, that it was his intention to go to the Fiji islands, and he wished them to accompany him with their wives and female attendants, but he desired them on no account to mention to the latter the place of their destination, lest they should inadvertently betray their intention, and the governing chief prevent their departure. A large canoe was soon got ready, and every necessary preparation made for their voyage. As they were on the point of their departure, they asked him if he would take a Tonga wife

with him. He replied, no; but that he should probably find one by the way: this they thought a joke, but, in obedience to his orders, they said no more, and, every body being on board, they put to sea.

As they approached the shores of Hoonga, he directed them to steer to such a point, and, having approached close to a rock, according to his orders, he got up and desired them to wait there, while he went into the sea to fetch his wife; and without staying to be asked any questions, he sprung into the water from that side of the canoe farthest from the rock, swam under the canoe, and proceeded forward into the sanctuary which had so well concealed his greatest and dearest treasure. Every body on board was greatly surprised at his strange conduct, and began to think him insane; and after a little lapse of time, not seeing him come up, they were greatly alarmed for his safety, imagining that a shark must have seized him. Whilst they were all in the greatest concern, debating what was best to be done, whether they ought to dive down after him, or wait according to his orders, for that perhaps he had only swam round and was come up in some niche of the rock, intending to surprise them, their wonder was increased beyond all powers of expression, when they saw him rise to the surface of the water, and come into the canoe with a beautiful female. At first they mistook her for a goddess, and their astonishment was not lessened when they recognised her countenance, and found her to be a person whom they had no doubt was killed in the general massacre of her family: and this they thought must be her apparition. But how agreeably was their wonder softened down into the most interesting feelings, when the young chief related to them the discovery of the cavern, and the whole circumstance of her escape. All the young men on board could not refrain envying him his happiness in the possession of so lovely and interesting a creature. They soon

after arrived at one of the Fiji islands, and resided with a chief for two years; at the end of which time, hearing of the death of the tyrant of Vavaoo, the young chief returned with his wife to the last mentioned island, and lived long in peace and happiness.

MARINER'S *Account of the Tonga Islands.*

HERMITAGE IN A CAVERN.

ABOUT three miles from Fribourg in Switzerland is a hermitage, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, and situated among woods and rocks, in the prettiest solitude imaginable. It has been described by several travellers, particularly M. Blainville and Mr. Addison, who both saw it about the beginning of the last century, when the hermit was still alive. He had wrought out of a rock a pretty chapel, with an altar, sacristy, and steeple; also five chambers, a parlour, refectory, kitchen, cellar, and other conveniences. The funnel of his chimney, which pierces from his kitchen to the top of the rock, slanting all the way, is 90 feet high, and cost him so much toil, that he was a whole year about it, and often despaired of completing his design. The chapel is 63 feet in length, 36 in breadth, and 22 in height; the sacristy, or vestry, is 22 feet square, and the height of the steeple 70 feet; the chamber between the chapel and the refectory is above 40 feet long, the refectory itself is 21, and the cellar is 25 feet long, and 10 feet deep. But the hall, or parlour, is particularly admired, being 28 paces in length, 12 in breadth, and 20 feet in height, with four openings for windows, much higher and wider than those of our best houses. At one end of this hall was the hermit's cabinet, with a small collection of books, and other curiosities; and to add to the pleasantness of his habitation, he had cut the side of the rock into a flat,

and having covered it with good mould, had formed a pretty garden, planted with several sorts of fruit trees, herbs and flowers; and by following the veins of water, that dropped from several parts of the rock, he had made two or three fountains, which supplied his table, and watered his little garden. This hermit, whose name was Jean du Pre, began his laborious undertaking at the age of thirty, and said he was twenty-five years in completing it, having had no assistance from any person except one servant. He intended to have carried on his work still further, but was drowned in 1708, as he was crossing a neighbouring river in a boat with some company that came to visit him. His place is supplied by a priest, who subsists by the generosity of strangers that come to see the hermitage, and he generally entertains his visiters with bread and wine, and a nosegay.

SMITH'S *Wonders*.

REMARKABLE CAVE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

AT Swetara, in Pennsylvania, is a remarkable cave on the east bank of Swetara river, about two miles above its confluence with the Susquehannah. Its entrance is very spacious, and descends so much, that the surface of the river is rather higher than the bottom of the cavern. The vault of this cave is of solid limestone rock, about 20 feet thick. It contains several apartments, some of which are very spacious and lofty. Water is incessantly distilling through the roof, and falls in drops to the bottom of the cave; these drops petrify as they fall, and have gradually formed solid pillars, which seem to support the roof. Some years ago there were ten such pillars six inches in diameter, and six feet high, all so ranged, that the place they enclosed resembled a sanctuary in a Romish church.—No royal throne, says Dr. Morse, ever exhibited

more grandeur than this *lusus Naturæ*. The resemblances of several monuments are found indented on the sides of the cave, which appear like the tombs of departed heroes. Suspended from the roof is *the bell*, which is nothing more than a stone projected in an unusual form, so called from the sound it occasions when struck, which is similar to that of a bell.—SMITH'S *Wonders*.

ECHOES.

ECHOES reside, for the most part, in ruined abbeys, in caverns, and in grottos: they reverberate among mountains, whisper in the areas of antique halls, in the windings of long passages, and in the melancholy aisles of arched cathedrals. There is an ancient portico near the temple of Clymenos, in the district of Cithonias, which repeats three times, on which account it is called the echo. At Woodstock there was one which returned seventeen syllables during the day, and twenty in the night. In the sepulchre of Metella, the wife of Sylla, an echo repeated five different times, in five different keys; and Barthius, in his notes on Statius, relates, that on the banks of the Naha, between Bingen and Coblentz, an echo recited seventeen times. He who spoke or sung could scarcely be heard, and yet the responses were loud and distinct, clear and various; sometimes appearing to approach, at other times to come from a great distance, much after the manner of an Eolian harp.

In the cemetery of the Abercorn family, at Paisley, in the county of Renfrew, there is an echo exceedingly beautiful and romantic. When the door of the chapel is shut, the reverberations are equal to the sound of thunder. Breathe a single note in music, and the tone ascends gradually, with a multitude of echoes, till it dies in soft and most bewitching

murmurs. If the effect of one instrument is delightful, that of several in concert is captivating, exciting the most tumultuous and rapturous sensations. In this chapel, lulled by ethereal echoes, sleeps Margery, the daughter of Bruce, the wife of Wallace, and the mother of Robert, king of Scotland.

A singular echo is heard in a grotto near Castle Comber, in Ireland. No reverberation is observed till the listener is within 15 or 16 feet of the extremity of the grotto; at which place a most delightful echo enchants the ear. Does there exist any one who has not heard of the eagle's nest near Mucross Abbey, on the banks of the Lake of Killarney? This celebrated rock sends forth the most fascinating repercussion. Sound a French or bugle horn, and echoes, equal to a hundred instruments, answer to the call. Report a single cannon, the loudest thunders reverberate from the rock, and die in endless peals along the distant mountains.

Philosophy of Nature.

A NOBLEMAN'S seat, about two miles from Milan, produces such a surprising echo as can scarcely be equalled in the world. Mr. Addison observes, that upon firing a pistol he heard the sound returned fifty-six times, though the air was then foggy, and consequently not proper for making an experiment to advantage. At first the repetitions were very quick, but the intervals were greater in proportion as the sound decayed. This astonishing echo was probably never designed by the architect, but it is occasioned by two parallel walls of a considerable length, between which the sound is reverberated from one to the other till the undulation is quite spent. Some persons assert, that the sound of one musical instrument in this place resembles a great number of instruments playing in concert.—SMITH'S *Wonders*.

BOA CONSTICTOR.

One of these animals was brought to England in the Cæsar, he was a native of Borneo, and was put on board in a wooden cage, with a sliding door. Six goats were sent with him, one a month being considered a fair allowance. When he was fed, the sliding door being opened, one of the goats was thrust in, and the door shut. The poor victim, as if aware of the horrors of its situation, uttered the most piercing cries, butting at the same time towards the serpent as in self-defence.

The snake at first scarcely noticed the animal, but at length turning its head, he fixed his deadly eye on the goat, who shook in every limb; though it still continued to butt at the serpent, who darted out his forked tongue, and raising his head a little, suddenly seized the goat by the fore-leg with his fangs, and throwing it down, encircled it in his folds, which resembled a knot, one part of the body overlaying the other. The half stifled cries of the goat soon became extinct, and it

expired in his merciless grasp. The snake, however, held him a considerable time. He then slowly unfolded himself, and prepared for swallowing the goat, by placing his mouth in front of the head of the dead animal, which he lubricated with his saliva; then taking the muzzle in his mouth, sucked it in as far as the horns would allow; these opposed a little difficulty from their points, but they soon disappeared externally, though their progress was still very distinct on the outside, threatening every moment to protrude through the skin. The victim was now swallowed as far as the shoulders; and it was an astonishing sight to observe the extraordinary action of the snake's muscles when stretched to such an unnatural extent. When his head and neck had no other appearance than that of a serpent's skin, stuffed almost to bursting, still the working of the muscles was evident, and unabated; this seemed to be the effect of a contractile muscular power, assisted by two rows of strong hooked teeth. With all this he must be so formed as to be able to suspend his respiration for a time, for it is impossible to conceive that the process of breathing could be carried on while the mouth and throat were so completely stuffed and expanded by the body of the goat. The whole operation of completely gorging the animal, occupied about two hours and twenty minutes: at the end of which time the tumefaction or swelling was confined to the middle part of the body or stomach, the mouth and throat having resumed their natural size. The reptile now coiled himself up again, and laid quietly in his usual torpid state for about three weeks or a month, when his last meal appearing to be completely dissolved, he was presented with another goat, which he devoured with equal facility. Few of those who witnessed his first meal wished to be present at the second.

It is impossible to behold without the most painful sensation, the anxiety and trepidation of the harmless victim,

or to observe the hideous writhings of the serpent around his prey, and not to imagine what our own case would be in the same dreadful situation.—M'Leod's *Voyage of the Alceste.*

WILLIAM TELL'S CHAPEL.

On the fine lake of Urio, upon a rock projecting into the lake under a hanging wood, near the village of Gruti, is a chapel, erected in honour of William Tell, on the spot where he is said to have leaped from the boat which was conveying him as a prisoner. The Emperor Albert having the ambitious design of conquering Switzerland, in order to make a patrimony of it for one of his younger sons, had by degrees succeeded in subduing the greater part; and, under false pretences had sent arbitrary bailies and governors, who exercised much cruelty and oppression upon the people. The worst of these was Geissler, a rapacious and ferocious man, whose castle in Uri was a continued scene of barbarity and plunder. Discontents had already taken place, and the people not only murmured, but had meetings on every fresh insult; when in the year 1307, Geissler, to prove his power and indulge his vanity, erected his hat on a pole in the market-place of Altorf, and insisted on the people bowing to it as they passed. William Tell refused. The tyrant, to revenge himself, ordered Tell's youngest son to be brought to the market-place, and, tying him to a stake, placed an apple upon his head, and desired the father to shoot at it with his cross-bow. William Tell succeeded in hitting the apple; but when the tyrant asked him the reason of his having another arrow concealed in his dress, he replied, *To have killed you, had I killed my son.* The offended governor had Tell seized and bound, and placed in the same

boat with himself, resolving to carry him across the lake to his own castle. A frightful storm (to which the Swiss lakes are liable) suddenly arose, and they were obliged to unchain the prisoner, who was celebrated for his skill as a mariner. He conducted them near a ridge of rocks, and vaulting from the boat, with his cross-bow in his hand, killed the tyrant! To this Tell and Switzerland owed their deliverance. The chapel is built on the very spot, surrounded with picturesque wood; and the simple story of Tell, in the appropriate dresses, is painted within the chapel.

> And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
> Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
> With well strung arm, that first preserv'd his child,
> Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart.

THE FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE.

THIS fountain, one of the most celebrated in Europe, is situated about five miles from Avignon; its waters are sweet and limpid, but it is only accessible by passing over frightful precipices. Its vicinity is covered with beautiful woods, whose cool refreshing shades breathe delicious odours. Near this fountain was the residence of the celebrated Italian poet, Petrarch, whose verses are full of fire and pathos. He sung by turns, his fair mistress, Laura, the fountain of Vaucluse, and his beautiful hermitage. Laura was equally admired for her virtue and talents, as for the graces of her person. The name of Petrarch, naturally calls to mind that of Laura, Vaucluse, the sweets of friendship, the pleasures of retirement, and the Muses.

The fountain of Vaucluse flows from a vast cave, at the foot of a rock, of an amazing height, and perpendicular as a wall. This cavern, where the hand of man never laboured,

is 100 feet high, and at least as much in extent; it forms a double cave, the exterior measures 60 feet in height, at the entrance; the interior 30. Here reigns a dread silence, and utter darkness, which inspires involuntary horror. In this second cavern there is a sheet of water so pure, that we could not find (observes a celebrated traveller) by the light of our torches, the rock along which it passes in the least discoloured.

Some daring persons, in the beginning of the last century, ventured in a small boat to sound this vast gulf; but they were unsuccessful, probably because the strength of the water carried the lead still towards the surface. A few steps from the outward cavern, the fountain finds an extensive issue, whence it rushes with impetuosity over great rocks, forming various cascades, till, meeting no obstacle, it divides gently into two large branches, in the midst of a beautiful country, and at last falls into the Rhone, under the name of the Jorque.

BEAUTIFUL CASCADE IN THE GARDENS AT CHATSWORTH.

NEAR the south and south-east sides of the house, are those water-works, which, about sixty years ago, gave the gardens of Chatsworth extraordinary celebrity. The principal of these is a cascade, which consists of a series of steps, extending a considerable distance down a steep hill, crowned at the top by a temple, that is supplied with water from a very capacious reservoir. This fane (says Mr. Warner) should be dedicated to Mercury, the god of deceit, as a piece of roguery is practised upon the incautious stranger within its very sanctuary; from the floor of which a multitude of little fountains spout up, while he is admiring the prospect

from the portal, and quickly wet him to the skin. When this cascade is put in motion, the water rushes with prodigious force from the roof and ornaments of the temple, and falling into a basin in front of the building, is thence discharged down the flight of steps. Among the other curiosities of this nature are a triton and some sea-horses, from whose heads small streams issue; a fountain, which throws up water to the height of 90 feet; and a copper tree representing a decayed willow, from every leaf of which water is made to issue, by the turning of a cock, so as to form an artificial shower.—SMITH'S *Wonders.*

POMPEY'S PILLAR.

THE pillar of Pompey, as it is generally called, is situated about a quarter of a league from the southern gate at Alexandria in Egypt. It is composed of red granite. The capital is Corinthian, ornamented with palm-leaves, and not indented. The shaft and the upper member of the base are of one piece, 90 feet long, and 9 in diameter. The base, which is a square block of marble, 60 feet in circumference, rests on two layers of stone, bound together with lead. The whole column is 114 feet high, perfectly well polished, and only a little shivered on the eastern side.

Nothing can equal the majesty of this monument; seen from a distance, it overtops the town, and serves as a signal for vessels; and on a nearer approach, it produces an astonishment mingled with awe. One can never be tired with admiring the beauty of the capital, the length of the shaft, and the extraordinary simplicity of the pedestal; although the latter has been rather damaged by the instruments of travellers, who were anxious to possess a relic of this antiquity, and one of the volutes of the column was immaturely

brought down, in the year 1781, by a prank of some English captains, which is thus related by Mr. Irwin:

These jolly tars of Neptune had been pushing about the can on board one of the ships in the harbour, until a strange freak entered into one of their brains. The eccentricity of the thought occasioned it immediately to be adopted, and its apparent impossibility was but a spur for the putting it into execution. The boat was ordered, and with proper implements for the attempt, these enterprising heroes pushed ashore, to drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's pillar! At the spot they arrived, and many contrivances were proposed to accomplish the desired point. But their labour was vain, and they began to despair of success, when the genius who struck out the frolic happily suggested the means of performing it. A man was despatched to the city for a paper kite. The inhabitants were by this time apprised of what was going forward, and flocked in crowds to be witnesses of the address and boldness of the English. The governor of Alexandria was told that these seamen were about to pull down Pompey's pillar. But whether he gave them credit for their respect to the Roman warrior, or to the Turkish government, he left them to themselves, and politely answered—That the English were too great patriots to injure the remains of Pompey. He knew little, however, of the disposition of the people who were engaged in this undertaking; for had the Turkish Empire rose in opposition, it would not perhaps at that moment have deterred them. The kite was brought, and flown so directly over the pillar, that, when it fell on the other side, the string lodged upon the capital. The chief obstacle was now overcome. A two-inch rope was tied to one end of the string, and drawn over the pillar by the end to which the kite was affixed. By this rope one of the seamen ascended to the top; and in less than an hour, a kind of shrowd was constructed, by which the whole

company went up and drank their punch, amid the shouts of the astonished multitude. To the eye below, the capital of the pillar does not appear capable of holding more than one man upon it; but our seamen found it could contain no less than eight persons very conveniently. It is astonishing that no accident befel these madcaps, in a situation so elevated that would have turned a landman giddy in his sober senses. The only detriment which the pillar received was the loss of the volute before mentioned, which came down with a thundering sound, and was carried to England by one of the captains, as a present to a lady who commissioned him for a piece of the pillar. The discovery which they made amply compensated for this mischief, as, without their evidence, the world would not have known at this hour, that there was originally a statue on this pillar, one foot and an ancle of which are still remaining. The statue must have been of a gigantic size, to have appeared of a man's proportion at so great a height.

There are circumstances in this story which might give it an air of fiction, were it not demonstrated beyond all doubt. Besides the testimonies of many eye-witnesses, the adventurers themselves have left a token of the fact by the initials of their names, which are very legible in black paint just beneath the capital.

Learned men and travellers have made many fruitless attempts to discover in honour of what prince this stately pillar was erected: for, notwithstanding its common appellation, it could not have been raised to the memory of Pompey, as neither Strabo nor Diodorus Siculus have spoken of it. Abulfeda, in his *Description of Egypt*, calls it the Pillar of Severus; and history informs us, that this emperor visited the city of Alexandria; that he granted a senate to its inhabitants, who, until that time, under the subjection of a single Roman magistrate, had lived without any national council;

and that he changed several laws in their favour. This column, therefore, M. Savary concludes to have been erected by the inhabitants as a mark of their gratitude to Severus. And in a Greek inscription, now half effaced, but visible on the west side when the sun shines upon it, he supposes the name of Severus to have been preserved. He further observes, that this was not the only monument erected to that emperor by the gratitude of the Alexandrians; for there is still in the midst of the ruins of Antinoe a magnificent pillar, the inscription on which is still remaining, and proves that it was dedicated to Alexander Severus. It has however, been lately asserted that the above-mentioned inscription on what is vulgarly called Pompey's pillar has been deciphered, and proves that the column was erected in honour of Diocletian by the then prefect of Egypt.

ANTIQUITIES AT ATHENS.

THE antiquities at Athens are still so numerous, notwithstanding the ravages that time and barbarism have made among them, that they exceed those of any city in the world. Rome only excepted. That which claims our first attention is an ancient Temple of Minerva, (now a Turkish mosque) which is all built of white marble, and is, perhaps, the most beautiful piece of antiquity now in being. It is about 218 feet in length, and 98 in breadth; and has on every side an ascent of five steps, that seem contrived as a basis to the portico, which is supported by channelled pillars of the Doric order, running all round the temple. These pillars are 46 in number, 42 feet high, and 17 1-2 in circumference. The front and frieze round about the temple were charged with historical figures of admirable workmanship, many of which were standing about 100 years ago. The back-front was

adorned with figures, representing the contest between Neptune and Minerva, about naming the city of Athens; but they are all fallen down. The architrave was also charged with bass-reliefs, cut in squares at several distances, which represented the wars of the Athenians, particularly their victory at Marathon, and that over the Gauls in Mysia.

Within the portico we see a range of sculptures, which are undoubtedly coeval with the temple itself, and of excellent workmanship, representing sacrifices, processions, and other ceremonies of the heathen worship. This, like other Pagan temples, was almost entirely dark within, having no other light but what came in at the doors; but there is now a window at the east end of it, which was made by the Greek Christians when they were in possession of it, and used it for divine service. Towards the bottom of this window are several stones, which admit through them a yellowish light, and have been said to shine in the dark, but are in reality only a kind of transparent marble.*

As to the founders of this beautiful temple, the body of it was built by Pericles, to which Attalus added the magnificent portico; but the Emperor Adrian most probably repaired it, and adorned it with the figures on each front; for the whiteness of the marble, and that emperor's statue among the figures, plainly show those sculptures to be of a later date than the temple itself.—SMITH'S *Wonders*.

* This is the sort of marble, as Sir George Wheeler observes, which Pliny calls Phengites; and the Temple of Fortune, built by Nero, was of this stone, which by its transparency supplied the want of windows, so that the inside received light enough, even when the doors were shut. It was anciently found in Cappadocia; but it is far from being peculiar to that country, very beautiful pieces of it having been found in France, Germany, and some parts of England.

COLOSSAL STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.

One of the noblest monuments of veneration for Peter the Great, is an equestrian statue of that monarch, cast in bronze by M. Falconet, at the expense of the late empress, and erected in the area before the palace at Petersburg. The pedestal, on which it stands, is a stupendous mass of reddish granite, which was discovered, half buried in a morass, at some distance from the city. The morass was drained, and a road cut through a forest, in order to get it out; and, although it weighed 1,500 tons, even after it was reduced, it was drawn by a windlass and large friction balls, placed in grooves on each side of the road, to the banks of the Neva. It was then embarked in a vessel, which had been purposely constructed for its reception, and conveyed to the place where it now stands.

When landed at Petersburg, this pedestal was 42 feet long at the base, 36 at the top, 21 in thickness, and 17 in height; a bulk, greatly surpassing in weight the most boasted monuments of Roman grandeur. Here, however, we must observe, that this truly curious rock does not now retain its original dimensions; as, in forming a proper station for the statue, and representing an abrupt broken precipice, its bulk has been necessarily diminished.

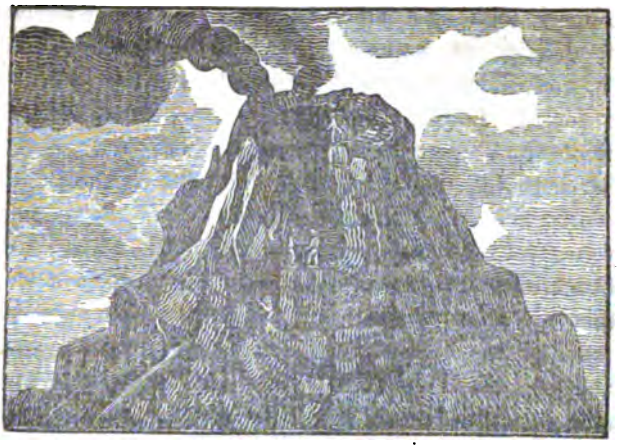
The statue is of colossal size, and represents the monarch in the act of mounting a precipice, the summit of which he has nearly attained. He appears in a loose Asiatic vest, seated on a bear-skin housing, and crowned with a wreath of laurel; his left hand holds the reins, and his right is extended, as in the act of blessing his people. The horse is rearing on his hind legs, and his flowing tail slightly touches a bronze serpent, artfully contrived to assist in supporting the ponderous statue in due equilibrium. The simplicity of the inscription,

is perfectly correspondent with the sublimity of the design, and, as a celebrated traveller has observed, it is far preferable to a pompous detail of exalted virtues, which the voice of flattery applies to every sovereign without distinction.

This beautiful statue was erected on its pedestal in the year 1782, and the ceremony was performed with equal pomp and solemnity. At the same time an imperial proclamation was issued, to pardon all criminals under sentence of death; all convicts, excepting murderers, condemned to hard labour; and all deserters who should return to their duty within a limited time.

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

THIS enormous building has justly been classed among the wonders of ancient architecture. It was a vast structure of brass, or statuary metal, erected in honour of Apollo, or the sun, the tutelar god of the island, whose stride was 50 feet asunder, each foot being placed on a rock at this distance from each other, and which bounded the entrance into the haven. Its height, according to Pliny, was not less than 105 feet, or 70 cubits; and hence ships of considerable burden were capable of sailing between its legs. It is said to have been erected by the Rhodians, with the money produced by the sale of the engines of war which Demetrius Poliorcetes employed in fruitlessly besieging the city for a twelvemonth, and which he gave to them upon his reconciliation. Pliny affirms that it was commenced by Chares of Lindus, a disciple of Lysippus, and finished upon his death by Laches of the same town. It was thrown down by an earthquake 60 years after its completion.—*Gallery of Nature and Art.*



MOUNT ETNA.

Mount Etna, in the island of Sicily, appears to have been well known to the ancients, on account of its fiery eruptions; for Pindar speaks of it as a volcano, and Plato was invited by the younger Dionysius to examine the state of the mountain after the sixth eruption. It threw out flames and lava about a hundred times between that period and the battle of Pharsalia, and was remarkably furious while Sextus Pompeius was adding the horrors of a sanguinary war to its terrific devastations. Charlemagne is said to have been at Catania during one of its eruptions; and since his reign we find fifteen more recorded.

With respect to the dimensions of Mount Etna, it is extremely difficult to extract any thing consistent, even from the accounts of modern and truly respectable travellers. Pindar who flourished about 435 years before the Christian era, calls it the "Pillar of Heaven," on account of its

astonishing elevation; and all the moderns agree that it is extremely high and large, but they differ excessively in their descriptions, some making it eight or twelve miles high, and 180 miles round, while others reduce it to about two miles in height, and somewhat less than 90 miles in circumference. After investigating these different relations, and considering their prodigious difference, we must give it as our opinion, that the true dimensions of the mountain have not yet been exactly ascertained.

Concerning the general appearance and products of Etna, authors are better agreed; and the journey from Catania to its summit has been recently described by three ingenious travellers. M. D'Orville, Mr. Brydone, and Sir William Hamilton, all of whom affirm, that this mountain affords an opitome of the different climates throughout the world. Towards the base it is extremely hot, farther up more temperate, and grows gradually more cold, till at length the traveller perceives that its head is enveloped in a mantle of eternal snow.

The top of Mount Etna being above the common region of vapours, the prospects from thence are peculiarly interesting, and the heavens appear to possess an extraordinary splendour. Mr. Brydone and his companions observed, as they ascended at night, that the number of stars seemed to be greatly augmented; that each of them sparkled with unusual brilliancy, and that the whiteness of the milky-way, resembled a blue flame shooting across the skies. To have a clear and ample prospect from this mountain, it is necessary to ascend before sun-rise, as the vapours raised by the sun in the day-time tend to obscure the circumjacent scenery. Here Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Brydone had a delightful view of Calabria, in Italy, with the sea beyond it: the Lipari islands, and Stromboli, a volcano at 70 miles distance, seemed to be just under their feet; the island of Sicily, with its rivers,

towns, and harbours, appeared as distinct as if delineated on a map; and the pyramidal shadow of the mountain reached entirely across the island, and far into the sea on the other side, forming a visible tract in the air, which is gradually shortened as the sun rises above the horizon.

Etna is divided into three regions; the *Regione Culta*, or cultivated; the *Silvosa*, or woody; and the *Deserta*, or desert region; all of which are plainly distinguished from the summit. The *Regione Culta* is much broader than the rest, and extends on all sides from the foot of the mountain, being bounded by the sea on the south and south-east, and on the other sides by the rivers Semetus and Alcantara. Here terrible devastations are sometimes committed by the eruptions, and the whole region abounds with little conical mountains. The *Regione Silvosa* forms a circle of beautiful green, surrounding the mountain on every side, and variegated, like the former, by a number of mountains of a conical form, thrown up by the eruptions which burst out of the sides of the volcano. Sir William Hamilton counted forty-four on the Catania side, each having its crater, and being prettily feathered with trees, which seem to have acquired a wonderful degree of fertility. The *Regione Deserta* is marked out by a circle of snow and ice, which extends on all sides to the distance of eight miles, beginning at the foot of the crater.

In the middle of the snowy region stands the great mouth of the volcano, which Sir William Hamilton describes as a little mountain about a quarter of a mile perpendicular, and situated in the centre of a gently inclining plain of about nine miles in circumference. In the middle of this little mountain is a large hollow, the inside of which is incrusted with salts and sulphur of different colours. From many parts of this aperture issue volumes of sulphurous smoke, which, being heavier than the circumambient air, roll down the side of the

mountain, till coming to a more dense atmosphere, it shoots off horizontally, and forms a tract in the air according to the direction of the wind. In the midst of this funnel is the terrific and unfathomable gulf, whence continually issue terrible and confused noises, which, during an eruption, may be heard at a prodigious distance. Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Brydone found the crater too hot to admit of their descending into it; but M. D'Orville and his fellow-traveller, having fastened themselves with ropes which some men held at a distance, descended as near as possible to the brink of the gulf, where they saw distinctly a conical mass of matter, which rose to the height of about sixty feet, and seemed to be about six hundred feet in circumference toward the base. Whilst they were viewing this substance, the internal roarings augmented, and the mountain began to send forth smoke and ashes, but after a momentary dilation the volcano resumed its former tranquillity.

About a mile below the foot of the great crater, are the ruins of an ancient structure, called Il Sorre del Filosofo, which some imagine to have been built by the philosopher Empedocles, and others suppose to have been a temple of Vulcan. These ruins are of brick, and seem to have been ornamented with marble.

The woody region, particularly on the east side, abounds with large chestnut-trees, one of which has been called, from its extraordinary size, *Castagno de Cento Cavalli*, or the chestnut-tree of a hundred horse. Mr. Brydone was much disappointed at the sight of this tree, as he found it to be only a bush of five large ones growing together; but his guides assured him, that all these were once united in one stem; and Signior Recupero asserted, that having caused some peasants to dig round this bush of trees, he had found all the stems united under ground in one root. The space of ground occupied by these five trees measured 204 feet in circumfer-

ence.- Another of these trees, called the *Castagna de Galia*, rises from the solid stem to a considerable height, and its circumference at a small distance from the ground is 76 feet; and Massa, one of the most respectable Sicilian authors, asserts, that he has seen solid oaks there upwards of 40 feet round.

At the foot of a mountain, raised by the eruption, in 1669, is a hole, leading to several subterraneous caverns, some of which afford an asylum to wild pigeons, and others are used as magazines for snow. Here also is the river Acis (celebrated in the fable of Acis and Galatea,) which bursts out of the earth in a large stream, runs with surprising rapidity, and about a mile from its source falls into the sea. Its water is remarkably clear, but being excessively cold, and strongly impregnated with vitriol, it is reckoned dangerous to drink it.

The great eruption of this volcano, in 1669, broke out on the 11th of March, two hours before night, on the south-east side of the mountain, about twenty miles from the old mouth, and ten from the city of Catania. The noise of the eruption was heard a hundred miles off, to which distance the ashes were likewise carried. The matter thrown out was a stream of metals and minerals, rendered liquid by the fierceness of the fire, which boiled up at the mouth like water at the head of a great river; and having run a little way, the extremity thereof began to crust and curdle, turning into hard and porous stones called sciarri, resembling large cakes of burning sea-coal. These came rolling over each other, bearing down any common building by their weight, and burning whatever was combustible. At first the progress of this inundation was at the rate of three miles in twenty-four hours, but afterwards it scarcely advanced a furlong in a day; and thus it continued for fifteen or twenty days together, running into the sea, close by the walls of Catania. At length it made its way over the walls into the city, where, however, it did no consi-

derable damage, except to a convent of Benedictines. In its course it overwhelmed fourteen towns and villages, containing three or four thousand inhabitants; and it is remarkable, that during the whole time of this eruption, which was fifty-four days, neither sun nor stars appeared.

But though Catania had this time the good fortune to escape the threatened destruction, it was almost totally ruined in 1692 by an earthquake, which was not only felt all over Sicily, but likewise in Naples and Malta; and the shock was so violent that people could not stand upon their legs, and those who lay upon the ground were tossed from side to side, as if upon a rolling billow. The earth opened in several places, throwing up large quantities of water, and great numbers perished in their houses by the fall of rocks that were loosened and rent from the mountains. The sea was violently agitated, and roared dreadfully, Mount Etna threw up vast spires of flame, and the shock was attended with a noise exceeding the loudest claps of thunder. Fifty-four cities and towns, with an incredible number of villages, were either destroyed or greatly damaged; and it was computed that near 60,000 persons perished in different parts of the island, of whom 18,000 were inhabitants of Catania, very few escaping the general and sudden destruction of that city.

In the eruption which happened in 1766, the lava sprung up into the air to a very considerable height; but the stream which it formed was only six miles in length, and one mile in breadth. The last eruption happened in 1787. On the 11th of July there was a subterraneous noise, followed by a copious discharge of black smoke. It was then calm till the 15th, when the same prognostics recurred; on the 17th the subterraneous noise was augmented, the smoke issued out in greater abundance, some slight shocks of an earthquake were felt, and a rivulet of lava began to flow from behind one of the little mountains which form the double head of Etna.

On the 18th some new shocks were perceived, and the mountain threw out a thick smoke, which darkened the eastern horizon, and was quickly succeeded by showers of black sand, stones, scoriæ, and lava. These appearances continued till sun-set, but then the scene was entirely changed. Several conical flames rose from the volcano; one on the north and the other on the south, were particularly conspicuous, and rose and fell alternately. At three o'clock in the morning, the two heads of the mountains seemed to be cut away, and at their separation was a conical flame, which appeared about two miles high, on a base of a mile and a half in diameter. This cone was still covered with a thick smoke, in which there sometimes appeared very brilliant flashes of lightning, while a jet of flaming matter was thrown to the distance of six or seven miles; and sounds like the explosion of cannon were frequently heard at a small distance. From the 20th to the 22d, these terrific appearances gradually subsided, and the stream of lava was carried towards Bronte, and the plain of Lago. Subsequent to this eruption, the top of the mountain on the western side was covered with hardened lava, stones, and scoriæ, and travellers were dreadfully annoyed by smoke, showers of sand, mephitic vapours, and excessive heat. The lava on the western head of the mountain had evidently been in a state of fusion; and the colour which rose from one of the spiracular was that of liver of sulphur.—SMITH'S *Wonder's*.

THE ESCURIAL PALACE.

THIS palace is so called from a little village of that name, in the neighbourhood of which it stands, about 22 miles from Madrid. Including the monastery, church, college, library, and other buildings, it is the most magnificent in the king-

dom, and is reckoned by the Spaniards the eighth wonder of the world. The whole pile of building is a vast square, about 3,000 feet in circumference, all of fine gray stone, dug out of a neighbouring mountain, and so well polished that it looks like marble. The windows of the four fronts, including those in the pavilions at each corner, amount to upwards of 1,100; but those within are computed at as many thousands. The principal front faces the west, having three noble gates, especially that in the middle, which leads to the church, a large and beautiful structure, built in imitation of St. Peter's at Rome. It is 364 feet long, 230 broad, and of a proportionable height. The roof, which is finely gilt and painted, is supported by columns of the Doric order, dividing it into six stately aisles, with 48 chapels and altars, besides the grand one at the east end, which is extremely magnificent. The tabernacle of the great altar is of porphyry, wrought with the point of a diamond; it is made in the form of a cupola, supported by eighteen columns of agate, and adorned with gold and precious stones. The altar itself is of fine black marble; and the wall behind it is lined with a square piece of porphyry, which reflects all the objects in the church as plain as a looking-glass. Here are a great number of statues of saints, &c., of excellent workmanship, and several of the smaller sort of gold and silver. The paintings, which are said to amount to 1,600, are large, and executed by the most eminent masters. Under the grand chapel is a large mausoleum or burying-place for the royal family, which is called the Pantheon, being a rotunda, built after the manner of that temple at Rome. The descent consists of more than fifty marble steps, and the gate that opens into it is of brass, gilt, and of very curious workmanship. The dome is lined with jasper, intermixed with small plates of brass, and the pavement is likewise composed of squares of jasper and marble. Facing the entrance is a kind of chapel, or oratory, adorned

in the most sumptuous manner imaginable, particularly with a crucifix enriched with diamonds and other precious stones. In the middle of this noble vault is a large brazen candlestick, supported by figures of angels, and the four Evangelists, of the same metal; and in 26 niches, embellished with the richest ornaments, are placed as many urns or sepulchres of black marble, destined to receive the remains of the Spanish monarchs. The royal apartments, or what may be properly called the palace, are large and stately, furnished in the most magnificent manner, and adorned with every thing that is rich and beautiful. Throughout the whole, an attentive spectator must observe a variety of marble, jasper, and other curious stones, carved by the best masters, and in the grandest taste; and all the halls, galleries, stair-cases, &c., are filled with excellent paintings, together with a profusion of fine hangings, plate, and other costly furniture. The monastery consists of five courts, or squares, one larger than the rest, each of them adorned with a marble fountain. The grand cloister, which is 210 feet square, is paved with black and white marble, as are likewise the walks of the garden within it; and at the bottom of it is a beautiful chapel, in form of a dome, open on all sides, and supported by marble columns. The refectory, or hall, where the monks take their meals, is very long, and adorned with fine paintings, amongst which there is one representing Charles V. and Philip II. carried to heaven by angels. Here are also several infirmaries for the sick, two grand apartments to entertain strangers, nine kitchens, forty subterraneous rooms for offices of divers kinds, and eleven cisterns that will hold 200 tons of water. The college, where a number of young students are maintained at the king's expense, is a very handsome building; and the noble library is perfectly correspondent with the rest of this edifice. It contains a fine collection of books and manuscripts in all languages and sciences, disposed in a very

elegant manner, the shelves being neatly carved, and made of the choicest sorts of Spanish or Indian wood. The floor is beautifully paved with marble; and the ceiling is adorned with appropriate paintings. But to give an adequate idea of the surprising grandeur of this palace, it is proper to observe, that, according to the computation of Francisco de los Santos, it would take up more than four days to go through all its rooms and apartments, the length of the way being reckoned 33 Spanish leagues, which is above 120 English miles. Alvarez de Colmenar also asserts, that there are 14,000 doors and 11,000 windows belonging to this edifice.

PALACE OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

THE most magnificent palace of the king of Portugal is situated at Mafra, in a sandy and barren spot, in pursuance of a vow made by King John V. to found a convent for the poorest friary in the kingdom. Upon inquiry, the meanest convent appeared to be at Mafra, where twelve Franciscans lived together in a hut. In order to accomplish this vow, the king procured from Rome the draught of a building, that was greatly to exceed the Escurial in Spain, and this he accordingly erected. In the centre stands a temple built entirely of marble; and behind the choir is a house, endowed with a large revenue for two hundred capuchins, who officiate as chaplains. To the right of this building, is a superb and spacious palace for the king, the royal family, and the chief officers of the court. On the left, is another palace for the patriarch and twenty-four canons, who have the privilege of wearing mitres. Twelve thousand people were employed in raising these structures, which are said to have cost three-fourths of the royal treasure, and of the gold brought by the Brazil fleets. At the distance of a mile from the church

stands an elegant house, encompassed by a small wood, which, in this sandy waste, has a fine effect. The palace at Mafra being seated near the sea, serves for a land-mark.

SMITH'S *Wonders*.

NATURAL BRIDGE.

THE natural bridge of Virginia is one of the most sublime of Nature's works, and consequently demands a place in a work of this nature. It is on the ascent of a hill, which seems to have been cloven through its length, by some great convulsion. The fissure just at the bridge is, by some admeasurements, 270 feet deep, but by others only 205. It is about 45 feet wide at the bottom, and 90 at the top; which of course determines the length of the bridge, and its elevation from the water. Its breadth in the middle is about 60 feet, but more at the ends, and the thickness of the mass at the summit of the arch is about 40 feet. A part of this thickness is constituted by a coat of earth, which gives growth to many large trees; and the residue, with the hill on both sides, is one solid rock of lime-stone. The arch approaches the semi-elliptical form, but the larger axis of the ellipses, which would be the cord of the arch, is several times longer than the transverse.

Though the sides of this bridge, says Mr. Jefferson, are provided in some parts with a parapet of fixed rocks, yet few persons have resolution to walk over them, and look over into the abyss. You involuntarily fall on your hands and knees, creep to the parapet, and peep over it. Looking down from this height about a minute gave me a violent headache. But if the view from the top be painful and intolerable, that from below is delightful in an equal extreme. It is impossible, indeed, for the emotions arising from the sublime to be felt

beyond what they are here; so beautiful an arch, so elevated, so light, and springing as it were up to heaven, the rapture of the spectator is really indescribable! The fissure continuing narrow, deep, and straight for a considerable distance above and below the bridge, opens a short but very pleasing view of the North Mountain on one side, and Blue Ridge on the other, at the distance each of them of about five miles. This bridge is in the county of Rockbridge, to which it has given name, and affords a public and commodious passage over a valley, which cannot be crossed elsewhere for a considerable distance. The stream passing under it, called Cedar creek, is a water of James river, and is sufficient in the driest seasons to turn a grist-mill, though its fountain is not more than two miles above.

THE RIALTO AT VENICE.

The famous bridge at Venice, called the Rialto, is universally allowed to be one of the finest in Europe. It was built in the year 1591, from a design of the celebrated Michael Angelo, and is said to have cost 250,000 ducats. It consists of a single arch, all of marble; has rails on each side, and two rows of shops in the middle. The dimensions of this bridge are as follow: the compass of the arch is exactly one third part of a circle; its width on the level of the water, from one extremity to the other, is 95 feet, and its height 24.

THE

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES,

OR

WONDERS OF THE WORLD DISPLAYED,

FORMING

A REPOSITORY

OF

WHATEVER IS REMARKABLE IN THE REGIONS OF NATURE AND ART, EXTRAORDINARY EVENTS, AND ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHY.

"Nothing pleaseth but rare accidents."
SHAKESPEARE.

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WELBY, THE GRUB-STREET HERMIT.

PAGE 5.

THE

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES,

OR

THE WONDERS OF NATURE DISPLAYED.

WELBY, THE GRUB-STREET HERMIT.

THE engraving on the annexed page is a portrait of an individual, whose eccentricities were only equalled by his benevolence.

His name was Henry Welby, and he was a native of Lincolnshire. He resided forty-four years in the house represented in the cut,—viz. in Grub-street, London.

During this time he was not even seen by any human being, excepting an old maid-servant, who was only permitted to see him in cases of great necessity. He was to the hour of his death possessed of a large estate; but, an attempt being made on his life, by his ungrateful younger brother, he took the frantic resolution thus to seclude himself from the world. He passed his days in most exemplary charity. He died October 29, 1636, and was buried in the church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. His old maid-servant died only six days before her master. It is not, therefore, improbable, but Mr. Welby died for want of assistance, as, subsequently, Mr. Elwes had like to have done, on the death of his old woman.

Mr. Welby's management in this strange retreat is too long to relate. The engraving, however, shows that he allowed his beard and hair to grow uncut; and the motto on the book before him indicates his contemplative turn of mind.

His life is contained in a pamphlet entitled the *Phœnix Britannicus*, the frontispiece to which is the original of the annexed cut. Beneath the portrait are these lines :—

> "Arabia yields a phenix, and but one,
> England, this phenix, and besydes him none;
> To solitary desarts boath retyer,
> Not mindinge, what the world doth most admire.
> His face, though it was much desyr'd by many,
> In forty-foure yeares was not seene by any.
> She, in spyc'd flames, in fervent zeale he dyes
> And boath in tyme, new phenixes shall ryse."

In noticing the life of Welby, it is a source of some gratification to find that his eccentricities did not get the better of his moral feelings: they were harmless, and compared with many attempts at singularity, perfectly amiable.

BURNING FOREST OF BRAZIL.

Mr. Luccock witnessed, in 1816, on a comparatively diminutive scale, one of those magnificent conflagrations which not unfrequently take place in the forest-tracts of Brazil, occasioned sometimes by lightning, sometimes by the carelessness of travellers. "Fire had seized upon an adjoining forest, and devoured about half a league square of it. Being to windward, and not incommoded by the smoke, I approached as near as the heat would allow me, or the embers suffer a well-broken horse to advance. It is not in my power, however, to communicate more than a very faint idea of the sublime picture. I was in the midst of several hundred stems, as large as the middle-sized British oak, all black and smoking, from whose smouldering remnants continually fell half-consumed branches, and smaller pieces of

charred wood, which, broken and breaking others in their fall, formed a shower of sparks, rendered vivid by their passage through the air. The ground was covered with these charred arms, with embers, and with ashes, whence arose small spiracles of gray smoke, as if escaping through crevices from an immense furnace, hidden and burning beneath. At some little distance in front, the fire raged in all its fury. From the burning underwood, the flames rushed upwards in large sheets, which expired in the air, or seizing the dried leaves of those monarchs of the forest which had defied all former storms, instantly set the whole head in a blaze; and the crackling twigs formed a harsh counter to the surf-like roar of the flame below. While the fire spread itself, eating the forest all around, and became more active by every breeze, the remaining stumps in its immediate rear stood like piles of living coal, and seemed to writhe as under the influence of a liquid poison, creeping through their veins. The wintry appearance of those naked branches which preserved their station, and of the ground thickly strewed with ruins and black ashes, while flames surrounded me, and the heat of the atmosphere was almost intolerably oppressive, formed a contrast which cannot be described, an incongruous scene of desolation, which no art can represent."

How this conflagration commenced, no one thought it worth while to inquire: it seemed to pass almost unnoticed, as it had not endangered any farm or plantation. In the year 1796, a conflagration broke out on the summit of the Tengua, which lasted for nine months, and was mistaken by some persons for a volcanic eruption. It was at length quenched by the rains. The spot, Mr. Luccock says, is still marked by the diminutive size of the trees, and the colour of the foliage.

GRETNA GREEN.

On the west bank of the Sark, near its junction with the sea, lies the famous, or rather infamous, parish of Graitney. To the disgrace of the legislature, this place is still resorted to, as it has been during the last seventy years, by runaway couples from the sister kingdom. A man of the name of Elliot, residing at the village of Springfield, about a mile from the church and village of Graitney, is the principal person employed on these occasions to profane the sacred function. The trade was founded by a tobacconist of the name of Joseph Paisley, who, after leading a long life of profanity and drunkenness, died so late as the year 1814. The common phrase, Gretna Green, arose from his first residence, which was at Megg's Hill, on the common or green betwixt Graitney and Springfield, to the last of which villages (one of modern erection,) he removed for convenience sake, in 1791.

The state of the trade of Gretna Green in 1771 is thus delineated by the masterly hand of Pennant:—"The resort of all amorous couples whose union is forbidden by parents and guardians. There a young couple may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith, who marry from two guineas a job to a dram of whiskey; but the price is generally adjusted by the information of the postilions from Carlisle, who are in pay of one or other of the above worthies: but even the drivers, in case of necessity, have been known to undertake the sacerdotal office. If the pursuit of friends proves very hot, and there is not time for ceremony, the frightened pair are advised to step into bed, and thus shown to the pursuers, who, imagining that they are irrecoverably united, generally retire and leave them to

"Consummate their unfinished loves."

This place is distinguished from afar by a small plantation of firs, the Cyprian grove of the place—a sort of land-mark for fugitive lovers. As I had a great desire to see the high priest, by stratagem I succeeded: he appeared in the form of a fisherman, a stout fellow in a blue coat, rolling round his solemn chops a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast; we questioned him about his price, which, after eyeing us attentively, he left to our honour. The church of Scotland does what it can to prevent these clandestine matches; but in vain; for those infamous couplers despise the fulmination of the kirk, as excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict."

Mr. M'Diarmid, of the *Dumfries Courier*, has given the following still livelier picture of the present state of the trade:—"There are," says he, "two rival practitioners at Springfield, one of whom married Paisley's grand-daughter, and fell heir to his office, in much the same way that some persons acquire the right of vending quack medicines. Still the other gets a good deal of custom; and here, as in every thing else, competition has been favourable to the interests of the public. Though a bargain is generally made beforehand, a marriage-monger, who has no rival to fear, might fix his fee at any sum he pleased; and instances have occurred, in which the parties complained that they had been too heavily taxed. Not long before my visit to Springfield, a young English clergyman, who had failed to procure his father's consent, arrived for the purpose of being married without it. The fee demanded was thirty guineas, a demand at which his reverence demurred, at the same time stating, that though he had married many a couple, his highest fee had never exceeded half a guinea. The clergyman, in fact, had not so much money about him; but it was agreed that he should pay £10 in hand, and grant a promissory note for the

balance; and the bill, certainly a curiosity of its kind, was regularly negociated through a Carlisle banking-house, and as regularly retired at the time appointed. And here I must mention a circumstance which has not been provided for in the late bill anent combinations, though it manifestly tends to augment the tax on irregular marriages. At Springfield there are two inns, as well as two priests, one of which each of the latter patronizes exclusively. More than this, the house at which a lover arrives at Springfield depends entirely at what inn he starts from at Carlisle. Though he may wish to give a preference, and issue positive orders on the subject, these orders are uniformly disobeyed. The post-boys will only stop at one house; and that for the best of all reasons—that the priest, knowing the value of their patronage, goes snacks with them in the proceeds. Except in cases of sickness or absence, the priests never desert their colours. All the guests of the one house are married by Mr. ——, and of the other by Mr. Elliot; so that those who are most deeply concerned have very little to say in the matter.—(From first to last, indeed, it may be said that the fond pair are, as it were, passively transported from their own homes of single-blessedness, at once into a foreign country and a state of matrimony, without any pains on their part but simply what consists in "paying as they go along.") In this way something like a monopoly still exists; and what is more strange still, not only the post-boy who drives a couple, but his companions, and the whole litter of the inn-yard, are permitted to share in the profits of the day. The thing is viewed in the light of a windfall, and the proceeds are placed in a sort of fee-fund, to be afterwards shared in such proportions as the parties see fit. Altogether, the marrying business must bring a large sum annually into Springfield: indeed, an inhabitant confessed that it is "the principal benefit and support of the place," although he might have added that smuggling has

lately become a rising and rival means of subsistence. Upon an average, 300 couples are married in the year; and half a guinea is the lowest fee that is ever charged. But a trifle like that is only levied from poor and pedestrian couples; and persons even in the middle ranks of life are compelled to pay much more handsomely. Not long before I visited Springfield, a gentleman had given £ 40; and, independently of the money that is spent in the inns, many hundreds must annually find their way into the pockets of the priests, and their concurrents the post-boys. In its legal effect, the ceremony performed at Gretna merely amounts to a confession before witnesses that certain persons are man and wife: and the reader is aware that little more is required to constitute a marriage in Scotland; a marriage which may be censured by church-courts, but which is perfectly binding in regard to property and the legitimacy of children. Still, a formula has a considerable value in the eyes of the fair; and the priests, I believe, read a considerable part of the English marriage service, offer up a prayer or two, require the parties to join hands, sign a record, and so forth. At my request, Mr. Elliot produced his marriage record, which, as a public document, is regularly kept, and which, to say the truth, would require to be so, seeing that it is sometimes tendered as evidence in court."

It only remains to be added, that an attempt was made in the general assembly of 1826 to have this shameful system of fraud and profanity suppressed, but without effect. It is perhaps necessary as a sort of safety-valve to the rigid system of the English church in regard to matrimony. But it is impossible to use terms of sufficient reprobation and abhorrence, in alluding to the base panders, from the inkeepers of Carlisle to the kennel boys of Springfield, who make it the means of supporting their villanous and contemptible existence.

TALE OF DIABLERIE.

Among the traditions of Selkirk, there is a tale of diablerie of almost Germanic horror. It was, at a remote period, the custom of the sutors, (coblers,) on winter mornings, to rise and begin work long before daylight. Early one morning a sutor who lived in the Kirk-Wynd, and whose shop was the nearest of all others to the church, being at work, was called upon by a stranger, who ordered a pair of shoes, which he said he would call for at the same hour on a certain future day. The customer accordingly came, and got and paid for the shoes. The sutor, thinking there was something extraordinary in his manner and appearance, was induced by curiosity to follow the stranger, in order to see where he would go. He went into the churchyard, which was then, and till lately, uninclosed; and, to the sutor's great astonishment, he disappeared at a particular grave. The shoemaker, in his haste, had brought his awl in his hand; this he stuck into the grave, that he might recognise it on his return. When daylight came, he went, along with a great body of his wondering neighbours, and, breaking open the grave, found his shoes snugly deposited in the coffin. Forgetting that they were no longer his property, he took them home with him. Next morning, as he was sitting at work, the stranger suddenly stood before him, with a countenance whose ferocity almost froze his blood to perfect roset. He accused him of having taken away that which had been bought and paid for. "You have thus," he continued, "made me a world's wonder; but I shall soon make you a greater." So saying, he dragged the unhappy sutor to the churchyard; and at daylight, poor Crispin's body was found torn limb from limb upon the grave which his curiosity had so unjustifiably violated.

CANNIBALS.

In almost every age of the world there have been barbarous nations who followed the horrible practice of cannibalism, and

> "————devour'd each other like the beasts,
> Gorging on human flesh."

Homer speaks of anthropophagy, or cannibalism, being frequent in the age immediately preceding his own; and Herodotus relates that the Essedonian Scythians mixed up the flesh of men who died with that of beasts, and made a feast. The Messagetæ were still more ferocious: they did not wait until death did its office, but when any person grew old, they killed him and ate his flesh. If he died of sickness, they buried him. The same historian relates, that several Indian nations killed all their old people and their sick, to feed on

the flesh; and persons in health were sometimes accused of being ill, in order to afford a pretence for devouring them. The Greek writers all represent cannibalism as universal before the time of Orpheus; and according to Sextus Empiricus, the first laws that were made were for the prevention of this barbarous practice.

We have equally good evidence of the custom of eating human flesh in later times. All the Romish missionaries who visited the internal parts of Africa, and some parts of Asia, speak of it as quite common. Herrera states, that there are great markets in China furnished wholly with human flesh, for the higher orders of the people; and other writers mention it as common to the inhabitants of Concha, Java, Siam, the islands in the gulf of Bengal, &c.

The philosophers Diogenes, Chrysippus, and Zeno, followed by the whole sect of Stoics, maintain that there is nothing unnatural in the eating of human flesh; and that it is very reasonable to use dead bodies for food rather than give them a prey to worms and putrefaction.

In Egypt, in the thirteenth century, the habit of eating human flesh pervaded all classes of society; and extraordinary snares were spread for physicians in particular. They were called to attend persons, who pretended to be sick, but who were only hungry; and it was not in order to consult, but to devour them. An historian of great veracity, Abd-Allatif, has related, how a practice which at first inspired dread and horror, soon occasioned not the slightest surprise. He says:

"When the poor began to eat human flesh, the horror and astonishment caused by repasts so dreadful were such, that these crimes furnished the never ceasing subject of every conversation. But at length the people became so accustomed to it, and conceived such a taste for this detestable food, that people of wealth and respectability were found

to use it as their ordinary food, to eat it by way of regale, and even to lay in a stock of it. Thus flesh was prepared in different ways, and the practice being once introduced, spread into the provinces, so that examples of it were found in every part of Egypt. It then no longer caused any surprise; the horror it had at first inspired vanished, and it was mentioned as an indifferent and ordinary thing. This fury of devouring one another became so common among the poor, that the greater part perished in this manner. These wretches employed all sorts of artifices to seize men by surprise, or decoy them into their houses under false pretences. This happened to three physicians among those who visited me; and a bookseller, who sold me books, an old and very corpulent man, fell into their snares, and escaped with great difficulty.

"All the facts we relate as ocular witnesses, fell under our observation accidentally, for we generally avoided seeing spectacles which inspired us with so much horror."

When America was discovered, cannibalism was found to be almost universal; so much so, that several authors have supposed it to be occasioned through a want of food, or through the indolence of the people to seek for it, though others ascribe its origin to a spirit of revenge. But although it is known that anthropophagy and the practice of human sacrifices, with which it is often connected, are found in all parts of the globe, and among people of very different races; yet what strikes us more in the study of history is, to see human sacrifices retained in a state of civilization somewhat advanced, and that the nations, who hold it a point of honour to devour their prisoners, are not always the rudest and most ferocious. This observation, which has something in it distressing and painful, has not escaped such of the missionaries as are sufficiently enlightened to reflect on the manners of the surrounding tribes. The Cabres, the

Guipunavis, and the Carribbees, have always been more powerful and more civilized than the other hordes of the Oronooko; and yet the former two are as much addicted to anthropophagy, as the last are repugnant to it. We must carefully distinguish the different branches into which the great family of the Carribbee nation is divided. These branches are as numerous as those of the Monguls, and the western Tartars or Turcomans. The Carribbees of the continent, those who inhabit the plains between the Lower Oronooko, the Rio Branco, the Essequibo, and the sources of the Oyapoc, hold in horror the practice of devouring their enemies. This barbarous custom at the first discovery of America, existed only among, the Carribbees of the West Indies.

The cannibalism of the nations of Guyana is never caused by the want of subsistence, or by the superstitions of their religion as in the islands of the South Sea; but it is generally the effect of the vengeance of a conqueror, and (as the missionaries say) "of a vitiated appetite." Victory over a hostile horde is celebrated by a repast, in which some parts of the body of the prisoner are devoured. Sometimes a defenceless family is surprised in the night; or an enemy who is met with by chance in the woods, is killed by a poisoned arrow. The body is cut to pieces, and carried as a trophy to the hut. It is civilization only, that has made man feel the unity of the human race; which has revealed to him, as we may say, the ties of consanguinity, by which he is linked to beings to whose language and manners he is a stranger. Savages know only their own family; and a tribe appears to them but a more numerous assemblage of relations. When those who inhabit the missions see Indians of the forest, who are unknown to them, arrive, they make use of an expression which has struck us by its simple candour: "They are no doubt my relations; I understand them when they speak to me." But these very savages detest all, who are not of their family, or

their tribe; and hunt the Indians of a neighbouring tribe, who live at war with their own, as we hunt game. They know the duties of family and of relationship, but not those of humanity, which require the feeling of a common tie with beings framed like ourselves. No emotion of pity prompts them to spare the wives or children of a hostile race; and the latter are devoured in preference, at the repasts given at the conclusion of a battle, or of a warlike incursion.

The hatred which savages for the most part feel for men, who speak another idiom, and appear to them to be *barbarians* of an inferior race, is sometimes rekindled in the missions, after having long slumbered. A short time before our arrival at Esmeralda, says Humboldt, an Indian, born in the forest, behind the Duida, travelled alone with another Indian who, after having been made prisoner by the Spaniards on the banks of the Ventuario, lived peaceably in the village, or, as it is expressed here, "within the sound of the bell," debaxo de la campana. The latter could only walk slowly, because he laboured under one of those fevers, to which the natives are subject, when they arrive in the missions, and abruptly change their diet. Wearied of his delay, his fellow traveller killed him, and hid the body behind a copse of thick trees, near Esmeralda. This crime, like many others among the Indians, would have remained unknown, if the murderer had not made preparations for a feast on the following day. He tried to induce his children, born in the mission, and become Christians, to go with him for some parts of the dead body. They had much difficulty in persuading him to desist from his purpose; and the soldier who was posted at Esmeralda, learned from the domestic squabble caused by this event, what the Indians would have hidden from his knowledge.

In the island of Sumatra, human flesh is still eaten by the Batta people, but by them only. "They do not eat human flesh," says Mr. Marsden, "as a means of satisfiying the

cravings of nature, owing to a deficiency of other food; nor is it sought after as a gluttonous delicacy, as it would seem among the *New Zealanders*. The *Battas* eat it as a species of ceremony; as a mode of showing their detestation of crimes, by an ignominious punishment, and as a horrid indication of revenge and insult to their unfortunate enemies. The objects of this barbarous repast are the prisoners taken in war, and offenders convicted and condemned for capital crimes. Persons of the former description may be ransomed or exchanged, for which they often wait a considerable time; and the latter suffer only when their friends cannot redeem them by the customary fine of twenty *beenchangs*, or eighty dollars. These are tried by the people of the tribe where the act was committed; but cannot be executed till their own particular *raja*, or chief, has been acquainted with the sentence; who, when he acknowledges the justice of the intended punishment, sends a cloth to put over the delinquent's head, together with a large dish of salt and lemons. The unhappy object, whether prisoner of war, or malefactor, is then tied to a stake; the people assembled throw their lances at him from a certain distance, and when mortally wounded, they run up to him, as if in a transport of passion, cut pieces from the body with their knives, dip them in the dish of salt and lemon-juice, slightly broil them over a fire prepared for the purpose, and swallow the morsels, with a degree of savage enthusiasm. Sometimes (I presume according to the degree of their animosity and resentment) the whole is devoured; and instances have been known, where with barbarity still aggravated, they tear the flesh from the carcass with their mouths. To such a depth of depravity may man be plunged, when neither religion nor philosophy enlighten his steps! All that can be said in extenuation of the horror of this diabolical ceremony, is that no view appears to be entertained of torturing the sufferers; of increasing or

lengthening out the pangs of death: the whole fury is directed against the corse; warm indeed with the remains of life, but past the sensation of pain. I have found a difference of opinion in regard to their eating the bodies of their enemies *slain* in battle. Some persons long resident there, and acquainted with their proceedings, assert that it is not customary; but as one or two particular instances have been given by other people, it is just to conclude, that it sometimes takes place, though not generally. It was supposed to be with this intent that *Raja Neabin* maintained a long conflict for the body of Mr. Nairne, a most respectable gentleman and valuable servant of the India Company, who fell in an attack upon the campong of that chief, in the year 1775."

BOILING TO DEATH.

THE tradition of Scotland has loaded the memory of the Soulis family with many crimes; and an idea prevails, that the ruin of their castle, oppressed as it were with a consciousness of the scenes of guilt transacted within its walls, is gradually sinking into the earth; that, indeed, thirty feet of its original height of ninety have already gone down, while thirty have fallen from the top, and only thirty now remain above the level of the ground. The last Lord Soulis, in common with all the tyrants, "persecutors," and "wicked lairds" of former times, is accused of magical practices; and the whole portrait preserved of him by tradition unites every quality that could render strength formidable. At once a tyrant and a sorcerer, he was constantly employed in oppressing his vassals, and fortifying his castle against the King of Scotland; for which purpose he employed all means, human and infernal, invoking the fiends by incantations, and forcing his vassals to drag materials, like beasts of burden. The

common tale of his death is precisely similar to a real fact which occurred at a much later period in the Mearns. Reiterated complaints having been made at court by his neighbours, the Scottish monarch at length exclaimed, in a moment of irritation, "Feind nor he were sodden and suppit in brooe!" Of this answer they immediately proceeded to take advantage: they seized the tyrant, and, having erected a caldron at the distance of a mile from his castle, literally boiled him alive! The place where this is said to have happened, is called the Nine-stane-rig, from a druidical circle of upright stones, two of which supported the bar upon which the fatal caldron was suspended. The caldron itself is still in existence; but not "at Skelf-hill, a hamlet between Hawick and the Hermitage," as it is said to be in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. It was gifted by a late possessor of that farm to his relative Mr. Pott, of Pencryst, where it now is. Though popularly denominated the "mickle pat o' Skelf-hill," it is of an ordinary size, and seems by no means large enough to contain the body of so large a man as Lord Soulis is said to have been. It bears, however, some marks of antiquity; the *legs* are curiously ornamented, and it seems to be composed of bell-metal.

MARVELLOUS HISTORY.

A Man losing fifty-seven Years of his Life by Sleep.—Pliny tells of Epimenides, the Gnostic, who, when a boy, being wearied with heat and travel, laid himself down in a certain cave, and there slept fifty-seven years; then awakening, he very much marvelled (like Nourjahad) at the great changes he observed in the world.—*Pliny's Nat. Hist.*

STREET IN BETHLEHEM, THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHRIST.

PALESTINE, or the Holy Land, is, above all other countries under the sun, interesting to the Christian; and the curiosity which inspires the traveller, in reference more particularly to these scenes of the earth, is rational and laudable.

Of these consecrated sites, the town of Bethlehem, the BIRTHPLACE of CHRIST, is one of intense interest. The precise spot is said to be traced and indentified; it is called the "Cave of the Nativity," and over it is erected a spacious monastery, the walls and battlements of which, in the traveller's approach to the town, have the air of a large fortress. The accounts of different travellers are contradictory; but, whether the actual spot be or be not ascertained, the name of Bethlehem itself will always kindle a reverential curiosity in the Christian reader.

The town is thus described:—

"Bethlehem, the ancient Ephrath, or Ephrata, (called in the New Testament Bethlehem Ephrata and Bethlehem of Judea, to distinguish it from Bethlehem of Zabulon,) is situated on a rising ground, about two hours' distance, or not quite six miles from Jerusalem. 'The *stable*,' to use the words of Pococke, 'in which our Lord was born, is a *grotto* cut out of the rock, according to the eastern custom.' It is astonishing to find so intelligent a writer as Dr. Clarke, gravely citing St. Jerome, who wrote in the fifth century, as an authority for the truth of the absurd legend by which the 'Cave of the Nativity' is supposed to be identified. The ancient tombs and excavations are occasionally used by the Arabs as places of shelter; but the Gospel narrative affords no countenance to the notion that the Virgin took refuge in any cave of this description. On the contrary, it was evidently a manger belonging to the inn or khan: in other words, the upper rooms being wholly occupied, the holy family were compelled to take up their abode in the court allotted to the mules and horses, or other animals. To suppose that the inn, or the stable, whether attached to the inn or not, was a grotto, is to outrage common sense. But the New Testament was not the guide which was followed by the mother of Constantine, to whom the original church owed its foundation. The present edifice is represented by Chateaubriand as of undoubtedly high antiquity; yet Doubdan, an old traveller, says that the monastery was destroyed in the year 1263 by the Moslems; and in its present state, at all events, it cannot lay claim to a higher date. The convent is divided among the Greek, Roman, and Armenian Christians, to each of whom separate parts are assigned as places of worship and habitations for the monks; but, on certain days, all may perform their devotions at the altars erected over the consecrated spots. The church is built in the form of a cross; the nave

being adorned with forty-eight Corinthian columns in four rows, each column being two feet six inches in diameter, and eighteen feet high, including the base and the capital. 'As the roof of the nave is wanting, the columns support nothing but a frieze of wood, which occupies the place of the architrave and the whole entablature. Open timber-work rests on the walls, and rises into the form of a dome to support a roof that no longer exists, or that perhaps was never finished.'* The remains of some paintings on wood and in mosaic, are here and there to be seen, exhibiting figures, 'in full face, upright and stiff, but having a majestic effect.' The nave, which is in possession of the Armenians, is separated from the three other branches of the cross by a wall, so that the unity of the edifice is destroyed. The top of the cross is occupied by the choir, which belongs to the Greeks. Here is 'an altar dedicated to the Wise Men of the East,' at the foot of which is a marble star, corresponding, as the monks say, to the point of the heavens where the miraculous meteor became stationary, and directly over the spot where the Saviour was born in the subterranean church below! A flight of fifteen steps, and a long narrow passage, conduct to the sacred crypt or grotto of the nativity, which is thirty-seven feet six inches long, by eleven feet three inches in breadth, and nine feet high. It is lined and floored with marble, and provided on each side with five oratories, 'answering precisely to the ten cribs or stalls for horses that the stable in which our Saviour was born contained.' The precise spot of the birth is marked by a glory in the floor, composed of marble and jasper encircled with silver, around which are inscribed the words, *Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.* Over it is a marble table or altar, which rests against the side of the rock, here cut into an arcade. The *manger* is at the distance of seven paces from the altar; it is in a low recess hewn out of

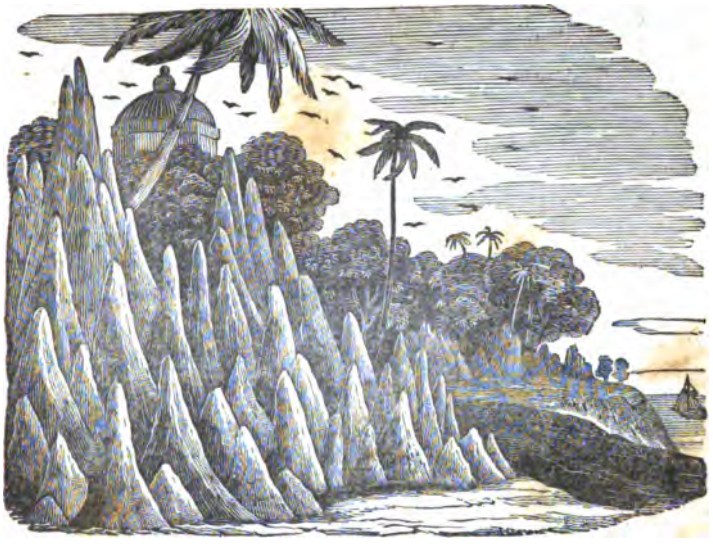
* Chateaubriand's Travels, vol. i. p. 393.

the rock, to which you descend by two steps, and consists of a block of marble, raised about a foot and a half above the floor, and hollowed out in the form of a manger. Before it is the altar of the Magi. The chapel is illuminated by thirty-two lamps, presented by different princes of Christendom.

"'Nothing can be more pleasing, or better calculated to excite devotional sentiments, than this subterraneous church. It is adorned with pictures of the Italian and Spanish schools, which represent the mysteries of the place. The usual ornaments of the manger are of blue satin, embroidered with silver. Incense is continually burning before the cradle of our Saviour. I have heard an organ, touched by no ordinary hand, play, during mass, the sweetest and most tender tunes of the best Italian composers. These concerts charm the Christian Arab, who, leaving his camels to feed, repairs, like the shepherds of old, to Bethlehem, to adore the King of kings in the manger. I have seen this inhabitant of the desert communicate at the altar of the Magi, with a fervour, a piety, a devotion, unknown among the Christians of the West. The continual arrival of caravans from all the nations of Christendom; the public prayers; the prostrations, nay, even the richness of the presents sent here by the Christian princes, altogether produce feelings in the soul which it is much easier to conceive than to describe.'*

"The village of Bethlehem contains about 300 inhabitants, the greater part of whom gain their livelihood by making beads, carving mother-of-pearl shells with sacred subjects, and manufacturing small tables and crucifixes, all which are eagerly purchased by the pilgrims. The monks of Bethlehem claim also the exclusive privilege of marking the limbs and bodies of the devotees with crosses, stars, and monograms, by means of gunpowder; a practice borrowed from the customs of heathenism, and noticed by Virgil and Pomponius Mela."

* Chateaubriand's Travels in Greece, Palestine, &c. vol. i. p. 396.



WHITE ANT HILLS.

AMIDST all the curiosities of Nature's broad volume, none exceed the labours of white ants, or termites. To comprehend their importance and extent, it will be necessary that we should incorporate our description of their hills or nests with a few particulars of the natural history and economy of the builders, or the ants themselves.

The structures of wasps and bees, and still more those of the wood-ant, when placed in comparison with the size of the insects, equal our largest cities compared with the stature of man. But when we look at the buildings erected by the white ants of tropical climates, all that we have been surveying dwindles into insignificance. Their industry appears greatly to surpass that of our ants and bees, and they are certainly more skilful in architectural contrivances. The elevation, also, of their edifices, is more than five hundred

times the height of the builders. Were our houses built according to the same proportions, they would be twelve or fifteen times higher than the London monument, and four or five times higher than the pyramids of Egypt, with corresponding dimensions in the basements of the edifices.

The termites do not stand above a quarter of an inch high, while their nests are frequently twelve feet; and Jobson mentions some which he had seen as high as twenty feet; "compasse," he adds, "to contayne a dozen men, with the heat of the sun baked into that hardnesse, that we used to hide ourselves in the ragged toppes of them when we took up stands to shoot at deere or wild beasts." Bishop Heber saw a number of these high ant hills in India, near the principal entrance of the Sooty or Moorshedabad river. "Many of them," he says, "were five or six feet high, and probably seven or eight feet in circumference at the base, partially overgrown with grass and ivy, and looking at a distance like the stumps of decayed trees."

Almost all that we know concerning the habits and instincts of these curious animals, is derived from an account published by Smeathman, in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1781. The proceedings of this insect tribe, as detailed in that paper, are so singular, that they cannot fail to prove interesting to the reader.

The termites are represented by Linnæus as the greatest plagues of both Indies, and indeed, between the tropics, they are justly so considered, from the vast damages and losses which they cause: they perforate and eat into wooden buildings, utensils, and furniture, with all kinds of household stuff, and merchandize; these they totally destroy, if their progress be not timely stopped. A person residing in the equinoctial regions, although not incited by curiosity, must be very fortunate if the safety of his property does not compel him to observe their habits.

"When they find their way," says Kirby, "into houses or warehouses, nothing less hard than metal or glass escapes their ravages. Their favourite food, however, is wood, and so infinite is the multitude of assailants, and such the excellence of their tools, that all the timber work of a spacious apartment is often destroyed by them in a night. Outwardly every thing appears as if untouched; for these wary depredators, and this is what constitutes the greatest singularity of their history, carry on all their operations by sap or mine, destroying first the inside of solid substances, and scarcely ever attacking their outside, until first they have concealed it and their operations with a coat of clay."

The different species of this genus resemble each other in form, in their manner of living, and in their good and bad qualities, but differ as much as birds in the manner of building their habitations, and in the choice of the material of which they compose them.

Some build on the surface of the ground, or partly above and partly beneath, and some on the stems or branches of trees, sometimes aloft at a vast height.

Their societies consist of five different descriptions of individuals.

1. Workers, or *larvæ*, answering to the neuters of bees. These constitute the most numerous division of the community; they construct the nest and take charge of the young, until the latter are capable of providing for themselves.

2. Nymphs or pupæ, which differ in nothing from the larvæ, except in possessing the rudiments of wings.

3. Neuters: which are known by their large heads, armed with very long mandibles. These exceed the labourers much in bulk, and are in numerical proportion to the latter as 1 to 100. They are the soldiers of the community.

4 and 5. A male and female arrived at their full state of perfection. Each community contains but one of each of these,

and they are strictly king and queen; they are exempt from all the ordinary duties falling upon their subjects: when first disclosed from the pupa, they have four wings; but like the ants, they soon cast off these members. They are known from the blind larvæ, pupæ, and neuters, by their having two large eyes.

"In this form," says Smeathman, "the animal comes abroad during or soon after the first tornado, which at the latter end of the dry season, proclaims the approach of the ensuing rains, and seldom waits for a second or third shower, if the first, as is generally the case, happen in the night and bring much wet after it.

On the following morning, they are to be seen running upon the ground in chase of each other. From one of the most active, industrious, and rapacious, from one of the most fierce and implacable little animals in the world, they are now become the most innocent, helpless, and cowardly; never making the least resistance to the smallest ant.

The ants are to be seen on every side in infinite numbers, dragging to their different nests these annual victims of the laws of nature. It is wonderful that a pair should ever escape so many dangers, and get into a place of safety: some, however, do in fact escape, and being found by some of the labouring insects, that are continually running about the surface of the ground under their covered galleries, they are elected kings and queens of new states. All those who have not the good luck to be so preserved, certainly perish, and most probably in the course of the following day.

The manner in which these labourers protect the happy pair from their innumerable enemies, not only on the day of the massacre of almost all their race, but for a long time after, justifies the use of the term "election."

The little industrious creatures immediately enclose the favoured individuals in a small chamber of clay, suitable to

their size, into which, at first, they have but one entrance, just large enough for the workers and soldiers to go in and out, but much too contracted to be used by either of the royal pair; and when necessity obliges them to make more entrances, they are never larger; so that of course these subjects charge themselves voluntarily with the labour of providing for the offspring of their sovereigns, as well as of working and of fighting for them, until they shall have raised a progeny capable at least of dividing the task with them.

About this time a most extraordinary change begins to take place in the queen, to which nothing similar is known except in the chigoe, and in the different species of the cocus tribe; the abdomen begins gradually to enlarge, and at length acquires such an enormous size that an old queen will have it increased to an extent which equals fifteen hundred or two thousand times the bulk of the rest of her body, and twenty or thirty thousand times the bulk of a labourer.

Smeathman conjectures that the animal must be upwards of two years old, when the abdomen is thus increased to three inches in length: he has sometimes found them of nearly twice that size: the abdomen is then of an irregular oblong shape, being contracted by the muscles of every segment, and is become one vast matrix full of eggs, which make long circumvolutions through an innumerable series of very minute vessels. This singular matrix is not more remarkable for its amazing extension than for its peristaltic motion, which resembles the undulation of waves, and continues incessantly without any apparent effort on the part of the animal; so that there is a constant protrusion of eggs to the amount, as Smeathman has frequently counted in the case of old queens, of sixty in a minute, or eighty thousand and upwards in twenty-four hours.

These eggs are instantly removed by her attendants, of which a sufficient number is always found waiting in the adjacent chambers, and carried to the nurseries, which, in a great nest, may be four or five feet distant, in a direct line, and consequently much farther by the winding galleries which conduct to them.

The nests of these insects are usually termed hills by the natives, as well as strangers, from their outward appearance, which being more or less conical, generally resemble the form of a sugar loaf; they rise about ten or twelve feet in perpendicular height above the ordinary surface of the ground.

They continue quite bare till they reach the height of six or eight feet, but, in time, the dead barren clay of which they are composed becomes fertilized by the genial influence of the elements in these prolific climates; and in the second or third year, the hillock, if not overshaded by trees, becomes like the rest of the earth, almost covered with grass and other plants; and in the dry season, when the herbage is burnt up by the rays of the sun, it appears not unlike a very large haycock. "But of all extraordinary things I observed," says Adamson, "nothing struck me more than certain eminences, which, by their height and regularity, made me take them at a distance for an assemblage of negro huts or a considerable village, and yet they are only the nests of certain insects."*

Smeathman has drawn a comparison between these labours of the termes and the works of man, taking the termes' labourer at one-fourth of an inch long, and a man six feet high. When a termes has built one inch, or four times its height, it is equivalent to twenty-four feet, or four times the height of a man. One inch of the termes' building being proportionate to twenty-four feet of human building, twelve inches, or one foot, of the former must be proportionate to twelve times twenty-four, or two hundred and eighty-eight feet,

* Voyage to Senegal.

of the latter; consequently when the white ant has built one foot, it has, in point of labour, equalled the exertions of a man who has built two hundred and eighty-eight feet; but, as the ant-hills are ten feet high, it is evident that human beings must produce a work of two thousand eight hundred and eighty feet in height, to compete with the industry of their brother insect. The Great Pyramid is about one fifth of this height; and as the solid contents of the ant-hill are in the same proportion, they must equally surpass the solid contents of that ancient wonder of the world.

Every one of these hills consists of two distinct parts, the exterior and the interior.

The exterior consists of one shell formed in the manner of a dome, large and strong enough to enclose and shelter the interior from the vicissitudes of the weather, and the inhabitants from the attacks of natural or accidental enemies. It is, therefore, in every instance, much stronger than the interior of the building, which, being the habitable part, is divided with a wonderful degree of regularity and contrivance, into an amazing number of apartments for the residence of the king and queen, and the nursing of their numerous progeny; or appropriated as magazines, to hold provisions.

JANE OF MOUNTFORT—A TALE OF CHIVALRY.

THE most interesting of all the heroines of chivalry, was Jane, Countess of Mountfort, who, as Froissart says, had the courage of a man and the heart of a lion. She was a worthy descendant of those German women whom Tacitus describes as mixing with the warriors, administering refreshment, and exhorting them to valour. About the year 1341, the right to the duchy of Bretagne was disputed between the Earl of Mountfort and Charles of Blois. The question turned

on certain points of inheritance which the Earl dreaded the court of Paris would decide in favour of his rival, who was a relation of the French king. He, therefore, sought another alliance, and repairing to England, he performed homage for the duchy to Edward III. His next steps were directed to Paris, but his journeys were not so secretly taken as he expected; for on presenting himself before King Philip, he was charged with having acknowledged the sovereignty of the English monarch. The earl pretended that his journey to England had only related to his private affairs, but the king did not credit his story, and in distrust of his purposes he ordered him to remain in Paris. Mountfort, equally suspicious of his sovereign's honour, effected his escape from the city in the guise of a merchant. He went to Brittany, and took his station in the castle of Nantes. The decision of the court at Paris was adverse to his claims: and the successful candidate, Charles of Blois, levied an army, and pursued his former rival, who was taken in his retreat, conveyed to Paris, and lodged in the Louvre.

To those who did not know the noble spirit of his countess the cause of the Mountfort family seemed hopeless. She was at Rennes when he was taken prisoner, and although she had great sorrow in her heart, yet she valiantly recomforted her friends and soldiers, and showing them her little son John, she said, "Sirs, be not too sore abashed of the earl my lord, whom you have lost, (he was but a man:) behold my little child, who shall be, by the grace of God, his restorer, and he shall advance you all, and I have riches enough: you shall not lack; and I trust that I shall prosper in such wise that you shall be all recomforted." All her friends and soldiers vowed to die in her service; and she then went to her other fortresses and towns, replenishing them with warlike stores and provisions, and exhibiting her little son to the people, in order to arouse the allegiance of the friends of her

family. She stationed herself in Hennebon, a town seated near the shores of Brittany.

In the following summer, Charles of Blois was aided by the whole puissance of France in his attempt to make himself complete master of Brittany; but so able were the dispositions of the countess, that, instead of sweeping over the whole country as they expected, they were detained before Rennes, and it was not till after much labour that they won it. The countess, in the meanwhile, had sent one of her knights, Sir Amery of Clysson, into England, desiring royal succour, on condition that the Earl of Mountfort's son and heir should marry a daughter of the king, who was to be adorned with the highly splendid title, the Duchess of Brittany. Edward III. always anxious to strengthen his power in France, accepted the alliance, and ordered one of his noblest knights of prowess, Sir Walter Manny, to join the valiant Countess with three thousand archers. Charles of Blois, after the capture of Rennes, was counselled to lay siege to Hennebon; but before he reached that town, Jane de Mountfort was apprised of his purpose, and she commanded the watch-bell to be sounded, and every man to be armed, and standing at his post. When Sir Charles and the Frenchmen came near the town, they pitched their tents; but many of their gay and valorous spirits went skirmishing to the barriers. Some of the cavaliers of Hennebon did not suffer them to brandish their swords in the air; and it was only the shades of night that separated those preluders of battle. The next day the Frenchmen spent in council, and it was resolved that a general assault should be made on the barriers. Accordingly, on the third morning they fiercely pressed to the outward works of the town, and continued the assault till noon, when they retired with diminished forces. The lords of France rallied their soldiers, and urged the assault anew; but they that were within defended themselves right

valiantly. The countess herself, clad in mail, and mounted on a goodly courser, rode from street to street, exhorting her people to defend their posts; and if in the din of battle her woman's voice was sometimes drowned, nothing could mar her cheering smiles, which lighted the flame of noble chevisance in every gallant breast. She caused damsels and other women to cut short their kirtels, and carry stones and pots full of lime to the walls, to be cast upon the enemy. She then mounted a tower, and espied that the Frenchmens' camp was deserted. Her resolution was immediately taken: she drew around her three hundred of her best knights, and grasping a targe and spear, and mounting again her good steed, she quitted the town by a gate which the enemy had overlooked. At the head of her gallant troop, she made a short circuit, and then dashed into the Frenchmens' lodgings. When the assailants, reverting their eyes, saw their tents on fire, and heard cries of terror from a few boys and varlets in the camp, they quickly returned to their lodgings to stop the conflagration. The countess and her noble band could not cope with so vast a force, and her retreat to the city being cut off, she took the road to the castle of Brest, where she was received with great joy. For five days the good soldiers of Hennebon wist not the fate of their right valiant lady; but on the sixth morning they saw her golden banners glittering in the rising sun, and a hill in the distance crowned by a noble troop of five hundred lances, which her beauty and her just cause had drawn to her side at Brest. With the gay curvetting pace of gallant cavaliers progressing to a tournament, they gallantly held on their way to the town, smiling defiance to the martial front of the French, and entered Hennebon amidst the flourishes of their own trumpets, and the exulting cries of the people.

But the siege was advanced by the French with such courage, and their engines so dreadfully injured the walls,

that the soldiers of Hennebon were in time discomfited. All except the countess were anxious to yield the town upon honourable terms; but she hoped for succour from Edward; and while her knights and men-at-arms sullenly guarded the walls which fronted the enemy, a solitary warder paced the ramparts that looked towards England. One day the members of her council were on the point of compelling her to submit, when, casting her eyes on the sea, whereon she had so often gazed in vain, she saw a dark mass rising out of the horizon. Her smile of fearful joy, before she discovered that it was the English fleet, excited the attention of her friends. They all rushed to the window, but her sight was the most piercing, for her heart was the most deeply anxious, and she was the first to exclaim, "I see the succours of England coming!" The joyful news quickly spread, the walls of Hennebon were crowded with the townsfolk, and the English fleet entered the harbour. When the soldiers landed, she went to them with great reverence, and feasted them right hospitably. She lodged the knights and others in the castle and in the town, where she dressed up halls and chambers for them; and the next day she made them a great feast at dinner. The siege of Hennebon was raised, and it is not unworthy of notice as a trait of manners, that on one occasion of valiancy on the part of the English, the countess descended from the castle with a glad cheer, and went and kissed Sir Walter Manny and his companions, one after another, two or three times, like a valiant lady.

After some time, a truce was concluded between Sir Charles of Blois and the Countess of Mountfort, their aiders and assisters; and the countess, on the invitation of Edward III. took ship for England, accompanied by the Earls of Richmond, Pembroke, Salisbury, Suffolk, Oxford, the barons Stamford, Spencer, Bourchier, and divers other knights of England, and their companies. When they were off Guern-

sey, they were approached by Sir Loyes of Spain, and his fleet. At first the countess supposed it was with a friendly purpose, for Sir Loyes, as the ally of Sir Charles of Blois, was virtually bound by the treaty: but she was soon assured of his unchivalric purpose. The mariners cried to the knights, "Sirs, arm yourselves quickly, for these Genoese and Spaniards will soon attack you." All in a moment the Englishmen sounded their trumpets, and reared their standards with the great banner of St. George, and marshalled themselves on the decks of the ships, the archers, as on land, being in front. In this gallant trim the English fleet bore down upon the superior force of their ungenerous foe. The arrows of the one side, and the cross-bows of the other, did murderous execution; and when the lords, knights, and squires came together, the battle was so dreadful, that it furnished matter of song to the minstrels of England and France for years afterwards. The countess that day was worth the bravest knight; she had the heart of a lion, and, with a sharp glaive in her hand, she fought fiercely. They contended till it became so dark that one could scarcely know another. The fleets then separated, the men remaining in their harness, intending to renew the battle next morning. But at midnight a tempest arose so horrible, that every one thought the end of the world was approaching; and those very cavaliers who, a few hours before, had gallantly courted death, would now have abandoned their chivalry and their cause, if a safe landing could have been effected. The battle was not renewed the next day; the English fleet sailed to Brittany; the troops landed near Vannes, which they immediately besieged, the countess being always foremost in the press. Soon afterwards Edward III. went to France, in the contest for whose throne the affairs of Brittany was lost, and the noble Countess of Mountfort disappeared from the scene, while her husband escaped from prison only to die of a fever at Hennebon.

RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF HERMOPOLIS, IN EGYPT.

HERE is a splendid relic of Egyptian architecture, in its "noble decay," rivaling even the most superb labours of our own times.

Belzoni describes this stupendous monument, as the first Egyptian architecture that he met with on the Nile above the pyramids; and, continues the enterprising traveller, "I must say, that it has made a great impression on my mind, though it is only a portico of two rows of columns. The solitary place on which it stands, in the midst of the ruins of Hermopolis, and the majestic appearance of the columns, of a form so uncommon to a European, cannot fail to inspire veneration for the people that erected such edifices. It appears to me that these ruins are of a remoter date than those of Thebes. From what I have seen of the tombs in these mountains, I am of opinion that Hermopolis was inhabited by some

great people, as nothing can give juster ideas of the condition of the Egyptians than the quality of the tombs in which they were buried."*

Denon gives a more circumstantial description of Hermopolis, as follows:

"In approaching the eminence on which is built the portico of Hermopolis, I saw its outline in the horizon, and its gigantic features. We crossed the canal of Abu-Assi, and soon after, passing across mountains and ruins, we reached this beautiful monument, a relic of the highest antiquity.

"I was enchanted with delight at thus seeing the first fruit of my labours; for, excepting the pyramids, this was the first monument which gave me an idea of the ancient Egyptian architecture; the first stones that I had seen which had preserved their original destination, without being altered or deformed by the works of modern times, and had remained untouched for 4,000 years, to give me an idea of the immense range and high perfection to which the arts had arrived in this country.

"If a drawing can sometimes give an air of greatness to little things, it always diminishes the effect of great objects: so, in this instance, the capitals, which appear too heavy in proportion to the bases, have, in reality, something in their massiveness which strikes with wonder, and disarms criticism: here we cannot venture either to admit or reject any rules of criticism: but what is truly admirable, is, the beauty of the principle outlines, the perfection in the general construction, and in the use of ornaments, which are sufficient to give a rich effect without injuring the noble simplicity of the whole. The immense number of hieroglyphics which cover every part of this edifice, not only have no relief, but entrench upon no part of the outline, so that they disappear at twenty paces distance, and leave the building all its uniformity. But the

* Belzoni's Travels in Egypt and Nubia. 4to. p. 29.

drawing will give a better idea of the general effect than any description.

"Among the hillocks, within three or four hundred yards of the portico, enormous blocks of stone may be seen half buried in sand, and regular architecture beneath them, which appear to form an edifice containing columns of granite, just rising above the present level of the soil. Further on, but still connected with the scattered fragments of the great temple of Hermopolis, which I have just described, is built a mosque, in which are a number of columns of cipoline marble of middling size, and retouched by the Arabs; then comes the large village of Achmunin, peopled by about 5,000 inhabitants, to whom we were as great an object of curiosity as their temple had been to us."

The erection of such monuments as that before us appears to have been a work of policy on the part of the Egyptian rulers. Thus, the plan devised for preventing the evils of overpopulousness was to accustom the lower orders to a spare diet, and employ them on the construction of huge edifices, destined for tombs or the temples of religion. Hence the pyramids and excavated temples which still excite the wonder of the world, and prove what may be effected by the aid of the simplest machinery, with time, numbers, and perseverance.

Among the Egyptians every thing advanced to a certain point of perfection, and there stopped, never to advance, but rather to recede. It is remarked that in design and execution the more ancient monuments exceeded the later.

NOBLE GLUTTON.

THE Duke of Lauderdale is remembered as having been a big burly man, with lips so voluminous as to beslabber not only himself, but all the bystanders. He had a false appetite,

which obliged him, when about to dine in the presence of strangers, to eat a whole leg of mutton beforehand, in order to reduce his stomach to a level with those of his company; that, to use an ordinary phrase, they might *start fair*. His common breakfast was (*incredibile dictu!*) a pint of marrow! There is, moreover, a tradition at Edinburgh, that whenever or wherever his grace travelled, he was accompanied by a separate carriage, fitted up like a kitchen, with a set of cooks for the purveyance of the food which his appetite unremittingly demanded. Such "intemperance of mouth," as the old Scottish historians would term it, almost exceeds all belief, and much of the tale may be ascribed to the virulence of the covenanting party against the duke's memory;* yet, as may be seen below, it is by no means without parallel.† The treatment which, it seems, our early ancestors gave to extraordinary eaters, might have been revived in his grace's favour, doubtless, to the infinite satisfaction of not a few of his contemporaries. "All dronkittis, gluttonis, and consumers of vittalis, more nor was necessary to the sustentation of men," says Bellenden translating Boece, in "ane com-

* See the book entitled "The Scots Worthies," in which Lauderdale is spoken of in this strain: "He became such a remarkable epicurean, that it is incredible the flesh or juice of flesh it is said he devoured in one day, eating and drinking being now his only exercise and delight."

† One of the most remarkable human cormorants of modern times, was one Nicholas Wood, of Harrison, in the county of Kent, who lived but a little before Lauderdale's time. Taylor, the water-poet, wrote a most amusing account of this fellow's supernatural voracity, where the following passage occurs: "Two loynes of mutton, and one loyne of veal, were but as three sprats to him. Once, at Sir Warham St. Leger's house, he showed himself so violent of teeth and stomach, that he ate as much as would have well served and sufficed thirty men, so that his belly was like to turn bankrupt and break, but that the serving man turned him to the fire, and anointed his paunch with grease and butter, to make it stretch and hold; and afterwards being laid in bed, he slept eight hours, and fasted all the while; which, when the knight understood, he commanded him to be laid in the stocks, and there to endure as long as he had laine bedrid with eating."

pendious treit concernand baith the new maneris and the auld of Scottis," "were tane, and first commandit to swelly thair fouth of quhat drink they pleasit, and incontinent thaireaftir *was drounit in ane fresche rever.*"

Among the traditions of Lauderdale, one which respects the duke's footman may not be unworthy of a place. An instance is told of the speed of this official: On laying the cloth for a great dinner party at Thirlstane castle, it was discovered, to the consternation of all concerned, that there was not a sufficient number of silver spoons in the castle to correspond with the number of plates. In the emergency, it was resolved to dispatch the runner to the duke's other seat of Lethington for a supply of the articles required. Lethington is near Haddington, and the mountain path which lies between the two places must be ten good Scottish miles long. Yet the man ran to Lethington, got the spoons, and was back at Thirlstane before the dinner bell had rung! It is only possible to account for so extraordinary a feat, by supposing that it was then customary to lay the cloth for large dinner-parties pretty early in the morning.

ASCENT TO THE TOP OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

BY A RECENT TOURIST.

You will stare when I tell you that a broad paved road leads up to the top of St. Peter's church; not, perhaps, practicable for carriages, from its winding nature, but so excellent a bridle road, that there is a continual passage of horses and mules upon it, which go up laden with stones and lime; and the ascent is so gentle, and the road so good, that any body might ride up and down with perfect safety.

I reached the roof at last, which seems like a city in itself. Small houses, and ranges of work-shops for the labourers

employed in the never-ending repairs of the church, are built here, and are lost upon this immense leaden plain, as well as the eighteen cupolas of the side chapels of the church, which are not distinguishable from below.

Though only comparatively small, how diminutive do they seem, compared to that stupendous dome, the triumph of modern architecture, in which is fulfilled the proud boast of Michael Angelo, that he would lift the vault of the pantheon, and hang it in air! It is exactly of the same magnitude. Its beautiful proportions and finished grandeur, towering into heaven, can here be fully seen.

We rambled about, and rested ourselves on the marble seats which are commodiously placed upon the leads; and we might, I make no doubt, have made many grand and sublime meditations; but a ridiculous idea, which unluckily entered some of our heads, that the great cupola, with all the little ones about it, looked like a hen with a brood of chickens, completely put all such ideas to flight. "What simpletons must they have been that could find nothing better to think of on the top of St. Peter's!"—methinks I hear you say.

We then commenced the ascent of the great dome by a succession of stair-cases, ingeniously contrived, and from which passages lead out both upon its internal and external galleries.

One of the former, like the whispering gallery of St. Paul's—as if to verify the proverb that walls have ears,—carries round a sound inaudible to the nearest bystander, clear and distinct to a listener on the opposite side of its vast circumference.

We began to have some idea of the immense height we had already gained. The mosaic figures of the saints and apostles, emblazoned on the vaulted roof, were now so near as to stare upon us in all their gigantic proportions, and from the highest gallery we looked down into the fearful depth of

the church below, upon the minute forms of the human beings, who, like emmets, were creeping about in it.

In the course of our progress, we walked round the external cornice of the dome, which is so broad, that, though there is no fence round its edge, three or four persons might walk abreast with perfect safety. We were informed that it is half a mile in circumference, but I would not guarantee the truth of this statement.

At last, by flights of very narrow stairs, and long bending passages, sloping inwards to suit the inclination of the rapidly narrowing curve, we reached the summit of that astonishing dome, to which we had so often looked with admiration from below; and perched at a height above the flight of the fowls of heaven, we enjoyed the far extended and interesting prospect, over mountain, flood, and plain.

The beautiful amphitheatre of hills, which encloses the Campagna, stretching round the blue horizon on three sides; the pointed summits of the loftier Apennines behind, which alone were wreathed with snow—as if winter had enthroned himself there, looking sullenly down on the plains and verdant hills not subject to his sway; the Tiber, in its long sinuous windings through the waste—like a snake coiled up in the desert, betrayed by its glistening surface; far beyond it, the desolate spot where Ostia once stood, and where the blue waters of the Mediterranean were now gleaming in the sunbeams; Rome at our feet; her churches, her palaces, her dark and distant ruins; the rich verdure and golden fruit of the orange gardens of her convents, far beneath us, contrasting with the deep shade of their mournful cypresses; such a scene as this—fanned with the pure fresh-blowing gale, as mild and soft as the breath of summer, that delighted every sense, and canopied by that clear blue sky of ethereal brightness and beauty, that words can never paint—

would surely awaken some admiration, even in the coldest heart!

We enjoyed it in perfect security, the top of the dome being surrounded by a railing, which is undiscernible from below. We were at the base of the ball which surmounts the dome, and forms its upper ornament, and certainly had no wish to emulate the adventurous French lady, recorded by Eustace, who climbed to the top of it; but unfortunately for our peace, we had in our party a naval officer, who clambered up the aerial-looking ladder that is fixed round it, with as much ease as he would have run up the shrouds of a man-of-war, and not satisfied with this exploit, contrived, by some extraordinary process, to hoist himself up the smooth polished sides of the metallic cross, and actually seated himself upon its horizontal bar!

For his safety we entertained no fears. He had been rocked on the giddy mast, and cradled in the storm; but we trembled to see his example followed by almost all the gentlemen who were with us; not that there was any thing whatever to be gained or seen by it, but that they would not on any account be outdone; and then there was the future dear delight of boasting that they had stood on the top of the ball of St. Peter's—cheaply purchased at the risk of breaking their necks. We were therefore doomed to see these silly men, one after another, go up this terrible place; about half of the way round the lower convexity of the ball, in a posture nearly horizontal, with their heads downwards, much as a fly creeps along a ceiling; we observed the secret fear and agitation painted on their countenances, and knew that a moment's giddiness, a single false step, must precipitate them down a height that it is agony to think of—but we durst not speak. More lucky than wise, however, they all descended in safety, and we, resolving to do something in our turn, went up into the inside of the ball—an enterprise by no means difficult or

dangerous, but somewhat tedious; one person being only able to ascend at once; and as our party was rather numerous, by the time the last got up the first was nearly baked to death; for this great brazen globe was heated by the powerful rays of an Italian sun, to the temperature of an oven.

Although this ball looks from below no larger than an apple, it can contain in the inside about eighteen people, and we calculated that even more might be packed in it—if they did not suffocate.

It is impossible to form any idea of the immensity of St. Peter's, without going to the top.

The long-winding paved road that ascends to the leads, as if to the summit of a mountain; the amazing extent of roof; the vast scale on which every thing is constructed; the endless height to which you afterwards climb by staircases and ascending-passages to the top of the dome, from which, as if from heaven, you look down on the earth, scarcely able to discern the human beings upon its surface; all this, indeed, may give you some idea of its stupendous size, which, from below, you can never conceive.

AFFECTION OF AN INDIAN MOTHER.

In India, to prevent the missions from being wholly deserted, the fathers make hostile incursions into the villages of the independent Indians, under the name of *entrados*, which are avowedly undertaken for "the conquest of souls," though it is obviously necessary, in the first place, to secure the bodies. To effect this, the natives are usually attacked by night in their hovels, and their children seized and carried off, to be distributed among the Indians of the missions as serfs. An affecting instance of maternal tenderness, displayed on an occasion of this inhuman practice, is related by

M. de Humboldt, which he justly observes "proves how much the system calls for the care of the legislator."

In 1797 the missionary of San Fernando had led his Indians to the banks of the Rio Guaviare, on one of those hostile incursions, which are prohibited alike by religion and the Spanish laws. They found in an Indian hut a Guahiba mother, with three children, two of whom were still infants. They were occupied in preparing the flour of cassava. Resistance was impossible; the father was gone to fish, and the mother tried in vain to flee with her children. Scarcely had she reached the savannah when she was seized by the Indians of the mission, who go to *hunt men*, like the whites and the negroes in Africa. The mother and her children were bound, and dragged to the bank of the river. The monk, seated in his boat, waited the issue of an expedition of which he partook not the danger. Had the mother made too violent a resistance, the Indians would have killed her, for every thing is permitted when they go to the conquest of souls (*a la conquista espiritual,*) and it is children in particular they seek to capture, in order to treat them in the mission as *poitos*, or slaves of the Christians. The prisoners were carried to San Fernando, in the hope that the mother would be unable to find her way back to her home by land. Far from those children who had accompanied their father on the day in which she had been carried off, this unhappy woman showed signs of the deepest despair. She attempted to take back to her family the children, who had been snatched away by the missionary, and fled with them repeatedly from the village of San Fernando; but the Indians never failed to seize her anew; and the missionary after having caused her to be mercilessly beaten, took the cruel resolution of separating the mother from the two children, who had been carried off with her. She was conveyed alone towards the missions of the Rio Negro, going up the Atabapo. Slightly bound, she was seated

at the bow of the boat, ignorant of the fate that awaited her; but she judged by the direction of the sun that she was removing farther and farther from her hut and her native country. She succeeded in breaking her bonds, threw herself into the water, and swam to the left bank of the Atabapo. The current carried her to a shelf of rock, which bears her name to this day. She landed, and took shelter in the woods, but the president of the missions ordered the Indians to row to the shore, and follow the traces of the Guahiba. In the evening she was brought back. Stretched upon the rock (*la Piedra de la Madre*,) a cruel punishment was inflicted on her with those straps of manatee leather, which serve for whips in that country, and with which the alcades are always furnished. This unhappy woman, her hands tied behind her back with strong stalks of *mavacure*, was then dragged to the mission of Javita.

She was there thrown into one of the caravanseras that are called *Casa del Rey*. It was the rainy season, and the night was profoundly dark. Forests till then believed to be impenetrable separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernando, which was twenty-five leagues distant in a straight line. No other path is known than that of the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one village to another, were they only a few leagues apart. But such difficulties do not stop a mother who is separated from her children. The Guahiba was carelessly guarded in the caravansera. Her arms being wounded, the Indians of Javita had loosened her bonds, unknown to the missionary and the alcades. She succeeded by the help of her teeth, in breaking them entirely, disappeared during the night, and at the fourth rising sun was seen at the mission of San Fernando, hovering around the hut where her children were confined.

"What that woman performed," added the missionary who gave this sad narrative, "the most robust Indian would

not have ventured to undertake. She traversed the woods at a season when the sky is constantly covered with clouds, and the sun during whole days appears but for a few minutes. Did the course of the waters direct her way? The inundations of the rivers forced her to go far from the banks of the main stream, through the midst of woods where the movement of the waters is almost imperceptible. How often must she have been stopped by the thorny lianas, that form a network around the trunks they entwine! How often must she have swam across the rivulets that run into the Atabapo! This unfortunate woman was asked how she had sustained herself during four days? She said that exhausted with fatigue, she could find no other nourishment than those great black ants called *vachacos*, which climb the trees in long bands, to suspend on them their resinous nests."

We pressed the missionary to tell us whether the Guahiba had peacefully enjoyed the happiness of remaining with her children, and if any repentance had followed this excess of cruelty. He would not satisfy our curiosity; but at our return from the Rio Negro we learnt that the Indian mother was not allowed time to cure her wounds, but was again separated from her children, and sent to one of the missions of the Upper Oroonoko. There she died, refusing all kind of nourishment, as the savages do in great calamities.

SCRAPS OF HISTORY.

Herodotus, in Euterpe, says, that the sun did two several times set and hide itself in the east instead of the west.

Diodorus Siclus tells us, that the tortoises in the Indian Sea are so large, that people sail in their shells on the rivers, even as well as in little cock-boats.

GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

Dr. Clarke, one of the most accredited of modern travellers, describes this grotto as the greatest natural curiosity of its kind in the known world. It is situate in Antiparos, a small island in the Ægean sea, and opposite Paros, celebrated for its beautiful marble.

"As to its origin," says Dr. Clarke, "it may possibly have been a very ancient mine, or a marble quarry, from the oblique direction of the cavity and parallel inclination of its sides. The rock immediately above it consists of the following substances. The upper surface or summit of the mountain is a stratum of limestone, inclined very considerably from the horizon: beneath is a layer of schistus containing a sort of marble called *cipolino*, that is to say, a mixture of schistus and marble: then occurs the cavity which forms the

grotto, parallel to the dipping inclination of the superior strata, and this cavity, was once probably occupied by a bed of marble, succeeding in regular order to the superincumbent schistus; but this is mere hypothesis; and any traveller who enters the grotto will soon perceive, that all the theories he may form have been set at naught by Nature, in the darksome wonders of her subterraneous laboratory. We may therefore come at once to the practical part of the inquiry. The mode of descent is by ropes, which on the different declivities are either held by the natives, or they are joined to a cable which is fastened at the entrance around a stalactite pillar. In this manner we were conducted, first down one declivity, and then down another, until we entered the spacious chambers of this truly enchanted grotto.

"The roof, the floor, the sides of a whole series of magnificent caverns, were entirely invested with a dazzling incrustation as white as snow. Columns, some of which were five and twenty feet in length, pended in fine icicle forms above our heads; fortunately some of them are so far above the reach of the numerous travellers, who, during many ages, have visited this place, that no one has been able to injure or to remove them. Others extended from the roof to the floor, with diameters equal to that of the mast of a first rate ship of the line. The incrustations of the floor, caused by falling drops from the stalactites above, had grown up into dendritic and vegetable forms, which first suggested to Tournefort the strange notion of his having here discovered the vegetation of stones. Vegetation itself has been considered as a species of crystallization; and, as the process of crystallization is so surprisingly manifested by several phenomena in this grotto, some anology may perhaps be allowed to exist between the plant and the stone; but it cannot be said that a principle of life existing in the former has been imparted to the latter. The last chamber into which we descended surprised us more by the gran-

deur of its exhibition than any other; and this seems to have been the same which Tournefort intended to represent by the wretched view of it given in his work. Probably there are many other chambers below this, yet unexplored, for no attempt has been made to penetrate farther: and, if this be true, the new caverns, when opened, would appear in perfect splendour, unsullied in any part of them, by the smoke of torches, or by the hands of intruders."

STORY OF ARISTOTLE.

In Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, the omnipotence of love is strikingly displayed; for besides those whom we might expect to see at the feet of the goddess, we are presented with Plato and Socrates, and even him who was the object of veneration bordering on idolatry in the ages which we in courtesy to ourselves call dark. Gower, the moral Gower, says with some humour,

> "I saw there Aristotle also,
> Whom that the queen of Greece also
> Hath bridled, that in thilke time
> She made him such a syllogysme
> That he forgot all his logike."

The story whereon this sentence was founded was among the most popular of the times. The delights of love had made Alexander pause in the career of ambition. His host of knights and barons were discontented at the change, and Aristotle, as the tutor and guardian of his youthful course, endeavoured to rouse anew the spirit of the hero. The prince attempted no lengthened reply to this appeal to his chivalry;

> "Sighing, alone he cried, as inly mov'd,
> Alas! these men, meseems, have never lov'd."

The grave saws of the sage took root, however, in Alex-

ander's heart, and he absented himself from his mistress. She wailed her fate for sometime in solitude, but at length assured that it was not the mere capriciousness of passion which kept him from her, she forced herself into the presence of her lord. Her beauty smiled away all dreams of glory from his mind, and in the fondness of his love he accused Aristotle of breaking in upon his joy. But the dominion of his passion was only momentary, and recovering the martial tone of his soul, he declared the sad necessity of their parting. She then requested a brief delay, promising to convince the king that his tutor's counsel derived no additional recommendation from his practice, for that he stood in need of as much instruction as Alexander himself. Accordingly, with the first appearance of the next morning, the damsel repaired to the lawn before the chamber where Aristotle lay. As she approached the casement, she broke the stillness of the air by chanting a love ditty, and the sweetness of her wild notes charmed the philosopher from his studious page. He softly stole to the window, and beheld a form far fairer than any image of truth which his fancy had just previously been conceiving. Her face was not shrouded by vail or wimple, her long flaxen tresses strayed negligently down her neck, and her dress, like drapery on an ancient statue, displayed the beauty of a well-turned limb. She loitered about the place on pretence of gathering a branch of a myrtle-tree, and winding it round her forehead. When her confidence in her beauty assured her that Aristotle was mad for her love, she stole underneath the casement, and, in a voice checked by sighs, she sang that love detained her there. Aristotle drank the delicious sounds, and gazing again, her charms appeared more resplendent than before. Reason faintly whispered that he was not born to be loved, and that his hair was now white with age, his forehead wrinkled with study; but passion and vanity drove away these faint remonstrances, and

Aristotle was a sage no more. The damsel carelessly passed his window, and in the delirium of his love he caught the floating folds of her robe. She affected anger, and he avowed his passion. She listened to his confession with a surprise of manner that fanned his flame, and she answered him by complaining of the late coldness of Alexander. The grey-beard, not caring for a return of love, so that she accepted his suit, promised to bring his pupil to her feet, if she would but confer some sign of favour upon himself. She feigned an intention of compliance, but declared that, before she yielded, she must be indulged in a foolish whim which long had distracted her fancy. Aristotle then renewed his professions of devoted love, and she in sentences, broken by exclamations of apparent shame at her folly, vowed that she was dying to mount and ride upon the back of a wise man. He was now so passionately in love, that the fancies of his mistress appeared divinest wisdom to his mind, and he immediately threw himself along the ground in a crawling attitude. She seated herself in a gorgeous saddle which she placed on his back, and, throwing a rein round his neck, she urged him to proceed. In a few moments they reached the terrace under the royal apartments, and the king beheld the singular spectacle. A peal of laughter from the windows awoke the philosopher to a sense of his state, and when he saw his pupil he owned that youth might well yield to love, as it had power to break even the frost of age.

Such was the lay of Aristotle which the wandering minstrel chanted in the baronial hall, and the damsel in her lady's bower, and the pleasing moral of the fable was not more sincerely echoed by the shouts of the gallant knights and squires than by the broken sighs of beauty.

> "Mark ye, who hear me, that no blameful shade
> Be thrown henceforth on gallant or on maid.
> For here, by grave example taught, we find
> That mighty love is master of mankind."

BURNING SPRING AT BROSELEY, IN SHROPSHIRE.

THE famous boiling well at Broseley, near Wenlock, in the county of Salop, was discovered about June, 1711. It was first announced by a terrible noise in the night, about two nights after a remarkable day of thunder: the noise awakened several people in their beds, that lived hard by; who, coming to a boggy place under a little hill, about two hundred yards from the river Severn, perceived a surprising rumbling and shaking in the earth, and a little boiling up of water through the grass. They took a spade, and digging up some part of the earth, immediately the water flew up a great height, and a candle that was in their hand set it on fire. To prevent the spring being destroyed, an iron cistern is placed about it, with a cover to be locked, and a hole in the middle, through which the water may be viewed. If a lighted candle or any thing of fire be put to this hole, the water immediately takes fire, and burns like spirit of wine, or brandy, and continues so long as the air is kept from it; but by taking up the cover of the cistern, it quickly goes out. The heat of this fire much exceeds the heat of any fire I ever saw, and seems to have more than ordinary fierceness in it.

Some people out of curiosity, after they have set the water on fire, have put a kettle of water over the cistern, and in it green peas or a joint of meat, and cooked it much sooner than over any artificial fire that can be made. If there be put green boughs or any thing else that will burn, upon it, it presently consumes them to ashes. The water of itself is as cold as any water I ever felt; and what is remarkable, as soon as ever the fire is out, if the hand be put into it, it feels as cold as if there had been no such thing as fire near it.

BEES IN EGYPT.

As Upper Egypt only retains its verdure for five months, and the flowers and harvest are earlier there, the inhabitants of the lower country profit by these precious moments. They collect the bees of different villages in large boats. Each proprietor trusts to them his hives, which have a particular mark. When the boats are laden, the men who have the management of them gradually ascend the river, stopping at every place where they find flowers and verdure. The bees, at the break of day, quit their cells by thousands, and go in quest of the treasures which compose their nectar. They go and come several times laden with booty. In the evening, they return to their habitations, without ever mistaking their dwelling. After travelling three months in this manner on the Nile, the bees, having culled the perfumes of the orange-flowers of the Said, the roses of the Faiorum, the jessamines of Arabia, and a variety of other flowers, are brought back to the places they had been carried from, where they now find new riches to partake of. This industry procures the Egyptians delicious honey, and bees-wax in abundance.

HOLY CATS AND BEARS.

THE part acted by the cat, in the town of Aix (in Provence,) on the festival of *Corpus Christi*, may well vie, in profaneness, with that of the ass of Sens, on Christmas-day. The finest tom cat of the country, wrapt in swaddling clothes, like a child, was, on this occasion, exhibited to the adoration of the gaping multitude, in a magnificent shrine. Flowers were strewed before him; every knee bent as he passed, and the adorations he received unequivocally pointed him out as

the god of the day. This ceremony was not suppressed till about the year 1757 ! !

On St. John's day, the scene was greatly altered for poor puss. A number of cats were collected, and put in a wicker basket. The bishop, at the head of his clergy, lighted a bonfire, in the middle of a square before the cathedral church; and when the flames were raging most furiously, the poor animals were thrown alive into the fire. The clergy went afterwards several times round the burning pile, singing hymns and anthems appropriated to the sacrifice.

The clergy of Bruxelles, in their famous procession of *Sablon*, greatly outdid their brethren of Aix. A *bear* was exhibited, clad in a surplice, and decked with ribbons, majestically sitting in a chariot and playing on an organ. The music was not produced by the air, compressed in pipes, as in common instruments. Twelve cats were separately confined, in narrow cells, so contrived in the organ-chest, that they could not turn any way; their tails were drawn through twelve small holes, made at the top, and were fixed by ropes to the keys of the instrument. By this piece of machinery, whenever the bear laid his heavy paws upon the keys, the cats, strongly pulled by the tails, mewed most horribly, and this melody was powerfully reinforced by the voices of the choristers, who performed, with all their might, a well suited accompaniment.

DEAN SWIFT'S BALLAD ON A MURDER.

In the year 1726, Catherine Hayes murdered her husband, under circumstances of the most horrible description. After she and two men, who were her accomplices, had killed him with a hatchet, they cut off his head and threw it into the Thames, in order to conceal their crime; but God, who seeth in secret, made the murder manifest, and all the parties were

taken. One of the men, Wood, died in prison; the other, Billings, was executed, and then hung in chains. Catherine Hayes, was condemned to be burnt, and on the day of execution, being brought to the stake, was chained thereto with an iron chain, running round her waist, and under her arms, and a rope round her neck, which was drawn through a hole in the post; then the faggots, intermixed with light brushwood and straw, being piled all round her, the executioner put fire thereto in several places, which immediately blazing out as soon as the same reached her, she with her arms, pushed down those which were before her, when she appeared in the middle of the flames as low as the waist; upon which the executioner got hold of the end of the cord which was round her neck, and pulled it tight in order to strangle her, but the fire soon reached his hand, and burned it, so that he was obliged to let it go again; more faggots were immediately thrown upon her, and in about three or four hours she was reduced to ashes. Horrible as this murder was, and the annals of crime scarcely present its parallel, Dean Swift made it the subject of a punning ballad, of which the following is a copy.

A SONG ON THE MURDER OF MR. HAYES.

TO THE TUNE OF CHEVY CHASE.

In Tyburn road a man there liv'd,
A just and honest life;
And there he might have lived still,
If so had pleas'd his wife.

But she to vicious ways inclin'd
A life most wicked led;
With tailors, and with tinkers too,
She oft defil'd his bed.

Full twice a day to church he went,
And so devout would be;
Sure never was a saint on earth
If that no saint was he!

This vex'd his wife unto the heart,
She was of wrath so full,
That finding no hole in his coat,
She pick'd one in his scull.

But then her heart 'gan to relent,
And griev'd she was so sore;
That quarter to him for to give,
She cut him into four.

All in the dark and dead of night,
These quarters she convey'd;
And in a ditch at Marybone
His marrow-bones she laid.

His head at Westminster she threw,
All in the Thames so wide;
Says she, my dear, the wind sets fair,
And you may have the tide.

But heav'n whose power no limit knows
On earth or on the main,
Soon caus'd his head for to be thrown
Upon the land again.

The head being found the justices
Their heads together laid;
And all agreed there must have been
Some body to this head.

But since no body could be found,
High mounted on a shelf,
They e'en set up the head to be
A witness for itself.

Next, that it no self-murder was,
The case itself explains,
For no man could cut off his head,
And throw it in the Thames.

Ere many days had gone and past,
The deed at length was known,
And Cath'rine she confess'd, at last,
The fact to be her own.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all,
And grant that we may warning take
By Cath'rine Hayes's fall.

GIGANTIC STAG.

THE forests of New California abound with stags of a gigantic size, a brown colour, smooth, and without spot, with branches above four feet in length. Sebastian Viscaino, the navigator, asserts, that when he put into the port of Monterey in 1602, he saw some with branches nearly nine feet in length. This stag of New California is represented by all travellers to be one of the most beautiful animals of Spanish America. "These *venados*," says Humboldt, "run with extraordinary rapidity, throwing their head back, and supporting their branches on their backs. The horses of New-Biscay, which are famed for running, are incapable of keeping up with them; and they only reach them at the moment when the animal, who very seldom drinks, comes to quench his thirst. He is then too heavy to display all the energy of his muscular force, and is easily come up with. The hunter who pursues him gets the better of him by means of a noose, in the same way that they manage wild horses and cattle in the Spanish Colonies. The Indians make use, however, of another very ingenious artifice to approach the stags, and kill them. They cut off the head of a *venado*, the branches of which are very long; and they empty the neck, and place it on their own head. Masked in this manner, and armed with bows and arrows, they conceal themselves in the brush-wood, or among the high and thick herbage. By imitating the motion of a stag when it feeds, they draw round them the flock, which become the victims of the deception. This extraordinary hunt was seen by M. Costanzo on the coast of the channel of Santa Barbara; and it was seen twenty-four years afterwards, in Monterey, by the officers embarked in the *galetas* Sutil and Mexicana. The enormous stag-branches which Montezuma displayed to the companions of Cortez, belonged, perhaps, to the *venados* of New California.

CASTING OUT DEVILS.

THE mode of effecting this description of miracle is thus related by an Abate at Rome.

It seems that a certain friar had preached a sermon during Lent, upon the state of the man mentioned in Scripture possessed with seven devils, with so much eloquence and unction, that a simple countryman who heard him went home, and became convinced that these seven devils had got possession of him. The idea haunted his mind, and subjected him to the most dreadful terrors, till unable to bear his sufferings he unbosomed himself to his ghostly father, and asked his counsel. The father, who had some smattering of science, bethought himself at last of a way to rid the honest man of his devils. He told him it would be necessary to combat with the devils singly; and on a day appointed, when the poor man came with a sum of money to serve as a bait for the devil—without which the good father had forewarned him no devil could ever be dislodged—he bound a chain, connected with an electrical machine in an adjoining chamber, round his body—lest, as he said, the devil should fly away with him—and having warned him that the shock would be terrible when the devil went out of him, he left him praying devoutly before an image of the Madonna, and after some time, gave him a pretty smart shock, at which the poor wretch fell insensible on the floor from terror. As soon as he recovered, however, he protested that he had seen the devil fly away out of his mouth, breathing blue flames and sulphur, and that he felt himself greatly relieved. Seven electrical shocks, at due intervals, having extracted seven sums of money from him together with the seven devils, the man was cured, and a great miracle performed.

THE BIDDENDEN MAIDS.

THE recent exhibition of the *Siamese Twins*, and the interest which they excited in the metropolis, and various parts of England, renders all accounts of similar phenomena acceptable to the curious reader.

The memory of the *Biddenden Maids* is preserved in the following parochial custom :—*

On Easter Sunday in every year, after divine service in the afternoon, at the parish of Biddenden, in the county of Kent, there are, by the churchwardens, given to strangers about

* This narrative is contained in a handbill with the following imprint:—"Chambers and Exall, Printers, (King's Arms' Printing office,) Tenterden, 1828."

1,000 rolls, with an impression on them similar to the plate. The origin of the custom is thus related:

In the year 1100, at Biddenden, in Kent, were born Elizabeth and Mary Chulkhurst, joined together by the hips and shoulders, and who lived in that state thirty-four years!! At the expiration of which time, one of them was taken ill, and, after a short period, died; the surviving one was advised to be separated from the corpse, which she absolutely refused in these words, "as we came together, we will also go together," and, about six hours after her sister's decease, she was taken ill and died also. A stone near the rector's pew, marked with a diagonal line, is shown as the place of their interment.

The moon on the east orial shone, through slender shafts of shapely stone;
The silver light, so pale and faint, show'd the twin sisters and many a saint,
Whose images on the glass were dyed; mysterious maidens side by side,
The moon-beam kissed the holy pane, and threw on the pavement a mystic stain.

It is further stated that, by their will, they bequeathed to the churchwardens of the Parish of Biddenden, and their successors, churchwardens, for ever, certain pieces or parcels of land in the parish, containing about twenty acres, which is hired at forty guineas per annum; and that in commemoration of this wonderful phenomenon of nature, the rolls, and about 300 quartern loaves and cheese in proportion, should be given to the poor inhabitants of the parish.

This account is entirely traditionary; the learned antiquarian Hasted, in his account of the charities of the parish, states, the land "was the gift of two maidens, of the name of Preston; and that the print of the woman on the cakes has only been used within these eighty years, and was made to represent two poor widows, as the general objects of a charitable benefaction." It is probable that the investigation of the learned antiquary, brought to light some record of the

name of the ladies, but in the year 1656, the Rev. W. Horner, then rector of the parish, claimed the land, as having been given to augment his glebe, but was non-suited in the Court of Exchequer; in the pleadings preserved in the church, the names of the ladies are not stated, not being known. There are also two other places where such phenomena are said to have occurred.

If these statements weaken the credibility of the tradition, the following account of a *lusus naturæ*, compiled from the London Medical Repository, for 1821, page 138, will unquestionably confirm the opinion of many, as to the probability of the phenomenon of the Biddenden maids. Mr. Livingstone, the surgeon of the British factory at Canton, relates that there was shown at Macao, A-ke, a boy about sixteen years of age, to whom was attached another male child, united at the pit of the stomach by the neck, as if his head was plunged into A-ke's breast. At the time of their birth they were nearly of an equal size, but the parasite has not much increased since that period. The skin of A-ke joins regularly and smoothly the neck of the parasite, so that he can turn his brother on either of his sides upon himself, but the natural position is breast to breast; on the whole, the parasite is well formed, being about two feet in length. A-ke thinks that at one period their feelings were reciprocal, but for some time he has not perceived it, except in one particular act, when his brother never fails to do the same; he however feels the slightest touch applied to his brother.

A-ke has generally a sickly appearance, but excepting the parasite, is well formed; about four feet ten inches high, is easily fatigued in walking or ascending a flight of steps, being obliged to support his brother with his hands. When fatigued he breathes with difficulty, and is relieved only by lying down.

In the Transactions of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh, vol. ii., a plate represents two female children

united together at the stomach; they were not otherwise deformed, and had the small pox at the same time. When they walked, it was sideways, and something in the form of a circle they crossed their heads and arms to act or look different ways; with care they could walk up stairs, and were active when playing with other children; they lived until they were nearly seven years old, when the death of one destroyed the other. The communication is from Andrew Berry, M.D., F.R.S.E.

NARRATIVE OF THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON.

About the middle of June, 1665, the plague raged so cruelly, that in the space of seven days it destroyed as many thousands in London.

In the months of August and September, three, four, or five thousand died in a week: once eight thousand. In some houses carcasses lay waiting for burial; and in others, persons in their last agonies. In one room were heard dying groans, in another the ravings of delirium, and not far off relations and friends bewailing their loss, and the dismal prospect of their own departure. Some of the infected ran about staggering like drunken men, and fell and expired in the streets; others lay comatose, never to be awakened but by the last trump; others fell dead in the market while buying necessaries for the support of life; the divine was taken in the exercise of his priestly office, and physicians found no safety in their own antidotes, but died administering them to others. It was not uncommon to see an inheritance pass successively to three or four heirs in as many days. The number of sextons were not sufficient to bury the dead. The bells seemed hoarse with continued tolling, and at last ceased. The burial places could not hold the dead: they were thrown

into large pits dug in waste grounds, in heaps of thirty or forty together. It often happened that those who attended the funerals of their friends one evening, were the next carried to their own long home: and yet the worst was not certain, for the disease as yet had no relaxation."—Such is the relation of an eye-witness* who was one of the physicians appointed by government to visit the sick.

The first appearance of this dreadful pestilence is thus described.—"Towards the close of the year 1664, two or three persons died suddenly, attended with symptoms that plainly manifested the nature of the disease: hereupon some timid neighbours moved into the city, and unfortunately carried the contagion with them; and, for want of confining the persons who were first seized, the whole city was, in a little time, irrecoverably infected. As soon as it was rumoured that the plague was in the city, it was impossible to relate what accounts were spread of its fatality; every one predicted its future devastations, and terrified each other with remembrance of a former pestilence. It seems quite ascertained, that it was imported into London by goods from Holland, brought thither from the Levant, and first broke out in a house in Long-acre, near the end of Drury-lane, where those goods were carried, and first opened; two Frenchmen dying, the family endeavoured to conceal it, but it spread from that house to others, by the unwary communication with those who are sick, and infected the parish-officers who were employed about the dead: it went on, and proceeded from person to person, from house to house.

"In the first house that was infected, there died four persons; a neighbour hearing that the mistress of the house was ill, visited her, and carried home the distemper to her family, and died, with all her household. A minister, called to pray

* Hodges—Loimologia.

with the first sick person in the second house, was said to sicken and die immediately, with several more in his family. A Frenchman, who lived near the infected houses, removed for fear of the distemper into Bearbinder-lane, and died, to the great affliction of the city. Then the physicians began to deliberate, for they did not at first imagine it to be a general contagion; but the secretaries of state got notice of it, and ordered two physicians and a surgeon to inspect the bodies, who assured the people, that it was neither more nor less than the plague, with all its terrifying particulars; and that it threatened a universal infection, so many people having already conversed with the sick or distempered, and having, as might be supposed, received infection from them, that it might be impossible to put a stop to it. This filled people's heads so, that few cared to go through Drury-lane.

"As soon as the magistracy, to whom the public care belonged, saw how the contagion daily increased, and had now extended itself to several parishes, an order was immediately issued out, to shut up all the infected houses, that neither relations nor acquaintance might unwarily receive it from them; and to keep the infected from carrying it about with them.

"Terror and apprehension now led the multitude into a thousand weak and absurd things, which there wanted not persons wicked enough to encourage: people were seen running about to fortune-tellers, cunning men, and astrologers, to have their nativities cast, and to know their fortunes. This folly made the town swarm with wicked pretenders to magic and the black art; it became common for them to have signs with inscriptions,—*Here liveth an astrologer—Friar Bacon's Head—Mother Shipton—a Merlin*, or the like; in short, the usual signs of these impostors were to be seen in almost every street. One great mischief was, if these deluders were asked if there would be a plague, they all agreed

to answer, yes; for that maintained their trade! had the people not been kept in a fright, the wizards would have been rendered useless, and their craft at an end; but they always talked of the influences of stars and conjunctions of planets, which must necessarily bring sickness, distempers, and the plague. Saturn and Jupiter had been observed in conjunction, in Sagitarius, on the 10th of October; and Saturn and Mars also, in the same sign, on the 12th of November! There was no remedy for this horrid delusion, till the plague put an end to it, by clearing the town of most of these mock calculators.

"Before this happened, many of the people, given up to prophecies, dreams, and old wives' tales, became so enthusiastically bold as to run about the streets with their oral predictions, pretending that they were sent to preach to the city; one, like Jonah at Nineveh, cried in the streets,—'Yet forty days, and London shall be destroyed;' another ran about naked, except a pair of drawers about his waist, crying, day and night, (like a man mentioned by Josephus, before the destruction of Jerusalem,) 'Oh! the great and terrible God!' and said no more, but repeated these words continually, with a voice and countenance full of horror, a swift pace; and nobody could observe him to stop, or rest, or take any sustenance, nor would he enter into speech with any one."

The effect of terror upon the mind of the vulgar may easily be imagined: to avert the impending wo, they had recourse to charms, philters, amulets, and exorcisms. Meanwhile the gravest and most discreet persons viewed the gradual deepening of this great national calamity with feelings of awe and amazement. The first notice of the plague which occurs in the Memoirs of Pepys is in these words,—

"April 30th. Great fears of the sicknesse here in the city, it being said, that two or three houses are already shut up. God preserve us all!"

An order was made, about this time, that the houses of all infected persons should be marked with a red cross, having with it this subscription,—

LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON US!

This circumstance is mentioned by Pepys, thus:

"June 7th. The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did, in Drury-lane, see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us' writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw." Ten days after this entry in his diary, he relates the following occurrence.

"June 17. It struck me very deep this afternoon, going with a hackney-coach from lord treasurer's down Holborne, the coachman I found to drive easily and easily, at last stood still, and came down hardly able to stand, and told me that he was suddenly struck very sick and almost blind, he could not see; so I light and went into another coach, with a sad heart for the poor man and for myself also, lest he should have been struck with the plague."

Of the distemper itself, it may be sufficient to mention, that it was very horrible in its symptoms, but in some more so than in others; the swellings which were generally in the neck or groin, when they grew hard, and would not break, became painful, with the most exquisite torment; some, not being able to bear it, precipitated themselves from a window, or otherwise made away with themselves; others vented their pain by incessant roarings; loud and lamentable cries were heard in the streets, sufficient to pierce the very heart.

The precaution of shutting up houses was generally considered a very cruel and inhuman measure, and the poor who were so confined made bitter lamentations; the imprisonment, in fact, became so intolerable, that many attempted, both by

violence and stratagem, to effect their escape: in these efforts several watchmen were killed, others wounded and left for dead, where the people, in infected houses, were opposed in their attempts to get away. Many houses having several ways out, some into other streets, it was impossible for one man to guard all the passages, so as to prevent the escape of people rendered desperate by the fright of their circumstances, by resentment of their treatment, as well as by the raging of the distemper itself; so that they would talk to the watchman on one side of the house, while the family made their escape at another.

In Coleman-street there were abundance of alleys; a house was shut up in White's-alley, which had a window into another court, that had a passage into Bell-alley; watchmen stood at the door of the house night and day; while the family went away, in the evening, out at the window, and left the poor fellows watching and warding for near a fortnight. Near the same place a watchman was blown up with gunpowder, and burnt dreadfully; while he made hideous cries, and no one would venture to come near him to help him, those of the family who were able to stir, got out of the one-pair of stairs window leaving two sick in the house, to whom nurses were sent.

"A watchman had kept his post two nights at a shut-up house, and the day-watch during one day; the day-watch was come again to his duty: all this while no noise was heard, no light was seen, nothing was called for, nor the watchmen sent on any errands (which was their principal business:) one night the dead cart was stopped there, and a maid servant put into it, wrapt only in a green rug; next day the watch heard a great crying and screaming, occasioned, as was supposed, by some of the family just dying; the watchman knócked at the door, but none answered a great while; when one looked out and said (with an angry quick tone, yet with a

voice that was crying,) 'What d' ye want, that ye make such a noise?' He answered 'I am the watchman, how do ye do? What is the matter?' The person answered, 'What is that to you?—*stop the dead cart.*' The cart was stopped, and they then knocked again; but nobody answered, and the cart-man would not tarry. When the day-watchman came, they knocked again a great while; none answered: the casement being open at which the person had looked out, they procured a ladder, and found a dead woman on the floor, covered only with her shift. A magistrate ordered the house to be broken open, wherein were none found but the dead sister to the mistress of the family; the master, his wife, several children and servants, escaped at some back door, or over the tops of houses; whether sick or sound, was not known."

The Government exerted itself to the utmost to stem the pestilential torrent, appeals to heaven were ordered, and the king commanded the college of Physicians jointly to write something in English that might be a general directory in this calamitous exigency; some were chosen out of that body and appointed to specially attend the infected on all occasions; and two persons out of the court of aldermen were required to see this hazardous task properly executed. The plague, however, continued unabated; In July 18th, Pepys remarks—"I was much troubled this day to hear at Westminster how the officers do bury the dead in the open fields, Tuttlefields, pretending want of room elsewhere;" and about a fortnight afterwards this is the entry in his diary:—

"Aug. 3d.—To Dagenhams. All the way, people, citizens, walking to and fro, enquire how the plague is in the city this week by the bill: which by chance at Greenwich, I had heard was 2,020 of the plague, and 3,000 and odd of all diseases. By-and-by met my Lord Crewe returning: Mr. Marr telling me by the way how a maid-servant of Mr. John

Wright (who lives thereabouts,) falling sick of the plague she was removed to an outhouse, and a nurse appointed to look to her; who being once absent, the maid got out of the house at the window and ran away. The nurse coming and knocking, and having no answer, believed she was dead, and went and told Mr. Wright so; who and his lady were in great strait what to do to get her buried. At last resolved to go to Burntwood, hard by, being in the parish, and there get people to do it. But they would not; so he went home full of trouble, and in the way met the wench walking over the common, which frightened him worse than before; and was forced to send people to take her, which he did; and they got one of the pest-coaches and put her into it, to carry her to a pest-house. And passing in a narrow lane, Sir Anthony Browne, with his brother and some friends in the coach, met this coach with the curtains drawn close. The brother being a young man, and believing there might be some lady in it that would not be seen, and the way being narrow he thrust his head out of his own into her coach, and to look, and there saw somebody look very ill, and in a sick dress, and stunk mightily; which the coachman also cried out upon. And presently they came up to some people that stood looking after it, and told our gallants that it was a maid of Mr. Wright's carried away sick of the plague, which put the young gentleman into fright had almost cost him his life, but is now well again."

In the months of August and September, the contagion changed its former slow and languid pace, and having as it were got master of all, made a most terrible slaughter, so that three, four, or five thousand died in a week, and once eight thousand. By the Lord Mayor's order, Sept. 6, fires were made through all the streets and open places of London and the liberties thereof, which were continued three whole nights and days, to purge and purify the air. The propriety of this practice was much doubted, and much debate among the

faculty ensued thereon; but before the controversy was ended the fires were extinguished by some very smart hasty rain, as if the heavens mourned for so many funerals, as well as for the fatal mistake that had been committed in employing so pernicious a remedy. The day after this experiment, Evelyn writes in his Kalendarium:—

"Sept. 7.—Neere 10,000 now died weekly; however I went all along the citty and suburbs from Kent-streete to St. James's, a dismal passage and dangerous to see so many coffines exposed in the streetes; ye streetes thin of people, the shops shut up, and all in mourneful silence, as not knowing whose turn might be next."

FROG CONCERT.

We were not ourselves aware of the vocal powers of frogs: but the following testimonials show that a frog concert is no such despicable matter, and ought to be taken into the most serious consideration even of our senators; for an establishment might easily be formed at the bottom of the speaker's garden; to which those gentlemen, who have been speaking for the good of their country, might retire, and then and there be recreated by the modulation of an animal concerto,

Wild as the marsh, and tuneful as the harp.

Hear what Mr. Priest says, himself a musician: "Prepared as I was to hear something extraordinary from these animals, I confess the first *frog concert* I heard in America was so much beyond any thing I could conceive of the powers of these musicians, that I was truly astonished. This performance was *al fresco*, and took place on the eighteenth of April, in a large swamp, where there were at least 10,000 performers; and I really believe not two exactly in the same pitch, if the octave can possibly admit of so many divisions, or shades of semitones."—*Priest's Travels in America.*

OX-CHASE IN BRAZIL.

THIS hazardous sport is common in Brazil, where it is called *Throwing the Lasso*. The most spirited description of its enterprise is found in Mr. Luccock's valuable "Notes on Brazil."

"After a ride of three or four miles on a large open plain, (says Mr. L.) we found about 400 head of cattle. We rode gently round, to bring them into a more compact body, and made the animal which was to be chased, distinctly known to every individual of the party. Our settled object was to drive him to the house; and, to render the sport as complete as possible, the *lasso** was not to be used until there appeared

* "The *lasso* is made of narrow thongs, plaited in the same way as the bridles, and is about seven or eight yards long. One end of it is firmly fixed

a probability that he would otherwise escape. Some of the people then dashed into the midst of the herd, attentively observing the selected animal. One half of the oxen were thus driven at once from the spot, and others, which chose to do so, were permitted to follow without molestation; but, wherever the victim turned, a horseman met him, and stopped his career. The work was easy until the remaining group was reduced to about twenty, which then made violent attempts to rejoin their comrades, and fiercely attacked the huntsmen who intercepted them. In a short time, four of them, being hard pressed, plunged into some watery ground

to the hinder part of the saddle, generally on the right side: at the other end is an iron ring, about two inches in diameter. The horseman, about to use the *lasso*, forms a sort of running-noose, by passing a portion of it through the ring; this is taken in the right hand, so as that the ring may be at the opposite part of the circle; the noose is then swung with care over the head, until the extreme part of it, including the ring, acquires a considerable momentum. The instrument, thus prepared, as the man advances towards his selected victim, is in due time discharged, carries off the remainder of the string, which before hung loosely in coils on the fingers of the left hand, and seldom fails to entangle the beast. A well-trained horse, though at full speed when the *lasso* is thrown, instantly stops, and, turning round, pulls against the animal, which is now attached to him. The balls are three in number, round, and nearly three inches in diameter. The external part of each is a sort of purse, made of hide, rendered pliable by soaking: the purse is filled with sand, and the aperture drawn close. In drying, the leather contracts, and the whole becomes as hard as a stone. To each ball a string is attached, three or four feet long, made of plaited thongs, like the *lasso*; and the three strings are united by a knot, at two feet distance from the balls. This may be called the handle of the instrument; for the person using it takes the knot in his right hand, and having given it the necessary velocity, by swinging it over his head with all his might, throws it at the legs of the horse or ox which he wishes to secure. In their progress, the balls spread to the utmost distance which the strings will allow, and, reaching the leg, generally pass round it; and though, perhaps, only slightly entangling the animal, sufficiently impede its flight."

The custom was derived from the Maraocato and other Indian tribes, who used the *lasso* and balls with great effect against Mendonca, when he landed and founded the city of Buenos Ayres.

about two miles from the house, and among them was the object of the chase. When driven from the water, this small number were more harassed than before, and, perceiving their danger, exerted themselves with redoubled violence. Sometimes we were obliged to ride hard; and great coolness and address were necessary to prevent their escape behind us and into a wood, which we were now approaching. In this last respect, our efforts were vain: they gained this refuge, and we could no longer act in concert. The wood was full of thick bushes of myrtle, and many trees spread their arms horizontally seven or eight feet from the ground. It was matter of high gratification, as well as wonder, to observe how our huntsmen rounded the bushes, and bent under the branches, so as sometimes to hang on the sides of their horses. Though unable to follow, I soon encountered our chief, who had made an unsuccessful cast with his *lasso*, and was disentangling it from the branches of a tree. I shall never forget the ardour and rapidity with which he afterwards darted and wheeled among the trees, nor lose the conviction fixed upon my mind, what execution such men, so trained, must be capable of in a country like this. My musings were soon interrupted by reaching the beach, and seeing at a distance our young hero, with the ox securely attached to his horse by the *lasso*, and leading the captive towards the house. The instrument had gone round his horns, and was fixed close to the crown of his head. The animal, thus entangled, advanced with the most malicious vexation, and made many ferocious efforts to gore the horse, which had before pursued, and now led him; but the wary creature, which had often before been yoked to an unnatural and violent mate, kept his eye upon the ox, and pulled at the *lasso* so as to keep it always on the stretch, and himself two springs in advance. In his precautions he was greatly assisted by his rider, who, with equal care, watched the mad-

dening spirit of the beast, and gave signals to the horse. Convinced, at length, that his attempts to gore his leader were vain, the ox became sullen, and was partly dragged onward. While he was in this mood, the horse passed to the right of a detached bush, and the ox, by a sudden spring, got nearly abreast with him on the left: thus, the *lasso* was brought over his back, and he was enabled to employ his utmost might to draw the horse round the bush; the horse also used all his power to counteract this manœuvre; and thus the great strength of the *lasso* was proved. By this time the whole party was again collected, and another *lasso* applied to assist in conducting the captive, which, seemingly conscious that he was completely subdued, walked along quietly. A boat had just reached the beach; and the people were still on board, when the treacherous animal, as soon as he came near enough, made an unexpected attack, and caused them to tumble, one over another, into the water, to the great amusement of the spectators.

"Returning to the hut, after a chase of three hours, milk and fruit were served to us in abundance; while the beast was taken from his former bondage and tied to a post, where I found him bellowing with madness, and still furiously striving to release himself. A man now came forward with an instrument, called a *facam*,* somewhat resembling both a large carving-knife and a short sword; and, warning every one to be on his guard, passed near the heels of the ox, and endeavoured, by a back-handed stroke, to hough him. The attempt was clumsily made, and the beast, though wounded, was not disabled. Another took the instrument and used it with greater effect; when the ox gave a desperate kick at the operator, and, snapping the tendon, fell on his haunches. A third then drew a sharp knife across his throat: blood

* *Faca* is the Portuguese word for a knife of any kind.

copiously followed; and, with a deep bellow, expressive of rage and agony, he yielded up his life. Immediately the people set about skinning the beast, and preparing a part of him for dinner. The former operation was performed in a workmanlike manner; and the skin as it was taken off, being carefully stretched upon the ground, preserved the flesh from blood and dirt. During this process, fires had been kindled, and had burned down to clear embers. Slices of flesh were then cut off from the ribs, as the choicest part, for the master and his guests, and roasted at a fire apart; afterwards, the attendants helped themselves as they pleased, and cooked their portion after their own modes.

"Horses are trained for the exercises of the field, by fastening a dry hide to the back part of the saddle, and allowing it to trail on the ground. As the horse moves, the hide rattles, and the noise alarms him: he attempts to fly, when it beats against his heels, and he kicks at it violently; but soon convinced that all his alarm and rage are fruitless, he learns to be patient and quiet. In this state, a person mounts and compels him to move forward; at first gently, afterwards at an increased pace. He begins with trampling upon the hide; but this incommodes him, perhaps almost throws him down backwards; he then sets down his feet more carefully and safely. The contrivance induces him also to keep an eye turned on the object behind; while the rider takes him over rough or boggy ground, obliging him at the same time to look forward and mark where he is going. Thus he forms a habit of quickly discerning danger, and avoiding it, from whatever quarter it may come. So much are the Brazillian horses in general fenced against alarms, that I hardly ever met with one of the description which we call skittish."

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

THIS harp is a long box or case of light wood, with harp or violin strings extended on its face. These are generally tuned in perfect unison with each other, or to the same pitch, as it is expressed; but when the harp is suspended among trees, or in any situation where the fluctuating breeze may reach it, each string, according to the manner in which it receives the blast, sounds either entire, or breaks into some simple divisions. The result of this is the production of the most pleasing combination and succession of sounds that fancy has ever listened to or perhaps conceived. After a pause, this fairy harp is often heard beginning with a low and solemn note, like the bass of distant music in the sky: the sound then swells as if approaching, and other tones break forth, mingling with the first and with each other. In the combined and varying strain sometimes one sweet note predominates and sometimes another, as if single musicians alternately led the band, and the concert often seems to approach and again to recede, until with the unequal breeze it dies away, and all is again at rest. It is no wonder that the ancients, who understood not the nature of air, nor, consequently, even of simple sound, should have deemed the music of the Æolian harp supernatural; and in their warm and chaste imaginations should have supposed that it was the strain of invisible beings from above, descended in the stillness of evening or night, to commune with men in the heavenly language of soul, intelligible to both. But even now that we understand it well, there are few persons so insensible to what is delicate and beautiful in nature as to listen to this wild music without emotion; while to the informed ear it is additionally delightful, from the fine illustration which it affords of those simple laws of sound which human ingenuity, at last, has traced.

FIRE OF LONDON.

In the summary account of this vast devastation, given in one of the inscriptions on the Monument, and which was drawn up from the reports of the surveyors appointed after the fire, it is stated, that "the ruins of the city were 436 acres, (viz. 373 acres within the walls, and 63 in the liberties of the city;) that, of the six and twenty wards, it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half burnt; and that it consumed 400 streets, 13,200 dwelling-houses, 89 churches, besides 4 chapels; the city gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, and a vast number of stately edifices." The immense property destroyed in this dreadful time cannot be estimated at less than ten million pounds sterling. Amid all the confusion and multiplied dangers that arose from the fire, it does not appear that more than six persons lost their lives.

TOKAY WINE.

This delicious wine, says Bright, is the product of the district around the town of that name, called the *Submontine*, or the *Hegyalla*, which extends over a space of about twenty English miles. Throughout the whole of this tract it is the custom to collect the grapes which have been dry and sweet, like raisins, whilst hanging on the trees. They are gathered one by one; and it is from them alone that the prime Tokay, or as it is termed *Tokay Ausbruch*, is prepared. These grapes are put together in a cask, in the bottom of which holes are bored to let that portion of the juice escape which will run from them without any pressure. This, which is called Tokay essence, is generally very small in quantity, and very highly prized. The grapes are then put into a vat

and trampled with the bare feet, no greater pressure being permitted. To the squeezed mass is next added an equal quantity of good wine, which is allowed to stand for twenty-four hours, and is then strained. This juice, without further preparation, becomes the far-famed wine of Tokay, which is difficult to be obtained, and sells in Vienna at the rate of £12 sterling per dozen. The greater part of the vineyards in which this wine is made is the property of the emperor, though several are in the hands of nobles. Such are the richness and body of Tokay, that it keeps to any age, and improves by time. It is generally exported beyond the seas in casks, and during the voyage refines itself. The wine called *Meneser*, from the vineyards of Menes, is said to equal Tokay; and those of Ædenburg, Rusth, St. Gyorgy, and Ofen, are next in repute.

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

In Catholic countries the *carnival* commences with Epiphany, and continues till the night of Shrove Tuesday. A recent celebration of it at *Rome* is thus noticed by the author of a "Narrative of Three Years' Residence in Italy:"

February 7.—Well may it be said that the carnival is a time of madness. Each person seems to vie with the other who will be most ridiculous. For a short time the numberless grotesque figures, as they pass, excite laughter; but soon disgust and weariness take place of amusement, at seeing rational beings transform themselves into idiots, madmen, and monkeys, which animal in face and gesture they delight to imitate. Just now a kind of open carriage, with a gay canopy adorned with green wreaths, passed along, filled with creatures resembling dogs and monkeys; the charioteer, also, being of the same description. A huge *boot* was seen march-

ing along up the Corso. In short, it would be in vain to attempt giving you an idea of the buffooneries performed from one until three o'clock, when, at the firing of a gun, which is the signal, the long line of carriages in continued succession file off in different directions, to leave a free course for the horse-race, before which a party of cavalry gallop, twice backwards and forwards, to clear the Corso. Then, guards being placed to keep back the crowds which line the whole length of the street, all in silent expectation watch the appearance of the horses, which is announced by a loud and universal shout. There were thirteen of these wretched animals, without riders, impelled forwards by goads fastened to their backs, and squibs so contrived that they go off with the motion and frighten them. The backs of the horses are ornamented with tinsel. In their fright, they frequently turn quickly, and break in through the crowd, from which many dangerous accidents arise; but these are hushed up.

February 10.—The carnival will continue until next Tuesday, the 15th.—Every where, excepting at Rome, it lasts three weeks, the Sunday being the great carnival day; but here it is not permitted, either on that day or Friday. The actors of these ridiculous buffooneries are not confined to the foot passengers: you see coachmen and footmen dressed in white, as women, the carriage being filled with great coarse-looking men. This day a hideous mask appeared, representing the devil: he had great horns, was dressed in scarlet, a long flowing garment, and marched along, with head erect and dignified step, the people exclaiming as he passed, "Ecco il Cardinale."

Although masks are not permitted to assemble in the streets on Sundays, they meet on that night at a place of public amusement, where they dance till morning. There are many masked balls during the week: the French ambassador gave one, where the character best supported was that of an

antiquary. He had the Coliseum on his head, and his legs were Corinthian pillars.

Ash Wednesday.—Last night, at eleven o'clock, the *death* of the carnival was announced by the moving of a cart covered with lights through the streets. Every person carried a light. The great fun for one hour is, putting out these lights, and lighting them again; and in this most delightful pursuit men, women, and children are seen running in every direction, like mad people. To this delirium succeeds the mourning of Lent; and now scarcely an individual, even the English included, who is not dressed in black, moves along the quiet street. A few days ago we heard of an accident having happened through the carelessness of a cardinal's coachman, who, by driving furiously, threw down and killed a little boy. The law on such occasions is, to bayonet the horses; but the cardinal, supposing that his dignity would exempt him from the penalty, cried out, "Sono un Cardinale!" The indignant populace answered, "Say, rather, you are an executioner." His horses were poniarded without mercy.

THE KNOUT IN RUSSIA.

This is one of the punishments inflicted in Russia. Nations, unquestionably, get more and more refined as they get older; but this northern kingdom is yet to be proved otherwise than Dr. Clark has of late years described it. At present we only give a recital from the Abbe Chappe d'Auteroche's journey in that country, of the application of the knout, and to a beautiful and accomplished woman. Madam Lapouchin was one of the finest women belonging to the court of the Empress Elizabeth: she was intimately connected with a foreign ambassador, then engaged in a conspiracy. Madam Lapouchin, who was supposed to be an

accomplice in this conspiracy, was condemned, by the Empress Elizabeth, to undergo the punishment of the knout. She appeared at the place of execution in a genteel undress, which contributed still more to heighten her beauty. The sweetness of her countenance, and her vivacity, were such as might indicate indiscretion, but not even the shadow of guilt; although I, says the Abbe, have been assured by every person of whom I made inquiry, that she was really guilty. Young, lovely, admired, and sought for at the court, of which she was the life and spirit; instead of the number of admirers her beauty usually drew after her, she then saw herself surrounded only by executioners. She looked on them with astonishment, seeming to doubt whether such preparations were intended for her; one of the executioners then pulled off a kind of cloak, which covered her bosom; her modesty taking the alarm, made her start back a few steps; she turned pale and burst into tears: her clothes were soon after stripped off, and in a few moments, she was quite naked to the waist, exposed to the eager looks of a vast concourse of people, profoundly silent. One of the executioners then seized her by both hands, and, turning half round, threw her on his back, bending forwards, so as to raise her a few inches from the ground; and the other executioner then laid hold of her delicate limbs, with his rough hands, hardened at the plough, and, without any remorse, adjusted her on the back of his companion, in the properest posture for receiving the punishment. Sometimes he laid his large hand brutally upon her head, in order to make her keep it down; sometimes, like a butcher going to slay a lamb, he seemed to soothe her, as soon as he had fixed her in the most favourable attitude. The executioner then took a kind of whip, called knout, made of a long strap of leather, prepared for this purpose: he then retreated a few steps, measuring the requisite distance with a steady eye; and, leaping backwards, gave a stroke with the

end of the whip, so as to carry away a slip of skin from the neck to the bottom of the back; then, striking his feet against the ground, he took his aim for applying a second blow, parallel to the former; so that, in a few moments, all the skin of her back was cut away in small slips, most of which remained hanging to the shift. Her tongue was cut out immediately after, and she was directly banished into Siberia. This incident is known to all persons who have been in Russia. In 1762, she was recalled from banishment, by Peter III. The celebrated traveller, Mr. Coxe, tells us—"The following are the exact dimensions and weight of a knout, which I procured in Russia, and which is now in my possession. Length of the thong, two feet: breadth of the top, three-quarters of an inch; at the bottom, half an inch; thickness, one-eighth; length of the plaited whip, two feet; circumference of ditto, two inches and a half; diameter of the ring, one inch and five-eighths; length of the leather spring, one inch and a half; length of the handle, one foot two inches and a half; length of the whole, five feet five inches and five-eighths; weight, eleven ounces." The reader will judge of the great force which the skilful executioner can give to this instrument, when informed that, *if he receives a private order*, he can dispatch the criminal by striking him two or three blows *upon the ribs*. But let us hasten from such a picture, which should not be placed here, but for the example displayed of a perverse eccentricity of the human mind.

PEAK CASTLE, DERBYSHIRE.

THE Peak is in itself "a world of wonders." Here terminates the most conspicuous part of the middle chain of hills out of the north; and a great part of the county is occupied by it, particularly the northern and western parts. The *High Peak*, comprehending its north-western angle, is one of the most celebrated of the mountainous regions in England; for though its hills do not soar to the height of those in Cumberland, Westmorland, and Wales, nor afford the romantic beauties of lakes, cascades, and hanging woods, yet its situation in a more central part of the island, and its extraordinary caverns, perforations, and other curiosities, have caused it to be much known and visited.

The portion of this romantic region before us in the engraving, is the *Castle of the Peak*, and gives the name of Castleton to the village and neighbouring district. The

castle is situated on a steep rock, to which there is but one ascent, and that so winding, that it is nearly two miles to the top. The castle yard, a large area, extending almost over the whole summit of the eminence, was enclosed by a stone wall, which towards the town is still twenty feet high in some places, but the ground within is mostly level with the top of it: at the point of a rock, and jutting over the mouth of the great cavern, stands the keep, the walls of which on the south and west sides are pretty entire, and at the north-west corner are upwards of fifty feet in height; but the north and east sides are much shattered. "It consisted (says Mr. Bray) of two rooms only, one on the ground floor, and one above, over which the roof was raised, not flat, but with gable ends to the north and south, the outer walls rising above it. The ground floor was about fourteen feet high, as well as can be discovered from the rubbish now fallen on the bottom; the other room was sixteen feet high. There was no entrance to the lower room from the outside, (what is now used as an entrance being only a hole broken through the wall at the corner where the staircase is,) but a flight of steps led to a door in the south side of the upper room, the door being seven feet high, and about four and a half wide. It is said that steps are remembered to have been there, but are now quite destroyed. The places where the hinges of the door were placed, now remain, and on one side is a hole in the wall, in which the bar to fasten the door was put." This castle was used for the keeping the records of the miners' courts, till they were removed to Tutbury Castle, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. An intrenchment, which begins at the lower end of the valley, called the cave, enclosed the town, ending at the great cavern, and forming a semicircle; this is now called the Town-ditch, but the whole of it cannot easily be traced, having been destroyed in many parts by buildings and the plough.

It is most probable that this was a Norman structure built

by William Peverel, a natural son of the Conqueror; to whom likewise the traditions of the neighbourhood ascribe its erection.* It is, however, certain, that, at the time of the Doomsday survey, it was in the possession of Peverel, by the name of the *Castle of the Peak*, together with the honour and forest, and thirteen other lordships in this county.

Under the hill on which this castle stands is the celebrated cavern called the Peak Cavern, or Devil's Cave, another wonder of the Peak: the entrance to which is very magnificent, being in a dark and gloomy recess, formed by a chasm in the rocks, which range perpendicularly on each side to a considerable height. On the steep side of the mountain is a large opening, almost in the form of an old Gothic arch, extending in width 120 feet, and in height forty-two. This arch, which is formed by nature at the bottom of a rock, whose height is eighty-seven yards, is checkered with a diversity of coloured stones, from which continually drops a sparry water that petrifies. Immediately within this arch is a cavern nearly of the same height and width, and in receding depth about ninety feet; the roof of this place, which is of solid rock, is flat, and looks dreadful over head, having nothing but the side walls to support it. Within this gulf some twine-makers have established their manufactory and residence, and the combination of their machines and rude dwellings, with the sublime fea-

* In Sir Walter Scott's romantic novel of *Peveril of the Peak*, we find the following allusion to the founder of the castle:—"William, the Conqueror of England, was, or supposed himself to be, the father of a certain William Peveril, who attended him to the battle of Hastings, and there distinguished himself. The liberal-minded monarch, who assumed in his charters the veritable title of Gulielmus Bastardus, was not likely to let his son's illegitimacy be any bar to the course of his royal favour, when the laws of England were issued from the mouth of the Norman victor, and the lands of the Saxons were at his unlimited disposal. William Peveril obtained a liberal grant of property and lordships in Derbyshire; and became the erector of that Gothic fortress, which, hanging over the mouth of the Devil's Cavern, so well known to tourists, gives the name of Castleton to the adjacent village."

tures of the natural scenery, has a very singular effect. Towards the farther end, from the entrance, the roof comes down with a gradual slope to about two feet from the surface of a water fourteen yards over, the rock in that place forming a kind of arch, under which the visitant is conveyed in a small boat; beyond this stream is a spacious vacuity, opening in the bosom of the rocks; and in a passage at the inner extremity of this vast cavern, the stream which flows through the bottom spreads into what is called the second water; but this can generally be passed on foot, though at other times the assistance of the guide is requisite; at a short distance farther is a third water, where the rock sloping, as it were, almost down to the surface of the water, puts at end to the traveller's search.

BLOOD'S ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE CROWN FROM THE TOWER.

The daring attempt made by the ruffian *Blood* to *steal the Crown*, is one of the most extraordinary incidents that ever happened within the walls of the Tower of London.

After Sir G. Talbot had been appointed Master of the Jewel House, he assigned the profits which arose from exhibiting the regalia to an old confidential servant of his father, named Talbot Edwards, who was still keeper at the time of the concerted robbery.

About three weeks prior to his attempt, Blood, a disbanded officer of the Protectorate, went to the Tower in the habit of a parson, "with a long cloak, cassock, and canonical girdle," accompanied by a woman whom he called his wife; his real wife being then in Lancashire. The lady requested to see the crown, and her wish having been gratified, she feigned "a qualm upon her stomach," and Mrs. Edwards, after giving

her some spirits at her husband's request, courteously invited her to repose herself upon a bed. She soon recovered; and, "at their departure, they seemed very thankful for this civility."

After an interval of a few days Blood returned, and gave Mrs. Edwards four pair of white gloves, as a present from his pretended wife. At a subsequent visit he told her, that his wife, "could discourse of nothing but the kindness of those good people of the Tower;" and that "she had long studied, and at last bethought her, of a handsome way of requital."

"You have," quoth he, "a pretty gentlewoman to your daughter, and I have a young nephew who hath two or three hundred a year in land, and is at my disposal. If your daughter be free, and you approve it, I will bring him here to see her, and we will endeavour to make it a match." This was readily assented to by old Mr. Edwards, who invited the disguised ruffian to dine with him on that day: the invitation was willingly accepted, and Blood, "taking upon him to say grace," performed it with great seeming devotion, concluding his "long-winded" oration with a prayer for the king, queen, and royal family.

After dinner, "he went up to see the rooms, and seeing a handsome case of pistols hang there, expressed a great desire to buy them to present to a young lord who was his neighbour;" but this was merely a pretence, by which he thought to "disarm the house," and thus execute his design with less danger. At his departure, "which was with a canonical benediction of the good company," he appointed a day and hour for introducing his young nephew to his future bride; and, as he wished, he said, "to bring two friends with him to see the regalia, who were to leave town early on that morning," the hour was fixed at about seven o'clock.

On the appointed morning, (viz. May the 9th, 1671,) "the old man had got up ready to receive his guest, and the daughter had put herself into her best dress to entertain her gallant,

when, behold, parson Blood, with three more, came to the Jewel House, all armed with rapier blades in their canes, and every one a dagger and a pair of pocket pistols. Two of his companions entered in with him, and a third stayed at the door it seems for a watch."

Blood told Mr. Edwards, that they would not go up stairs until his wife came, and desired him to show his friends the crown to pass the time till then. This was complied with; but no sooner had they entered the room where the crown was kept, and the door as usual been shut, than "they threw a cloak over the old man's head, and clapt a gag into his mouth, which was a great plug of wood, with a small hole in the middle to take breath at; this was tyed with a waxed leather, which went round his neck. At the same time they fastened an iron hook to his nose, that no sound might pass from him that way either."

Thus secured they told him, "that their resolution was to have the crown, globe, and sceptre; and, if he would quietly submit to it, they would spare his life, otherwise he was to expect no mercy." Notwithstanding this threat, "he forced himself to make all the noise that he possibly could, to be heard above:" they then "knocked him down with a wooden mallet, and told him, that if he would yet lie quiet, they would spare his life, but if not, upon his next attempt to discover them, they would kill him, and pointed three daggers at his breast." Mr. Edwards, however, by his own account, was not yet intimidated, but "strained himself to make the greater noise." In consequence, they gave him "nine or ten strokes more upon the head with the mallet, (for so many bruises were found upon the skull,) and stabbed him into the belly." This ferocious treatment occasioned the old man, "now almost eighty years of age," to swoon; and he lay some time in so senseless a condition that one of the miscreants said, "he is dead, I'll warrant him." Edwards, who had come a little to himself

heard his words and conceiving it best to be thought so, "lay quietly."

The rich prize was now within the villain's grasp, and one of them, named Parrot, "put the globe [orb] into his breeches; Blood held the crown under his cloak," and the third was proceeding to file the sceptre in two, in order that it might be put into a bag, "because too long to carry," when their proceedings were interrupted by the unexpected arrival of a son of Mr. Edwards, from Flanders, who, having first spoken to the person who stood on the watch at the door, went up stairs to salute his relations. Seizing the opportunity, the ruffians instantly "hasted away" with the crown and orb, leaving the sceptre unfiled.

The old keeper now raised himself, and freeing his mouth from the gag, cried "*Treason! Murder!*" which being heard by his daughter, she rushed out of doors and reiterated the cry, with the addition, "*the crown is stolen!*" The alarm being thus given, young Edwards and Captain Beckman, his brother-in-law, pursued the robbers, who were advanced beyond the main guard, [at the White Tower,] and were hastening towards the drawbridge. Here the warder "put himself in posture to stop them;" but, on Blood firing a pistol at him, he fell, although unhurt, and the thieves "got safe to the little ward-house gate, where one Sill, who had been a soldier under Cromwell, stood sentinel;" but he offering no opposition, "they passed over the drawbridge, and through the outward gate upon the wharf." Horses were stationed for them "at St. Katharine's Gate, called the *Iron Gate*," and, as they ran that way, they raised the cry of "*Stop the rogues!*" by which device they proceeded, unopposed, until overtaken by Captain Beckman, at whose head Blood discharged his second pistol; but the captain avoided the shot by stooping down, and immediately seized the ruffian. The crown was still beneath his cloak; and, although every chance of escape

was now over, he struggled vigorously to retain his prey; and when it was wrested from him, said, "*It was a gallant attempt, howsoever unsuccessful; for it was for a crown!*"

In this "robustious struggle" a large pearl, a fair diamond, and a number of smaller stones, were bulged from the crown; but both the former, and several of the latter, were subsequently "picked up," and restored: the ballas ruby, which had been broken off the sceptre, was found in Parrot's pocket, so that nothing of considerable value was eventually lost. Parrot (who had been a silk-dyer in Thames street, and afterwards a lieutenant in the Parliament's service) was stopped by a servant; and Hunt, Blood's son-in-law, who had been waiting with the horses, was soon afterwards seized, together with two others of the party.

The attempted robbery was immediately made known to the king, who commanded that the two persons first seized, and who had been lodged in the White Tower, should be examined in his own presence, at Whitehall:—this circumstance is supposed to have saved them from the gallows.

During his examination, Blood behaved with the most unblushing effrontery. He not only acknowledged having been the leader in an atrocious attempt upon the life of the Duke of Ormond, (whom he had intended to hang at Tyburn,) but also avowed that he had been engaged to kill his majesty himself, with a carbine, from among the reeds, "by the Thames' side, above Battersea, where he often went to swim;" that the cause of this resolution, in himself and others, was "his majesty's severity over the consciences of the godly, in suppressing the freedom of their religious assemblies," but that, "when he had taken his stand among the reeds for that purpose, *his heart was checked by an awe of majesty*," which made him not only to relent himself, but likewise to divert his associates from their design.

When further questioned, as to those associates, he replied,

that "he would never betray a friend's life, nor ever deny a guilt in defence of his own." At the same time, he told the king, that he knew these confessions had laid him open to the utmost rigour of the law; but that there were hundreds of his friends, yet undiscovered, who were all bound "by the indispensable oaths of conspirators, to revenge each other's deaths upon those who should bring them to justice;" which "would expose his majesty and all his ministers, to the daily fear and expectation of a massacre. But, on the other side, if his majesty would spare the lives of a few, he might oblige the hearts of many; who, as they had been seen to do daring mischief, would be as bold, if received into pardon and favour, to perform eminent services for the crown."

After this examination, Blood and his accomplices were remanded to the Tower, there to be kept as close prisoners; but to the surprise of the nation, they were all subsequently pardoned and released. Blood himself had landed property granted to him, in Ireland, to the amount of 500*l.* per annum; and was likewise admitted into "all the privacy and intimacy of the court," in which he industriously employed his influence, and became a most "successful solicitor" in others' behalf; but "many gentlemen courted his acquaintance as the *Indians* pray to the devils, that they may not hurt them."

When it had been determined to pardon Blood, who, both by his own confession, and on strong evidence, was guilty of the attempt upon the Duke of Ormond's life, Lord Arlington was sent to inform his grace, that it was his majesty's pleasure that Blood should not be prosecuted "for reasons" which he (his lordship) was "commanded to give him;" but the Duke interrupted him with the shrewd remark, that "his majesty's *command* was the only reason that could be given, and therefore he might spare the rest."

Whilst the principal ruffian was thus favoured, old Edwards, after much intercession, could obtain only a grant on

the exchequer of 200*l.* for himself, and 100*l.* for his son; but the payment even of these sums was so long delayed, and the expense of curing the old man's wounds so considerable, that they were obliged to sell their orders for half the amount in ready money.

In the latter part of his life, Blood appears to have professed quakerism: he died on the 29th of August, 1680. Some years ago, there was an old mansion at the corner of Peter and Tufton streets, Westminster, which he is traditionally said to have inhabited, after his daring exploit in the Tower had raised him to the dignity of a court pensioner.

THE MAN WITHOUT A SOUL.

The Comte de Caylus was considered in France as a great oddity, chiefly because he wore worsted stockings and thick shoes, with a plain coat, and spent most of his fortune in patronising the arts. His death, however was very singular. Having been suspected of want of orthodoxy, his near relations and among the rest a pious bishop, were anxiously waiting during his last illness for some opening for suggesting the propriety of some spiritual attention: when he suddenly relieved them by saying, "I see perfectly that you wish to converse with me on the state of my soul:" and when they were all delighted with this happy opening, he proceeded: "I am very sorry, however, to be obliged to inform you that I actually have none." And, notwithstanding the fervent admonitions of the attendants, he persisted in this statement; and maintained with great seriousness that it was a matter of which he was certainly better entitled to judge than any one else. When reduced almost to the last extremity, he still persisted in going out in his carriage, and eating and drinking all sorts of things as usual,

and ended his life with a pun on the name of his parish-priest. This worthy person, who was called M. Chapeau, having come to see him the day before he died, the Comte told him, with great politeness that he need not come again till he was sent for, which, however, would be very soon; for, as the weather was beginning to be bad, he rather thought he should not go out again "*sans chapeau*;" and next day, accordingly, the good vicar was sent for to *bury* him!—(*Grimm.*)

THE DAGGER OF MERCY.

FROISSART'S pages furnish us with an interesting tale, descriptive of the general chivalric custom, regarding the *dagger of mercy*. About the year 1390, the lord of Languarante in Gascony, rode forth with forty spears, and approached the English fortress, called Cadilhac. He placed his company in ambush, and said to them, "Sirs, tarry you still here, and I will go and ride to yonder fortress alone, and see if any will issue out against us." He then rode to the barriers of the castle, and desired the keeper to show to Bernard Courant, their captain, how that the lord Langurante was there, and desired to joust with him a course. "If he be so good a man, and so valiant in arms as it is said," continued the challenger, "he will not refuse it for his ladies' sake; if he do, it shall turn him to much blame, for I shall report it wheresoever I go, that for cowardice he hath refused to run with me one course with a spear."

A squire of Bernard reported this message to his master, whose heart beginning to swell with ire, he cried, "Get me my harness, and saddle my horse; he shall not go refused." Incontinently he was armed, and mounted on his war steed, and taking his shield and spear, he rode through the gate and the barriers into the open field. The lord Langurante seeing

him coming was rejoiced, and couched his spear like a true knight, and so did Bernard. Their good horses dashed at each other, and their lances struck with such equal fierceness that their shields fell in pieces, and as they crossed, Bernard shouldered sir Langurante's horse in such a manner that the lord fell out of the saddle; Bernard turned his steed shortly round, and as the lord Langurante was rising, his foe, who was a strong as well as a valiant squire, took his bacinet with both his hands, and wrenching it from his head, cast it under his horse's feet. On seeing all this, the lord of Langurante's men quitted their ambush, and were coming to the rescue of their master, when Bernard drew his dagger, and said to the lord, "Sir, yield you my prisoner, rescue or no rescue; or else you are but dead." The lord, who trusted to the rescue of his men, spoke not a word; and Bernard then gave him a death-blow on his bare head, and dashing spurs into his horse, he fled within the barriers.

COLOSSAL BONES.

St. Augustine tells us, that he found on the sea-shore, near Utica, a fossil human tooth, which was a hundred times the size of the tooth of any person living. Pliny says, that by an earthquake in Crete, a part of a mountain was opened, which discovered a skeleton sixteen cubits, or twenty-four feet long, supposed to be that of Orion. At a much later period, Kircher tells us of a skeleton dug up near Rome, which, by an inscription attached to it, was known to be that of Pallas, (slain by Turnus,) and was higher than the walls of the city. The same author tells us, that another skeleton was found near Palermo, that must have belonged to a man four hundred feet high! Another Polyphemus, we suppose.

WILL SOMMERS,

JESTER TO KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

WILL SOMMERS, the buffoon, or jester, to King Henry the Eighth, is one of the most renowned of his class, although very little is known of his actual biography. Though a reputed fool, he was highly celebrated for his sarcastic wit and sparkling talents at repartee, and that unaccompanied by the scurrility and grossness which profaned the conversation of his fellow jesters.

It appears from a scarce tract, entitled "A pleasant History of the Life and Death of *Will Sommers*," &c. (which was

first published in 1676, and great part of which is said to have been taken from Andrew Borde's collection of "The merry Jests and witty Shifts of Scoggin,") that he was the son of a poor shepherd and husbandman in the neighbourhood of Eston Neston, in Northamptonshire, and that for some time he lived servant to Richard Farmor, Esq. of that place, ancestor to the Earl of Pomfret. He was afterwards constrained to proceed to London in search of employment, his master having been found guilty of a *præmunire*, and stript of all his property by Henry the Eighth, for sending eightpence and two shirts to a priest who had been convicted of denying the king's supremacy, and was then in the gaol at Buckingham.

Having, by his drollery and good temper, obtained a place in the service of a gentleman about the court, "the fame of his vast abilities soon came to the ear of the king, who sent to see and talk with him; and so well did he comply with that unruly monarch's humour, that he presently entertained him both into his grace and living, in quality of his jester.

"And now, who but Will Sommers, the king's fool? Who had got such an interest in him by his quick and facetious jests, that he could have admittance into his majesty's chamber, and have his ear, when a great nobleman, nay, a privy counsellor, could not be suffered to speak with him; and further, if the king were angry or displeased with any thing, if no man else durst demand the cause of his discontent, then was Will Sommers provided with one pleasant conceit or another, to take off the edge of his displeasure. Being of an easy and tractable disposition, he soon found the fashions of the court, and obtained a general love and notice of the nobility; for he was no carry-tale, nor flattering insinuator, to breed discord and dissention, but an honest, plain, downright [man,] that would speak home without halting, and tell the truth of purpose to shame the devil,—so that his plainness, mixed with a kind of facetiousness, and tartness

with pleasantry, made him acceptable into the company of all men."

There cannot, perhaps, be a greater proof of the estimation in which our jester was held by King Henry, than the circumstance of his portrait having been twice introduced into the same piece with that of the king; once in the fine picture by Holbein, of Henry VIII. and his family, now in the meeting-room of the Society of Antiquaries, and again, in an illuminated Psalter which was written expressly for that sovereign by John Mallard, his chaplain and secretary, ("Regis Orator et Calamo,") and is now preserved in the British Museum.

Besides the above, there are two other portraits of this distinguished buffoon, by Holbein, which have much contributed to his fame. Both have been engraved. At the bottom of that executed by F. Delaram, which is a very scarce half-sheet, and from which the annexed portrait has been copied, are these lines:—

"What though thou think't mee clad in strange attire,
Knowe I am suted to my own desire;
And yet the characters describ'd upon mee
May shewe thee that a king bestow'd them on mee.
This horne I have betokens *Sommers'* game,
Which sportive tyme will bid thee read my name;
All with my nature well agreeing too,
As both the name, and tyme, and habit doe."

Sommers is dressed in a long tunic, with H. R. on the breast, and he has on a flat hat, with a feather: he wears a chain; and in his right hand is a horn: a sash or shawl, crossed behind, is pendant from his shoulders. In the background, various sports, and pastimes are represented. In the other picture, which is preserved at Kensington Palace, and has been engraved for Caulfield's remarkable "Portraits," he is represented in a common dress, and wearing a round flat

cap. He is shown, in a short half-length, as looking through a leaded casement.

Many instances of the readiness of his wit, and peculiar aptness of his sarcasms, are upon record; yet the exact degree of credit that is due to the genuineness of the sayings attributed to him, is somewhat dubious. The license in which, emboldened by the king's favour, he indulged at court, and the keenness of his remarks, is reputed to have given umbrage to Cardinal Wolsey, who, on one occasion (after Sommers had given a tart answer to a rhyme propounded by his royal master,) thinking to quail his assurance, thus questioned him, "William, what say you to this rhyme?

"A rod in the school,
And a whip for a fool,
Are always in season:"—

To which he instantly replied,

"A halter and a rope,
For him that would be pope,
Against all right and reason."

At the smartness of this reply, the cardinal bit his lips from vexation, for the bruit was, that he was then "aiming to raise himself to the papal see;" a surmise that was soon afterwards validated by the discovery of his private correspondence with the court of Rome.*

* But a still more unpalatable jest, and one that is stated to have had a fatal influence on Wolsey's fortunes, is thus recorded in the "Pleasant History:" there does not, however, appear to have been any real foundation for this story.—"Will Sommers paying a visit to the cardinal's fool, named Patch, was invited by him into an innermost, or private cellar, to taste some choice wine; but having pierced one or two hogsheads, nothing came out, and yet they were very heavy. Nothing discouraged, Patch went to another, and so tried half a score. At length Will Sommers, with a hammer that lay by, struck the head off one of the hogsheads, when there appeared nothing but gold; at which Will Sommers said nothing, but when he came

In a wardrobe account of Henry the Eighth's reign, which has been published in the ninth volume of the "Archæologia," are the following entries relating to the dress of Sommers. The account, in fact, is a mandatory order from the king (dated at Wyndesore, on the 28th of June, in his twenty-seventh year, anno 1536,) for the payment of sundry charges to "John Malte, our tillor," [taylor] and several other tradesmen: it is addressed to the "Lorde Windsore, keeper of our great wardrobe."

"It'm for making of a doubblette of worstede lyned with canvas and cotton, alle of oure greate warderobe, for William Som'ar our foole. It'm for making of a coate and a cappe of grene clothe, fringed with red crule and lyned with fryse, alle of our great warderobe, for our said foole. It'm for making of a doubblette of fustian lyned with cotton and canvas, alle, &c. It'm for making a coate of grene clothe, with a hoode of the same, fringed with white crule lyned with fryse and bokerham, alle, &c. It'm for making of a do [ditto] coate

to court, tells the king what a cellar of wine he had been in at the cardinal's; and that his (the king's) cellars yielded no such wines, nor ever would. 'How,' says the king, 'have not I such wine in my cellar?'—'No, indeed,' said Will, 'for there is never a hogshead in the cardinal's cellar but is worth 10,000*l.* and better.'—'Mother of God,' says the king, 'that is such wine that I never heard of: 10,000*l.* a hogshead!'—'Nay,' returned Sommers, 'rather more than less.'—'Come, sirrah,' says the king, 'tell me your meaning, for I know there is something else in it; tell me, or I will hang thee.' Then Will told the king how Patch, the cardinal's fool, brought him into his cellar, to drink wine, and broached two or three hogsheads, and no wine came forth: so at length he burst open the head of one of the hogsheads, and that was full of gold, and so was the next to that, and forty more which he saw. Whereupon the king presently sent messengers and other officers to the cardinal's cellars, and there finds 150 hogsheads of good gold, which was conveyed to the exchequer, and was welcome to the king, for at that time he had great need of it. Now the cardinal, hearing of this sad fortune, fell sick at Esher, in Surry, and endeavours to make friends to pacify the king's anger against him, but failing in the attempt, he took it so much to heart, as to cause his death soon after."

with a hoode of grene clothe, fringed with crule of red and white colours, and lyned with bokerham, alle of oure greate warderobe for oure saide foole. To William Crofton, oure hossyar [hosier]: It'm for two paire of hoose of blewe clothe, garded with red and blacke clothe, alle, &c. for William Som'ar oure foole."

Our jester is reputed to have retained the favour of Henry the Eighth to the last moment of that monarch's life; and in the mortal illness of the latter, to have been instrumental to the restoration to Mr. Farmor, his first master, of the undismembered parts of his estate, by some expressions which he dropped that reached the king's conscience.

In the "Pleasant History," before quoted, is the following

EPITAPH ON WILL SOMMERS.

Stay, traveller; guess who lies here.—
I tell thee, neither lord nor peer;
No knight, no gentleman of note,
That boasts him of his ancient coat,
Which heralds curiously emblazon,
For men (well-skilled therein) to gaze on:
Know, then, that this was no such man;
And I'll express him as I can.
He that beneath this tomb-stone lies,
Some call'd a fool, some held him wise;
For which who better proof can bring,
Than to be favour'd by a king?
And yet, again, we may misdoubt him,
A king hath always fools about him.
Is he more idiot than the rest,
Who in a *guarded coat* can jest?
Or can he wisdom's honour gain
That is all *bravery*,* and no brain?
Sure no such things: wit truly bred
I' th' *habit* lies not, but i' th' *head*.
But whether he was fool or knave,
He now lies sleeping in his grave,

* This was the old phrase for splendour of dress and ornament.

Who never in his life found match,
Unless the cardinal's fool, called Patch;
Of whom some courtiers, who did see
Them two alone, might say, "*We three!*"
And 't may be fear'd it is a phrase
That may be us'd still in these days.
Well, more of him what should I say?
Both fools and wise men turn to clay;
And this is all we have to trust,
And there's no difference in their dust.
Rest quiet, then, beneath this stone,
To whom late Archee was a drone.

Brayley's Londiniana.

CURE FOR INSANITY.

THE following most extraordinary event happened in Lincolnshire, in the autumn of 1804, and may be relied on as a matter of fact. The violence of a fall deprived Sir Henry F. of his faculties, and he lay entranced several hours; at length his recollection returned—he faintly exclaimed, "Where am I?" and, looking up, found himself in the arms of a venerable old man, to whose kind offices Sir H. was probably indebted for his life. "You revive," said the venerable old man; "fear not, yonder house is mine; I will support you to it; there you shall be comforted." Sir H. expressed his gratitude: they walked gently to the house. The friendly assistance of the old gentleman and his servants, restored Sir H. to his reason; his bewildered faculties were reorganized: at length he suffered no inconvenience, excepting that occasioned by the bruise he received in the fall. Dinner was announced, and the good old man entreated Sir H. to join the party; he accepted the invitation, and was shown into a large hall, where he found sixteen covers: the party consisted of as many persons—no ladies were present. The old man took the head of the table; an excellent dinner was served,

and rational conversation gave a zest to the repast. The gentleman on the left of Sir H. asked him to drink a glass of wine, when the old man, in a dignified and authoritative tone, at the same time extending his hand, said, "No!" Sir H. was astonished at the singularity of the check, yet unwilling to offend, remained silent. The instant dinner was over, the old man left the room, when one of the company addressed him in the following words: "By what misfortune, sir, have you been unhappily trepanned by that unfeeling man who has quitted the room? O, sir! you will have ample cause to curse the fatal hour that put you in his power, for you have no prospect in this world but misery and oppression, perpetually subject to the capricious humour of that old man; you will remain in this mansion for the remainder of your days: your life, as mine is, will become burdensome; and, driven to despair, your days will glide on, with regret and melancholy reflection, in one cold and miserable sameness. This, alas! has been my lot for fifteen years; and not mine only, but the lot of every one you see here, since their arrival in this cursed abode!" The pathetic manner that accompanied this cheerless narrative, and the singular behaviour of the old man at dinner, awoke in Sir H.'s breast sentiments of horror, and he was lost in stupor some minutes; when recovering, he said, "By what authority can any man detain me against my will? I will not submit; I will oppose him, force to force, if necessary." — "Ah, sir!" exclaimed a second gentleman, "your argument is just, but your threats are vain; the old man, sir, is a magician; we know it by fatal experience: do not be rash, sir; your attempt would prove futile, and your punishment would be dreadful." — "I will endeavour to escape," said Sir H. "Your hopes are groundless," rejoined a third gentleman; "for it is but three months ago, when, in an attempt to escape, I broke my leg." Another said, he had broken his arm, and that many had been killed by falls, in

their endeavours to escape; others had suddenly disappeared, and never been heard of. Sir H. was about to reply, when a servant entered the room, and said his master wished to see him. "Do not go," said one; "Take my advice," said another; "For God's sake, do not go." The servant told Sir H. he had nothing to fear, and begged he would follow him to his master; he did, and found the old man seated at a table covered with a dessert and wine: he arose when Sir H. entered the room, and asked pardon for the apparent rudeness he was under the necessity of committing at dinner; "For," said he, "I am Dr. Willis; you must have heard of me; I confine my practice entirely to cases of insanity; and as I board and lodge insane patients, mine is vulgarly called a mad-house. The persons you dined with are madmen: I was unwilling to tell you this before dinner, fearing it would make you uneasy; for, although I know them to be perfectly harmless, you very naturally might have had apprehensions." The surprise of Sir H. on hearing this was great; his fears subsiding, the doctor and Sir H. passed the evening rationally and agreeably.

CURIOUS GARDEN.

Is there any remembrance at Branstead (says Mr. Southey, in his Omniana,) of a clergyman, who amused himself there for fifty years with ornamenting his gardens, and died in a state of dotage about the beginning of the last century? The company from Epsom used to visit his curiosities, as he might well call them! for this gentleman had discovered more capabilities in wood and stone than ever Lencelot Brown dreamt of. You ascended one of his trees by a straight flight of steps, the top had been flattened in the middle, and the boughs round about clipped into a parapet; here there was an octa-

gon bench; and this place he called his Teneriffe. Another tree was manufactured into Mount Parnassus; and there Apollo was to be seen perched with the nine muses. That they might not want worthy company, the Great Mogul, the Grand Signior, the Cham of Tartary, and the Czar of Muscovy, were all to be seen in the garden. Two other trees, clothed with ivy and cut smooth, stood for the pillars of Hercules. The old gentlemen was a wit as well as a scholar; he had cut one tree into the shape of a rose, and placed a bench under it, where lovers might talk "under the rose." Uncle Toby might also have found something to interest him. There was the whole confederated army and their generals represented by stones, of which the large ones were the officers, and the little ones the men. Within doors he had montero caps, shoulders of mutton, apples, &c. cut in stone, and painted.

AN UNLUCKY BREWING.

A BREWSTER-WIFE, in Forfar, previous to the restoration, having one day "brewed a peck o' maut," which she expected a large company of topers that night to consume, set the same out to cool at the door. A neighbour's cow, soon after coming past, scented the savoury caldron, and, turning to, began to solace herself with a draught. The liquor was balmy and good; and the animal, loath to lose so sweet an opportunity, was in no haste to "take her loving lips away." No one observing her proceedings, she continued to swill without interruption; in other words—those of the Wife of Auchtermuchty—"aye she winkit, and aye she drank," till she at length completely finished the browst. Just as she made an end, out came the unhappy proprietrix of the liquor, and to her horror and dismay, saw an empty caldron where she

had left a full one, over which Luckie ———'s cow was hanging with an air of pensive satisfaction that but too plainly betrayed the facts of the case. Had sticks or stones been of any use, or could cries of vexation and rage have recalled the liquor that was gone, the caldron would soon have been replenished; but, alas! they were of no such avail. The only recourse left for the injured ale-wife, was to try what the law could do for her. She accordingly laid the case in regular style before the magistrates; they decided; but an appeal was preferred to the sheriff; he, in his turn, decided; and it then came, a full-blown plea, before "The Fyfeteen." While in the progress of discussion in that ultimate court, a happy joke on the part of the advocate for the proprietrix of the cow turned the day against the complainant. He allowed that the cow had drunk the liquor and thereby satisfied her natural appetite. But, he observed, as by the immemorial custom of the land, nothing is ever charged for a standing drink, otherwise called a *deoch-an-dorras*, or stirrup-dram, the defendant ought, beyond a question, to be absolved from the charge of dependence, seeing that she swallowed the browst in place and manner according. This story is developed at much greater length in a curious volume, of date 1656, entitled "Frank's Northern Memoirs."

CROSS AND PILE.

An extraordinary instance of the rude manners of our country in ancient times appears from the following extract from a curious and authentic manuscript, a copy of which is in the possession of an eminent antiquary. This manuscript contains, among other things, the private expenses of that weak, misguided, and unfortunate monarch, Edward II.; by which it appears that *cross and pile*, or, as it is now called,

tossing up heads and tails, was a favourite royal diversion in those remote times of rude simplicity. The following translation from the old French, in which it is written, may afford some entertainment to such as are fond of contemplating human life under the various aspects which it exhibits, according to the difference of ages or the difference of countries :—

"*Item.* Paid to the king himself, to play at cross and pile, by the hands of Richard de Mereworth, the receiver of the treasury—twelvepence.

"*Item.* Paid there to Henry, the king's barber, for money which he lent to the king, to play at cross and pile—five shillings.

"*Item.* Paid there to Peres Bernard, usher of the king's chamber, money which he lent to the king, and which he lost at cross and pile, to Monsieur Robert Watervylle—eightpence.

"*Item.* Paid to the king himself, to play at cross and pile, by Peres Bernard, two shillings, which the said Peres won of him."

ADAM'S PEAK.

Adam's Peak is the highest mountain in Ceylon, about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and has seldom been ascended, not so much from its height as from the difficulty of the latter part of the ascent, which is quite perpendicular; two ladies, however, have been among the few adventurers, and got up by means of chains and pullies. The Mussulmans have a tradition that Adam, when driven out of Paradise, alighted upon the Peak, and a mark, which bears a resemblance to a human foot, is supposed to be the impression made by him while expiating his crime, by standing on one foot till his sins were forgiven.

MATTHEW HOPKINS, THE WITCHFINDER.

THIS "worthy" of witchcraft flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century, when the delusions of the witching frauds were at their full height. He assumed the title of witchfinder general, and travelling through the counties of Essex, Sussex, Norfolk, and Huntingdon, pretended to discover witches, superintending their examination by the most unheard-of tortures, and compelling forlorn and miserable creatures to admit and confess matters equally absurd and impossible; the admission of which was the forfeiture of their lives.

Sir Walter Scott describes Hopkins as follows:

"He was, perhaps, a native of Manningtree, in Essex; at any rate, he resided there in the year 1644, when an epidemic outcry of witchcraft arose in that town. Upon this occasion he had made himself busy, and affecting more zeal and knowledge than other men, learned his trade of a witchfinder, as he pretended, from experiment. He was afterwards permitted to perform it as a legal profession, and moved from one place to another, with an assistant named Sterne, and a female. In his defence against an accusation of fleecing the country, he declares his regular charge was twenty shillings a town, including charges of living, and journeying thither and back again with his assistants. He also affirms, that he went nowhere unless called and invited. His principal mode of discovery was, to strip the accused persons naked, and thrust pins into various parts of their body, to discover the witch's mark, which was supposed to be inflicted by the devil, as a sign of his sovereignty, and at which she was also said to suckle her imps. He also practised and stoutly defended the trial by swimming, when the suspected person was wrapped in a sheet, having the great toes and thumbs tied together, and so dragged through a pond or river. If she sank, it was received in favour of the accused; but if the body floated, (which must have occurred ten times for once, if it was placed with care on the surface of the water,) the accused was condemned, on the principle of King James, who, in treating of this mode or trial, lays down, that as witches have renounced their baptism, so it is just that the element through which the holy rite is enforced, should reject them; which is a figure of speech, and no argument. It was Hopkins's custom to keep the poor wretches waking, in order to prevent them from having encouragement from the devil, and, doubtless, to put infirm, terrified, over-watched persons in the next state to absolute madness; and, for the same purpose, they

were dragged about by their keepers, till extreme weariness, and the pain of blistered feet, might form additional inducements to confession. Hopkins confesses these last practices of keeping the accused persons waking, and forcing them to walk, for the same purpose, had been originally used by him."

"At length the popular indignation was so strongly excited against Hopkins, that some country gentlemen seized on him, and put him to his own favourite experiment of swimming, on which, as he happened to float, he stood convicted of witchcraft, and so the country was rid of him. Whether he was drowned outright or not, does not exactly appear, but he has had the honour to be commemorated by the author of Hudibras:—

'Hath not this present parliament
A leaguer to the devil sent,
Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has he not within a year
Hang'd threescore of them in one shire?
Some only for not being drown'd,
And some for sitting above ground
Whole days and nights upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches.
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese and turkey chicks;
Or pigs that suddenly deceased
Of griefs unnatural, as he guess'd,
Who proved himself at length a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech.'"

ATTAINMENT OF SIGHT BY A YOUTH.

Mr. W. Chesselden, a Fellow of the Royal Society, has published in their *Transactions* the following curious observations made by a young gentleman, who was born blind, or lost his sight so early that he had no remembrance of ever

having seen, and was couched between thirteen and fourteen years of age.

This young gentleman knew colours asunder in a good light, yet when he saw them after he was couched, the faint ideas he had of them before were not sufficient for him to know them by afterwards; and therefore he did not think them the same which he had before known by those names. Now scarlet he thought the most beautiful of all colours, and of others the most gay were the most pleasing; whereas the first time he saw black, it gave him great uneasiness, yet after a little time he was reconciled to it; but some months after, seeing by accident a negro woman, he was struck with great horror at the sight.

When he first saw, he was so far from making any judgment about distances, that he thought all objects whatever touched his eyes, as he expressed it, as what he felt did his skin; and thought no objects so agreeable as those which were smooth and regular, though he could form no judgment of their shape, or guess what it was in any object that was pleasing to him.

He knew not the shape of any thing, nor any one thing from another, however different in shape or magnitude; but on being told what things were, whose form he before knew from feeling, he would carefully observe, that he might know them again; but having too many objects to learn at once, he forgot many of them; and, as he said, at first he learned to know, and again forgot a thousand things in a day.

One particular only, though it may appear trifling, Mr. C. relates: having often forgot which was the cat, and which the dog, he was ashamed to ask; but catching the cat, which he knew by feeling, he was observed to look at her steadfastly, and then setting her down, said, "So puss! I shall know you another time."

He was very much surprised, that those things which he

had liked best did not appear most agreeable to his eyes, expecting those persons would appear most beautiful that he loved most, and such things to be most agreeable to his sight that were so to his taste. They thought he soon knew what pictures represented, which were showed to him, but they found afterwards they were mistaken: for about two months after he was couched, he discovered, at once, they represented solid bodies; when to that time he considered them only as party-coloured planes, or surfaces diversified with variety of paint; but even then he was no less surprised, expecting the pictures would feel like the things they represented, and was amazed when he found those parts, which by their light and shadow appeared now round and uneven, felt only flat like the rest; and asked which was the lying sense, feeling or seeing?

Being shown his father's picture in a locket at his mother's watch, and told what it was, he acknowledged a likeness, but was vastly surprised; asking how it could be that a large face could be expressed in so little room, saying, it should have seemed as impossible to him as to put a bushel of any thing into a pint.

At first, he could bear but very little light, and the things he saw he thought extremely large; but on seeing things larger, those first seen he conceived less, never being able to imagine any lines beyond the bounds he saw; the room he was in, he said, he knew to be but part of the house, yet he could not conceive that the whole house could look larger. Before he was couched, he expected little advantage from seeing, worth undergoing an operation for, except reading and writing; for, he said, he thought he could have no more pleasure in walking abroad than he had in the garden, which he could do safely and readily. And even blindness, he observed, had this advantage, that he could go any where in the dark much better that those who can see; and after he

had seen, he did not soon lose this quality, nor desire a light to go about the house in the night.

He said, every new object was a new delight, and the pleasure was so great, that he wanted ways to express it; but his gratitude to his operator he could not conceal, never seeing him for some time without tears of joy in his eyes, and other marks of affection; and if he did not happen to come at any time when he was expected, he would be so grieved, that he could not forbear crying at his disappointment.

A year after first seeing, being carried upon Epsom Downs, and observing a large prospect, he was exceedingly delighted with it, and called it a new kind of seeing. And now being lately couched of his other eye, he says, that objects at first appeared large to this eye, but not so large as they did at first to the other; and looking on the same object with both eyes, he thought it looked about twice as large as with the first couched eye only, but not double, that they could any ways discover.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

Nether-Largo, a village in Fifeshire, is remarkable as the birth-place of Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe. The real history of this man has been already often printed; but the following additional memoranda respecting him, picked up at a late visit to the place, will perhaps be new to most readers.

Alexander Selkirk was born in the year 1676. His father, like almost all the rest of the people of Nether-Largo, was a fisherman, and had another son, who carried on the line of the family. There are many people, in this village, of the rare name of Selkirk; but this particular family has now

ended in a daughter, who, being a married woman, has lost the name. Alexander is remembered to have been a youth of a high spirit and incontrollable temper; to which, in all probability, we are to attribute the circumstance which occasioned his being left at Juan Fernandez. To a trivial family quarrel, resulting from this bad quality on his part, the world is indebted for the admirable fiction which, for a century past, has charmed the romantic imaginations of all its youth. The following is the accredited family narrative of that event.

Alexander, coming home one evening, and feeling thirsty, raised a pipkin of water to his mouth, in order to take a drink. It turned out to be salt-water, and he immediately replaced the vessel on the ground with an exclamation of disgust. This excited the humour of his brother, who was sitting by the fire, and with whom he had not lately been on good terms. The laugh and jibe were met on Alexander's part with a frown and a blow. Both brothers immediately closed in a struggle, in which Alexander had the advantage. Their father attempted to interpose; but the offended youth was not to be prevented by even parental authority from taking his revenge. A general family combat then took place, some siding with the one brother, and some with the other; and peace was not restored till the whole town, alarmed by the noise, was gathered in scandalized wonderment to the spot. Matters such as this were then deemed fit for the attention of the kirk-session. Alexander Selkirk, as the prime cause of the quarrel, was summoned before that venerable body of old women, and commanded to expiate his offence by standing a certain number of Sundays in the church, as a penitent, to be rebuked by the clergyman. He at first utterly refused to submit to so degrading an exhibition of his person; but the entreaties of his friends, and the fear of excommunication, at length prevailed over his nobler nature. He submitted to the mortifying censures of the church in all their contemptible

details. No sooner, however, had the term of his punishment expired, than, overwhelmed with shame and disgust, he left his native town, and sought on the broad ocean the sea-room which had been denied to his restless spirit at home.

After an absence of several years, during which he had endured the solitude of Juan Fernandez, he returned to Largo. He brought with him the gun, sea-chest, and cup, which he had used on the uninhabited island. He spent nine months in the bosom of his family; then went away on another voyage, and was never more heard of.

The house in which this remarkable person was born still exists. It is an ordinary cottage of one story and a garret, and is situated on the north side of the principal street of Largo. It has never been out of the possession of his family since his time. The present occupant is his great-grand-niece, Katharine Selkirk or Gillies, who inherited it from her father, the late John Selkirk, who was grandson to the brother with whom Alexander had the quarrel, and died so late as October, 1825, at the age of seventy-four. Mrs. Gillies, who has very properly called one of her children after her celebrated kinsman, to prevent, as she says, the name from going out of the family, is very willing to show the chest and cup to strangers applying for a sight of them. The chest is a very strong one, of the ordinary size, but composed of peculiarly fine wood, jointed in a remarkably complicated manner, and convex at top. The cup is formed out of a cocoa-nut, the small segment cut from the mouth supplying a foot. It was recently mounted anew with silver, at the expense of the late Mr. A. Constable, the celebrated bookseller. The gun, with which the adventurer killed his game, and which is said to be about seven feet long, has been alienated from the family, and is now in possession of Major Lumsdale, of Lethallan.*

* Chambers's Picture of Scotland.

LAST DAYS OF WITCHCRAFT IN ENGLAND.

THE following instance of illegal and inhuman proceedings occurred at Oakly, near Bedford, on 12th July, 1707. There was one woman, upwards of sixty years of age, who, being under an imputation of witchcraft, was desirous to escape from so foul a suspicion, and to conciliate the good-will of her neighbours, by allowing them to duck her. The parish officers so far consented to their humane experiment as to promise the poor woman a guinea if she should clear herself by sinking. The unfortunate object was tied up in a wet sheet, her thumbs and great toes were bound together, her cap torn off, and all her apparel searched for pins; for there is an idea that a single pin spoils the operation of the charm. She was then dragged through the river Ouse by a rope tied round her middle. Unhappily for the poor woman, her body floated, though her head remained under water. The experiment was made three times with the same effect. The cry to hang or drown the witch then became general; and as she lay half dead on the bank, they loaded the wretch with reproaches, and hardly forebore blows. A single humane bystander took her part, and exposed himself to rough usage for doing so. Luckily one of the mob themselves at length suggested the additional experiment of weighing the witch against the Church Bible. The friend of humanity caught at this means of escape, supporting the proposal by the staggering argument that the Scripture being the work of God himself, must outweigh necessarily all the operations of vassals of the devil. The reasoning was received as conclusive, the more readily as it promised a new species of amusement. The woman was then weighed against a Church Bible of twelve pounds jockey weight, and as she was considerably preponderant, was dismissed with honour. But many of the mob counted her acquittal irregular, and would have had the

poor dame drowned or hanged on the result of her ducking, as the more authentic species of trial.

At length a similar piece of inhumanity, which had a very different conclusion, led to the final abolition of the statute of James I., as affording countenance for such brutal proceedings. An aged pauper, named Osborne, and his wife, who resided near Tring, in Staffordshire, fell under the suspicion of the mob on account of supposed witchcraft. The overseers of the poor, understanding that the rabble entertained a purpose of swimming these infirm creatures, which indeed they had expressed in a sort of proclamation, endeavoured to oppose their purpose by securing the unhappy couple in the vestry room, which they barricaded. They were unable, however, to protect them in the manner they intended. The mob forced the door, seized the accused, and with ineffable brutality continued dragging the wretches through a pool of water till the woman lost her life. A brute in human form, who had superintended the murder, went among the spectators, and requested money for the sport he had shown them! The life of the other victim was with great difficulty saved. Three men were tried for their share in this inhuman action. Only one of them, named Colly, was condemned and hanged. When he came to execution, the rabble, instead of crowding round the gallows as usual, stood at a distance, and abused those who were putting to death, they said, an honest fellow, for ridding the parish of an accursed witch. This abominable murder was committed 30th July, 1751.

The repetition of such horrors, the proneness of the people to so cruel and heart-searing a superstition, was traced by the legislature to its source, namely, the yet unabolished statute of James I. Accordingly, by the 9th George II. cap. 5, that odious law, so long the object of horror to all ancient and poverty-stricken females in the kingdom, was abrogated, and all criminal proceedure on the subject of sorcery or witchcraft

discharged in future throughout Great Britain; reserving for such as pretend to the skill of fortune-tellers, discoverers of stolen goods or the like, the punishment of the correction-house, as due to rogues and vagabonds. Since that period, witchcraft has been little heard of in England, and although the belief in its existence has, in remote places survived the law that recognised the evidence of the crime, and assigned its punishment—yet such faith is gradually becoming forgotten since the rabble have been deprived of all pretext to awaken it by their own riotous proceedings.

ROMAN BUTCHER.

The crimes of Augustus seem to be forgotten by posterity. Suetonius relates, that "when the two other triumvirs implored him to show mercy to the proscribed, he sternly declared no pardon should be given. Seeing a knight subscribe a paper in his presence, he suspected him of evil designs, and ordered him to be stabbed before his eyes. He conceived a similar suspicion against Gallius, a prætor, who came to wait upon him, and commanded him to be put to the torture; and when the unfortunate man still continued to assert his innocence, he plucked out his eyes with his own hands, and then caused him to be killed. He murdered many of his prisoners taken in battle in cold blood. He ordered a father and son, taken prisoners at Philippi, to draw lots which should die, or else fight till one was slain. The father offered his life to save his son;—Augustus ordered him to be murdered,—and at the same moment the son killed himself. He sent the head of Brutus from Philippi to be thrown at the base of Cæsar's statue." With what title ought the character of that man to be stamped, against whom history records such deeds as these?

WALKING ON WATER.

THE North Inch, Perth, was once the scene of the following ridiculous circumstance, which is preserved by tradition. At the time of the religious mania in the reign of Charles I., when a girl of the name of Mitchelson was amusing the pious at Edinburgh with communications which she pretended, and they believed, she had received direct from heaven, Perth was also blessed with the possession of a raving enthusiast. The frenzied oracle of Perth was a poor man, of the name of Peter Mackie, who, after a long course of foolish sanctimoniousness, announced himself at length as having arrived at that pitch of faith which could enable him to walk upon water. Having proposed to try an experiment to this effect, upon the Tay, a great number of people assembled on the Inch, most of whom firmly expected that their revered apostle would perform what he promised. Peter approached the water with great apparent confidence, but paused a moment at the shore, and ordered sawdust to be sprinkled thickly over the river, to prevent the water, as he said, from dazzling his eyes or confounding his faith. This being done, he walked *into*, alas not *on* the water. Still he walked in, and in, and in; but still the water showed no intention of bearing him up. At length he went beyond his depth, and the treacherous element began to pour down his throat just as unceremoniously as it could have poured down a throat that never had uttered a single word of blasphemy. He then lost all hope, and, to the utter confusion of his disciples, and the no small amusement of the opposite party, exclaimed, in a half-choked voice, "Oh Lord! ye'll surely no droun puir Patie Mackie this way, gaun your ain eerants!"

AN ENGLISH WITCH.

THE above cut is entitled to the notice of the curious reader for the veritable portrait which it furnishes of an *English witch*, at a period when the delusion of the *craft* was in its full height. It is faithfully copied from a rare print in the possession of William Beckford, Esq. late of Fonthill.

The subject is Elizabeth Sawyer, who was executed for witchcraft in the year 1621. This was some few years before the time of Matthew Hopkins, the witchfinder, of whom the reader will find a portrait on page 109, second part, of the present work.

By way of pendent to this cut, we may quote Hutchison's powerful argument on the trial of Jane Wenham, who, about this time, was acquitted by a judge, who could not understand that the life of an Englishwoman, however mean, should be

taken away by a set of barbarous tricks and experiments, the efficacy of which depended on popular credulity.

Hutchison thus expostulates with some of the better class that were eager for the prosecution:—"1. What single fact of sorcery did this Jane Wenham do? What charm did she use, or what act of witchcraft could you prove upon her? Laws are against evil actions, that can be proved to be of the person's doing. What single fact that was against the statute could you fix upon her? I ask, 2. Did she so much as speak an imprudent word, or do an immoral action, that you could put into the narrative of her case? When she was denied a few turnips, she laid them down very submissively—when she was called witch, and bitch, she only took the proper means for the vindication of her good name—when she saw this storm coming upon her, she locked herself in her own house, and tried to keep herself out of your cruel hands—when her door was broken open, and you gave way to that barbarous usage that she met with, she protested her innocence, fell upon her knees, and begged she might not go to gaol, and, in her innocent simplicity, would have let you swim her; and, at her trial she declared herself a clear woman. This was her behaviour; and what could any of us have done better, excepting in that case where she complied with you too much, and offered to let you swim her?

"When you used the meanest of paganish and popish superstitions—when you scratched, and mangled, and ran pins into her flesh, and used that ridiculous trial of the bottle, &c.—whom did you consult—and from whom did you expect your answers? who was your father—and into whose hands did you put yourselves? and if the true sense of the statute had been turned upon you, which way would you have defended yourselves. 4. Durst you have used her in this manner if she had been rich; and doth not her poverty increase rather than lessen your guilt in what you did?

"And therefore, instead of closing your book with a *liberavimus animas nostras*, and reflecting upon the court, I ask you, 5. Whether you have not more reason to give God thanks that you met with a wise judge, and a sensible gentleman, who kept you from shedding innocent blood, and reviving the meanest and cruelest of all superstitions amongst us?"—*Hutchison's Essay on Witchcraft.*

EDINBURGH CASTLE.

The castle, as it is the oldest and most prominent object in Edinburgh, is also that which usually first attracts the attention of strangers. Its situation upon a rock nearly 200 feet above the level of the surrounding country, caused this fortress to be considered impregnable in times previous to the invention of gunpowder. It has, however, been often taken both before and since that period. Without adverting to the early history of the fortress, it may be stated that Margaret, the queen of Malcolm Canmore, died here in 1093. While the body of this pious queen lay in the castle, it was besieged by the usurper Donald Bane. Under the idea that there was no possibility of either access or egress to the castle except by the eastern gate, the assailants directed their attention to that alone; but the queen's attendants, knowing this, conveyed away the body by a postern on the west side, where the rock is less precipitous, and deposited it at Dunfermline. That heaven might have some share in the honour of protecting so sacred a corpse, it was said by the churchmen of the period, and recorded by Fordun, that a miraculous mist served to conceal their escape from the besiegers, and did not quit them till they had all got safe to Queensferry. But that a mist on the shores of the Firth of Forth should be held miraculous, will appear, to the inhabitants of Lothian, a strange example of prepossession and credulity.

The queen, who was the subject of this miracle, is said to have retained, even after death did them part, her affection for her husband. In 1251, the monks, who had by this time canonized her, resolved to raise her bones and deposit them in a costly shrine. While employed in this service, they approached the tomb of her royal consort. The body became on a sudden, so heavy, that they were obliged to set it down. Still as more hands were employed in raising it, the body became heavier; the spectators stood amazed, and the humble monks imputed this phenomenon to their own unworthiness, when a by-stander cried out, "The queen will not stir till equal honours are performed to her husband." This having been done, the body of the queen was removed with ease. A more awkward miracle scarcely occurs in legendary history, though we have been informed that at Paris, till the age of reason commenced its sway, the bones of St. Genevieve showed the like *attention*, on the annual occasion of some monkish pageant, to those of her chum St. Marcel.

In honour of St. Margarite, who has still a festival appropriated to her in the Romish calendar, a chapel was built in the castle. Bruce, who added to his other virtues, a bigoted reverence for the church, endowed it with a grant from the revenues of the city. Part of the building, in particular the eastern window, a small but curious specimen of Saxon architecture, survived till recent times. Not many years ago, in the course of a complete re-edification, the workmen employed in the building, took it upon them to demolish the sculptured font, out of a pious horror for any thing that bore the appearance of popish decoration.

Both before and after the time of Canmore, Edinburgh Castle was a royal residence, though, till the reign of James II., the king more generally

—— sat in Dunfermline town,

or inhabited his other palaces of Scone and Stirling. The reign of Bruce was a remarkable era in the history of the castle. It was then recovered from the possession of the English invaders in a very remarkable manner. Barbour, the historical poet of Scotland, thus relates the incident.

Thomas Randolph, the nephew of Bruce, and well known as the redoubted Earl of Moray, had approached the fortress where lay a strong English garrison, under Piers Leland, a Lombard, with whom he had opened some communication. But the garrison, suspecting the fidelity of their governor, thrust him into prison, and prepared to defend their impregnable station under the command of a gallant constable, whose name has not been transmitted. As the Earl of Moray, with a hopeless eye, surveyed the strength of the place, he was privily accosted by one of his own soldiers, named William Francis, an esteemed and gallant man, who said, "Methinks, my lord, you would fain devise some means of entering yonder castle; such can I procure for you with no greater aid than a twelve-foot ladder may afford. Know that my father was in his time keeper of yonder fortress, and that I, a wild gallant in my youth, loved *par amours*, a fair woman in the town beneath. In order to obtain unsuspected access to her, I was wont to lower myself from the wall by night with the help of a ladder of ropes, and by a secret and precipitous path to descend these cliffs; and this I practised so oft, both in going and returning, that the darkest night was no obstacle to my venturing. If, therefore, it pleases you to assail the castle in this manner, I offer myself to be your guide and the foremost in the expedition." The Earl of Moray received this proposal with joy, and the attempt was undertaken by thirty men, commanded by Randolph in person, and guided by Francis. The darkness of the night, the steepness of the precipice, the danger of discovery by the watchmen, and the slender support which they had to trust

to in ascending from crag to crag, rendered the enterprise such as might have appalled the bravest spirit. When they had ascended half way, they found a flat spot, large enough to halt upon, and there sat down to recover their breath, and prepare for the further part of their perilous expedition. While they were here seated, they heard the rounds, or "check-watches," as Barbour calls them, pass along the walls above them; and it so chanced that one of the English soldiers in mere wantonness and gaiety, hurled a stone down, and cried out at the same time, "I see you well," although without an idea that there was any one beneath. The stone leaped down the precipice, and passed over the heads of Moray and his adventurous companions, as they cowered under the rock from which it bounded. They had the presence of mind to continue perfectly silent, and presently after the sentinels continued their rounds. The assailants then resumed their ascent, and arrived in safety at the foot of the wall, which they scaled by means of the ladder which they brought with them. Francis, their guide, ascended first; Sir Andrew Gray was second; and Randolph himself was third. Ere they had all mounted, however, the sentinels, catching the alarm, raised the cry of "treason;" and the constable of the castle and others rushing to the spot, made a valiant, though ineffectual defence. The Earl of Moray was for some time in great personal danger, until the gallant constable being slain, his followers fled or fell, and the castle remained in the hands of the assailants.

"A more desperate adventure," says Barbour, "was never achieved, since Alexander who conquered Babylon, leaped headlong among his foemen from the wall of the town which he was beleaguering." He adds, that the holy Queen Margaret, the heroine of the preceding anecdotes, "had, in the spirit of prophecy announced this event, by causing it to be painted in her chapel, (where the memorial is still to be seen,)

the representation of a man scaling a fortress by means of a ladder, with the legend, *Gardez vous de Francois*, which was long thought to predict the taking of the castle by the French, but was now fulfilled in the achievement of William Francis the daring guide of the Earl of Moray." How Queen Margaret came to prophesy in French, Barbour did not inquire, or has not explained.

Early in the reign of David Bruce, Edinburgh Castle was dismantled, lest it might again fall into the hands of the English, who were now endeavouring to reestablish the Baliol dynasty. While it was in this condition, a considerable body of men-at-arms, under the conduct of Count Guy of Namur, landed at Berwick, and, advancing to Edinburgh, were encountered upon the Borough muir, a plain to the south of the city, by the Earls of Moray and March, Sir Alexander Ramsay, and a powerful host of the friends of King David. The battle which ensued was bloody, obstinate, and characterized by some of the features of chivalry. Richard Shaw, a Scottish esquire, was singled out by a combatant in the army of the Count Namur. They mutually transfixed each other with their spears, fell from their horses, and expired. On being stripped of its armour, the body of the brave stranger was discovered to be that of a woman—the faithful mistress, no doubt, of some gallant among the count's free companions. Victory was about to declare for the enemies of Scotland, when William Douglas came down from the Pentland Hills with a reinforcement. The count's troops then gave way, and fled towards the town, still maintaining, however, a sort of Parthian fight. The open streets of the city received the fugitives, who made for the site of the castle, by the way now called the Candlemaker-row. A large stone used to be shown in the pavement of this street, which was said to have been broken by the battle-axe of Sir Alexander Ramsay, as that brawny champion was actively engaged in annoying the

retreating party. According to the traditionary account of the battle preserved in Edinburgh, Sir Alexander both slew the man and horse and split the stone at one blow—a feat almost incredible! The count's troops took refuge amidst the ruins of the castle, which they endeavoured to fortify by killing all their horses, and forming a temporary parapet of their bodies. Soon compelled, however, to capitulate by hunger, they were permitted to depart from the kingdom, upon promising never again to bear arms against the Scottish monarch.

In the year 1341, the Castle of Edinburgh, which had been again fortified and possessed by the English, fell into the hands of the Scots, by means of a very singular stratagem, devised by one William Bullock, a renegade Englishman. According to the appointment of this personage, a man named William Curry, of Dundee, privately received into his ship Sir William Douglas, commonly called the Knight of Liddisdale, with about 200 other resolute men, and cast anchor in the roads of Leith. Bullock then went to the governor of the castle, and, wisely judging that the best way to an Englishman's confidence was *per viam ventris*, told him that he had just arrived with a cargo of foreign wines and spices, for which he desired a customer. On tasting samples, the governor agreed to a purchase, and appointed next morning for the delivery of the goods. Accordingly, next morning, before day had fully dawned, the *soi-disant* merchant appeared before the gates of the castle, with twelve men attired like sailors, and was speedily allowed admittance. Throwing down their barrels and hampers in the entry, this party slew the sentinels; and at a signal given, the Knight of Liddisdale, who lurked in the neighbourhood, appeared, and overpowered the garrison.

In 1566, the castle became the residence of Queen Mary, and here she was delivered of her son James the Sixth, in

whose person the sovereignty of Scotland and England was afterwards united. The fortress suffered a siege from Cromwell in the year 1651, when it was taken by capitulation. In 1689, it held out for King James, under the Duke of Gordon, and was then also only obtained by means of capitulation. In 1707, it became the depository of the regalia of Scotland, then laid by, as sacred but useless trinkets, on account of the union of the kingdoms. The mountaineers, who, in 1745, shook the British throne, laid siege to the castle, but, for want of artillery, did not succeed in taking it. Since that period it has been more useful as a barrack than remarkable as a fortress.

The principal objects of curiosity which render the castle worthy of a stranger's attention, are the regalia, and the room in which King James was born. These are both shown for a small gratuity. The part of the castle in which the crown-room (so named) is situated, seems to be the oldest now existing, having been built in the year 1556. It is built in the form of a square. To the northward extends a half-moon battery of the age of Oliver Cromwell, from the top of which a view is obtained of the fertile plains of Lothian—of nearly the whole city, old and new—and of the Firth of Forth, with the hills of Fife and those of the Highlands in the distance. Beneath this, on the northern side of the castle, is a minor fortification called Argyle's battery, with a building occasionally used for the confinement of state prisoners. The western part of the castle is occupied by store rooms, the governor's house, and a huge barrack erected at the beginning of this century in a style of architecture little in consonance with the rest of this venerable fortress.*

* From Chambers's Picture of Scotland, vol. ii. 8vo. second edition.

THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

THIS famous monster had, according to old story, four-and-forty teeth of iron, and some historians say he used to swallow up churches full of people, fat parson and all, and pick his teeth with the steeple; but that was probably only scandal. Little children, however, it is certain, he used to munch up as we would apples. He had eyes like live coals, with a long sting in his tail, and his sulphurous breath poisoned the country for ten miles round. The knight who went to fight this monster, very wisely got himself a suit of armour stuck all over with iron spikes, so that he looked like a great hedge-hog, and when the dragon tried to worry him, he was obliged to let go again: then the knight gave him some proper kicks in the ribs with the spikes at the end of his iron boots, and once ran his sword right into him and killed him; but the dragon, forgetting he was dead, still fought on, till a great part of his tail being lopped off, and his blood pouring out by buckets full, he cried out murder most lustily; and afterwards fainted away, and groaned, and kicked, and died; but after all, the knight ran his sword into him several times, rightly conceiving, that such a villain could never be too dead! If this story should not be all true, it's founded on truth, and that's much the same thing. An overgrown rascally attorney at Wantley, near Rotherham, in Yorkshire, cheated some children out of a large estate, but a gentleman in the neighbourhood, arming himself with the spikes of the law, recovered their property for them, and the attorney having lost it and his character for ever, sickened, grieved, and died. But what would such a dry every-day story of villany be worth without some poetical flourishes about it; or, as Flutter says, "Really the common occurrences of this little dirty world are hardly worth relating without some embellishment."—*See Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.*

WRECK OF A SLAVE SHIP.

THE following extract of a letter from Philadelphia, [illegible] November 11, 1762, gives an account of the melancholy disaster that befel the Phœnix, Capt. M'Gacher, in lat. 37 deg. N. and longitude 72 deg. W. from London, bound to Potomac, in Maryland, from the coast of Africa, with 332 slaves on board.

"On Wednesday the 20th of October 1762, at six o'clock in the evening, came on a most violent gale of wind at south, with thunder and lightning, the sea running very high, when the ship sprung a leak, and we were obliged to lie-to under bare poles, the water gained on us with both pumps constantly working. At 10 p. m. endeavoured to put the ship before the wind to no purpose. At twelve the sand ballast having choked our pumps, and there being seven feet water in the hold, all the casks afloat, and the ballast shifted to leeward, cut away the rigging of the main and mizen masts, both which went instantly close by the deck, and immediately after the foremast was carried away about twenty feet above. Hove overboard all our guns, upon which the ship righted a little. We were then under a necessity of letting all our slaves out of irons, to assist in pumping and baling.

"Thursday morning being moderate, having gained about three feet on the ship, we found every cask in the hold stove to pieces, so that we only saved a barrel of flour, 10 lbs. of bread, twenty-five gallons of wine, beer, and shrub, and twenty-five gallons of spirits. The seamen and slaves were employed all this day in pumping and baling; the pumps were frequently choked, and brought up great quantities of sand. We were obliged to hoist one of the pumps up, and put it down the quarter deck hatchway. A ship this day bore down upon us, and, though very near, and we making every signal of distress, she would not speak to us.

"On Friday, the men slaves being very sullen and unruly, having had no sustenance of any kind for forty-eight hours, except a dram, we put one half of the strongest of them in irons.

"On Saturday and Sunday, all hands night and day could scarce keep the ship clear, and were constantly under arms.

"On Monday morning, many of the slaves had got out of irons, and were attempting to break up the gratings; and the seamen not daring to go down in the hold to clear the pumps, we were obliged, for the preservation of our own lives, to kill fifty of the ringleaders and stoutest of them.

It is impossible to describe the misery the poor slaves underwent, having had no fresh water for five days. Their dismal cries and shrieks, and most frightful looks, added a great deal to our misfortunes; four of them were found dead, and one drowned herself in the hold. This evening the water gained on us, and three seamen dropped down with fatigue and thirst, which could not be quenched, though wine, rum, and shrub were given them alternately. On Thursday morning the ship had gained, during the night, above a foot of water, and the seamen quite worn out, and many of them in despair. About ten in the forenoon we saw a sail; about two she discovered us, and bore down; at five spoke to us, being the King George, of Londonderry, James Mackay, master; he immediately promised to take us on board, and hoisted out his yawl, it then blowing very fresh. The gale increasing, prevented him from saving any thing but the white people's lives, not even any of our clothes, or one slave, the boat being scarcely able to live in the sea the last trip she made. Captain Mackay and some gentlemen, passengers he had on board, treated us with great kindness and humanity."

T. C. W.

JOHN OF LEYDEN.

JOHN BOKELSZOON, commonly styled "John of Leyden," was a tailor of that city, whose enthusiasm led him to neglect the corporeal wants of his fellow-creatures to attend to their spiritual interests. He was one of the sect of Anabaptists, in the year 1529, whose wild opinions were subversive of all principles of social order, and every sentiment of natural decency. John made an ambitious stride towards sovereignty. He caused himself to be proclaimed King of Jerusalem; and making himself master of the town of Munster, sent out his disciples to preach in the neighbouring countries. Mary, sister of Charles V., and Queen Dowager of Hungary, the

governant of the Netherlands, proposed a crusade against this fanatic, which was, however, totally discountenanced by the states. Encouraged by impunity, whole troops of these infuriate sectarians, from the very extremities of Hainault, put themselves into motion for Munster; and notwithstanding the colds of February, they marched along, quite naked, according to the system of their sect.

The frenzy of these fanatics being increased by persecution, they projected attempts against several towns, and particularly against Amsterdam. They were easily defeated, and massacred without mercy; and it was only by multiplied and horrible executions that their numbers were at length diminished. John Bockelszoon held out at Munster, which was besieged by the bishop and neighbouring princes. This profligate fanatic, who had married no less than seventeen women, had gained considerable influence over the insensate multitude; but he was at length taken and imprisoned in an iron cage,—an event which undeceived the greatest number of those whom he had persuaded of his superhuman powers.

Our portrait is copied from a rare and authentic print, and represents the ambitious tailor with part of the tempting regalia of office before him. In the distance, however, is a less inviting symbol of his mad career—the iron cage in which he was confined, and exhibited to the scorn of the world.

LEGEND OF THOMAS THE RHYMER.

NARRATED BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE following legend was supposed to be only preserved among the inhabitants of his native valleys, but a copy as old as the reign of Henry VII. has been recovered. The story is interesting and beautifully told, and, as one of the oldest fairy legends, is worthy of quotation.

Thomas of Erceldoune, in Lauderdale, called the Rhymer, on account of his producing a poetical romance on the subject of Tristrem and Yseult, which is curious as the earliest specimen of English verse known to exist, flourished in the reign of Alexander III. of Scotland. Like other men of talent of the period, Thomas was suspected of magic. He was said also to have the gift of prophecy, which was accounted for in the following peculiar manner, referring entirely to the Elfin superstition. As True Thomas (we give him the epithet by anticipation) lay on Huntley bank, a place on the descent of the Eildon hills, which raise their triple crest above the celebrated monastery of Melrose, he saw a lady so extremely beautiful that he imagined it must be the Virgin Mary herself. Her appointments, however, were those rather of an Amazon or goddess of the woods. Her steed was of the highest beauty and spirit, and at his mane hung thirty silver bells and nine, which made music to the winds as she paced along: her saddle was of *royal bone* (ivory,) laid over with *orfeverie*, *i. e.* goldsmith's work: her stirrups, her dress, all corresponded with her extreme beauty and the magnificence of her array. The fair huntress had her bow in hand, and her arrows at her belt. She led three greyhounds in a leash, and three raches, or hounds of scent, followed her closely. She rejected and disclaimed the homage which Thomas desired to pay to her; so that, passing from one extremity to the other, Thomas became as bold as he had at first been humble. The lady warns him that he must become her slave, if he should prosecute his suit towards her in the manner he proposes. Before their interview terminates, the appearance of the beautiful lady is changed into that of the most hideous hag in existence; one side is blighted and wasted, as if by palsy; one eye drops from her head; her colour, as clear as the virgin silver, is now of a dun leaden hue. A witch from the spital or almshouse would have been

a goddess in comparison to the late beautiful huntress. Hideous as she was, Thomas's irregular desires had placed him under the control of this hag, and when she bade him take leave of sun, and of the leaf that grew on tree, he felt himself under the necessity of obeying her. A cavern received them, in which, following his frightful guide, he for three days travelled in darkness, sometimes hearing the booming of a distant ocean, sometimes walking through rivers of blood, which crossed their subterranean path. At length they emerged into daylight, in a most beautiful orchard. Thomas, almost fainting for want of food, stretches out his hand towards the goodly fruit which hangs around him, but is forbidden by his conductress, who informs him these are the fatal apples which were the cause of the fall of man. He perceives also that his guide had no sooner entered this mysterious ground, and breathed its magic air, than she was revived in beauty, equipage, and splendour, as fair or fairer than he had first seen her on the mountain. She then commands him to lay his head upon her knee, and proceeds to explain to him the character of the country. "Yonder right-hand path," she says, "conveys the spirits of the blest to paradise; yon downward and wellworn way leads sinful souls to the place of everlasting punishment; the third road, by yonder dark brake, conducts to the milder place of pain, from which prayer and mass may release offenders. But see you yet a fourth road, sweeping along the plain to yonder splendid castle? yonder is the road to Elfland, to which we are now bound. The lord of the castle is king of the country, and I am his queen. But, Thomas, I would rather be drawn with wild horses, than he should know what hath passed between you and me. Therefore, when we enter yonder castle, observe strict silence, and answer no question that is asked at you, and I will account for your

silence by saying I took your speech when I brought you from middle earth."

Having thus instructed her lover, they journeyed on to the castle, and entering by the kitchen, found themselves in the midst of such a festive scene as might become the mansion of a great feudal lord or prince. Thirty carcasses of deer were lying on the massive kitchen board, under the hands of numerous cooks, who toiled to cut them up and dress them, while the gigantic greyhounds which had taken the spoil lay lapping the blood, and enjoying the sight of the slain game. They came next to the royal hall, where the king received his loving consort without censure or suspicion. Knights and ladies, dancing by threes, (reels, perhaps,) occupied the floor of the hall, and Thomas, the fatigues of his journey from the Eildon hills forgotten, went forward and joined in the revelry. After a period, however, which seemed to him a very short one, the queen spoke with him apart, and bade him prepare to return to his own country. "Now," said the queen, "how long think you that you have been here?"—"Certes, fair lady," answered Thomas, "not above these seven days."—"You are deceived," answered the queen, "you have been seven *years* in this castle; and it is full time you were gone. Know, Thomas, that the fiend of hell will come to this castle to-morrow to demand his tribute, and so handsome a man as you will attract his eye. For all the world would I not suffer you to be betrayed to such a fate: therefore up, and let us be going." These terrible news reconciled Thomas to his departure from Elfin land, and the queen was not long in placing him upon Huntley bank, where the birds were singing. She took a tender leave of him, and to ensure his reputation, bestowed on him the tongue which *could not lie*. Thomas in vain objected to this inconvenient and involuntary adhesion to veracity, which would make him, as he thought, unfit for church or for market, for king's court or for lady's

bower. But all his remonstrances were disregarded by the lady, and Thomas the Rhymer, whenever the discourse turned on the future, gained the credit of a prophet whether he would or not; for he could say nothing but was sure to come to pass. It is plain, that had Thomas been a legislator instead of a poet, we should have here the story of Numa and Egeria.

Thomas remained several years in his own tower near Erceldoune, and enjoyed the fame of his predictions, several of which are current among the country people to this day. At length, as the prophet was entertaining the Earl of March in his dwelling, a cry of astonishment arose in the village, on the appearance of a hart and hind,* which left the forest, and, contrary to their shy nature, came quietly onward, traversing the village towards the dwelling of Thomas. The prophet instantly rose from the board: and acknowledging the prodigy as the summons of his fate, he accompanied the hart and hind into the forest, and though occasionally seen by individuals to whom he has chosen to show himself, has never again mixed familiarly with mankind.

Thomas of Erceldoune, during his retirement, has been supposed, from time to time, to be levying forces to take the field in some crisis of his country's fate. The story has often been told, of a daring horse-jockey having sold a black horse to a man of venerable and antique appearance, who appointed the remarkable hillock upon Eildon hills, called the Luckenhare, as the place where, at twelve o'clock at night, he should receive the price. He came, his money was paid in ancient coin, and he was invited by his customer to view his residence. The trader in horses followed his guide in the greatest astonishment through several long ranges of stalls,

* This last circumstance seems imitated from a passage in the Life of Merlin, by Jeoffrey of Monmouth. See Ellis's Ancient Romances, vol. i. p. 73.

in each of which a horse stood motionless, while an armed warrior lay equally still at the charger's feet. "All these men," said the wizard in a whisper, "will awaken at the battle of Sheriffmoor." At the extremity of this extraordinary depot hung a sword and a horn, which the prophet pointed out to the horse-dealer as containing the means of dissolving the spell. The man in confusion took the horn, and attempted to wind it. The horses instantly started in their stalls, stamped, and shook their bridles, the men arose and clashed their armour, and the mortal, terrified at the tumult he had excited, dropped the horn from his hand. A voice like that of a giant, louder even than the tumult around, pronounced these words:—

> "Wo to the coward that ever he was born,
> That did not draw the sword before he blew the horn!"

A whirlwind expelled the horse-dealer from the cavern, the entrance to which he could never again find. A moral might be, perhaps, extracted from the legend,—namely, that it is best to be armed against danger before bidding it defiance. But it is a circumstance worth notice, that although this edition of the tale is limited to the year 1715, by the very mention of the Sheriffmoor, yet a similar story appears to have been current during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which is given by Reginald Scot. The narrative is edifying, as peculiarly illustrative of the mode of marring a curious tale in telling it, which was one of the virtues professed by Caius when he hired himself to King Lear. Reginald Scot, incredulous on the subject of witchcraft, seems to have given some weight to the belief of those who thought that the spirits of famous men do, after death, take up some particular habitations near cities, towns, and countries, and act as tutelary and guardian spirits to the places which they loved while in the flesh.

"But more particularly to illustrate this conjecture," says he, "I could name a person who hath lately appeared thrice since his decease, at least some ghostly being or other that calls itself by the name of such a person, who was dead above a hundred years ago, and was, in his lifetime, accounted as a prophet or predictor, by the assistance of sublunary spirits; and now, at his appearance, did also give strange predictions respecting famine and plenty, war and bloodshed, and the end of the world. By the information of the person that had communication with him, the last of his appearances was in the following manner. "I had been," said he, "to sell a horse at the next market town, but not obtaining my price, as I returned home, by the way I met this man, who began to be familiar with me, asking what news, and how affairs moved through the country? I answered as I thought fit; withal, I told him of my horse, whom he began to cheapen, and proceeded with me so far, that the price was agreed upon. So he turned back with me, and told me that if I would go along with him, I should receive my money. On our way we went, I upon my horse, and he on another milk-white beast. After much travel, I asked him where he dwelt, and what his name was? He told me that his dwelling was a mile off, at a place called *Farran*, of which place I had never heard, though I knew all the country round about.* He also told me that he himself was that person of the family of Learmonths,† so much spoken of as a prophet. At which I began to be somewhat fearful, perceiving we were on a road which I never had been on before, which increased my fear

* In this the author is in the same ignorance as his namesake Reginald, though having at least as many opportunities of information.

† In popular tradition, the name of Thomas the Rhymer was always averred to be Learmonth, though he neither uses it himself, nor is described by his son other than Le Rymour. The Learmonths of Dairsie, in Fife, claimed descent from the prophet.

and amazement more. Well! on we went till he brought me under ground, I knew not how, into the presence of a beautiful woman, who paid the money without a word speaking. He conducted me out again through a large and long entry, where I saw above six hundred men in armour laid prostrate on the ground, as if asleep. At last I found myself in the open field, by the help of the moonlight, in the very place where I first met him, and made a shift to get home by three in the morning. But the money I had received was just double of what I esteemed it when the woman paid me, of which, at this instant, I have several pieces to show, consisting of ninepennies, thirteenpence-halfpennies," &c.*

It is a great pity that this horsedealer, having specimens of the fairy coin, of a quality more permanent than usual, had not favoured us with an account of an impress so valuable to medalists. It is not the less edifying, as we are deprived of the more picturesque parts of the story, to learn that Thomas's payment was as faithful as his prophecies. The beautiful lady who bore the purse must have been undoubtedly the Fairy Queen, whose affection, though, like that of his own heroine Yseult, we cannot term it altogether laudable, seems yet to have borne a faithful and firm character.

I have dwelt at some length on the story of Thomas the Rhymer, as the oldest tradition of the kind which has reached us in detail, and as pretending to show the fate of the first Scottish poet, whose existence, and its date, are established both by history and records; and who, if we consider him as writing in the Anglo-Norman language, was certainly one among the earliest of its versifiers. But the legend is still more curious, from its being the first, and most distinguished instance, of a man alleged to have obtained supernatural knowledge by means of the fairies.

* Discourse of Devils and Spirits appended to the Discovery of Witchcraft, by Reginald Scot, Esq. book ii. chap. 3, § 19.

A SENSIBLE HORSE.

We do not think the records of *instinct* ever contained a more extraordinary instance than we are now about to relate, and for the truth whereof we pledge ourselves. A few days since, Mr. J. Lane, of Fascombe, in the parish of Ashelworth, in Gloucestershire, on his return home, turned his horse into a field in which it had been accustomed to graze. A few days before this the horse had been shod all-fours, but unluckily had been pinched in the shoeing of one foot.—In the morning Mr. Lane missed the horse, and caused an active search to be made in the vicinity, when the following singular circumstances transpired:—The animal, as it may be supposed, feeling lame, made his way out of the field by unhanging the gate with his mouth, and went straight to the same farrier's shop, a distance of a mile and a half; the farrier had no sooner opened his shed than the horse, which had evidently been standing there some time, advanced to the forge and held up the ailing foot. The farrier instantly began to examine the hoof, discovered the injury, took off the shoe, and replaced it more carefully—on which the horse immediately turned about and set off at a merry pace for his well-known pasture. Whilst Mr. Lane's servants were on the search, they chanced to pass by the forge, and on mentioning their supposed loss, the farrier replied, "Oh, he has been here, and shod and gone home again!!" which on their returning they found to be actually the case.

SINGULAR STORY.

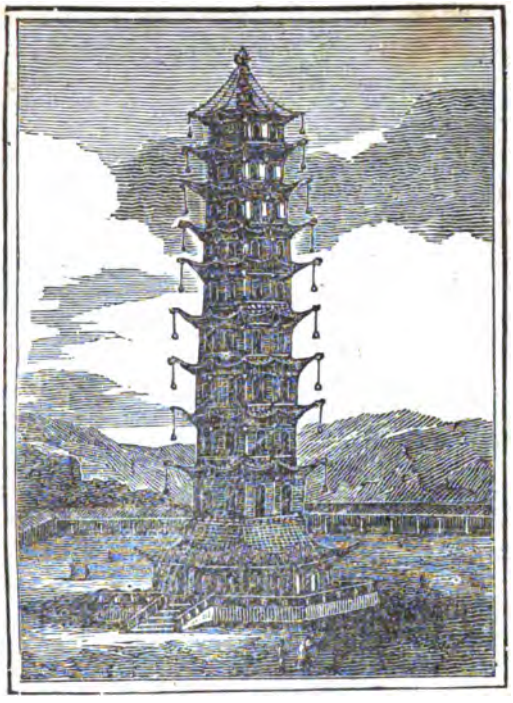
Some years ago, a circumstance occurred in Dunbar, which caused more words shed in the way of gossip than perhaps ever took place, on any other occasion, in any of his majesty's

little gossiping country towns. A poor old woman, who in former times might have passed for a witch, dwelt in an old-fashioned house in the Dawell-brae, which had seen better days, and was not without its unaccountable sights and sounds. The most unaccountable thing, however, about the woman, was her means of subsistence. She got but a wretched pittance, as usual, from the poor's fund, yet was never seen to earn any thing by labour, though, like other old women, she might, perhaps, now and then, be scantily supplied by her wealthier neighbours, on the well-known principle laid down by John Girder in the "Bride of Lammermuir"—"If there's only meat in the house that's *totally uneatable*, ye may gi'e't to the puir fouk." After an existence protracted under these disconsolate circumstances beyond the ordinary period of human life, the old woman was at length understood to be confined to her bed, and about to give up the ghost. A vast number of other old women then assembled in her miserable dwelling, and proceeded to minister unto her in style, form, and manner, customary on such momentous occasions. The bed-rid wretch was, however, as her attendants expressed it, "unco ill to dee,"—that is, life showed a great disinclination to part from her body. Moreover, in her delirium, she used sundry expressions which were not considered as altogether earthly, and which therefore did not fail to strike all around her with the most horrible and strange surmises. She complained particularly of being annoyed by the rocking of cradles and the cries of children. How such sounds should have been represented to her imagination, seemed strange to her neighbours, who knew that she had never had any children herself, nor was connected in any way with the affairs of the nursery. The mystery was explained after her death and burial, when, her effects being brought to the hammer, as usual, by the trustees of the poor, her chest was found to contain the skulls of several infants, while, in the

meager pallet of straw on which she lay was concealed the entire skeleton of a child, with nothing upon its bones but a tuft of yellow hair, which adhered to the skull. These were supposed to be victims of maternal cruelty, which this infirm old hag had assisted in removing from the world, or whose murder she had at least connived at and concealed. What rendered this terrible affair the more appalling to the imaginations of the common people, was the idea that the woman might have carried on a *system* of infanticide, and for a great length of time. It was then absolutely amusing, so far as such a subject could furnish amusement, to observe how busily, and with what solicitude, the memories of all the people were set to work, to remember circumstances at all bearing upon the horrible exposure. Many female characters formerly fair were dimmed by the passing conjectures: as for those which had hitherto been at all suspicious—*their* case was truly pitiable. Such benevolent individuals, as had ever shown any kindness to the deceased, though otherwise most respectable, were not exempted from the general impeachment; and it is believed that many a one then took a vow which no doubt they devoutly kept, never once again to give cauld kail to old women on this side of time.—CHAMBERS'S *Picture of Scotland.*

A MAN BORN LAUGHING.

PLINY says, that Zoroaster laughed the same day wherein he was born; and that the brain of this young philosopher so panted and beat, that it would raise up the hands of those who laid them on his head, and which Pliny pronounces an excellent presage of the great learning Zoroaster attained to.



THE MAGNIFICENT CHINESE PORCELAIN TOWER, AT NANKIN.

This elegant and commodious building, a correct idea of which will be formed from the engraving, may be regarded as a fine specimen of oriental pagodas. The tower is about two hundred feet in height, and derives its name from its having a chain or porcelain coating. The Portuguese were the first to bestow on these superb edifices the title of pagodas, and to attribute them to devotional purposes. There can be little doubt, however, that in many instances they have been rather erected as public memorials or ornaments, like the columns of the Greeks and Romans.

Mr. Ellis, in his Journal of the late Embassy to China, relates that, in the company of three gentlemen of the Embassy, he succeeded in passing completely through the uninhabited part of the city of Nankin, and in reaching the gateway visible from the Lion Hill. The object of the party was to have penetrated through the streets to the Porcelain Tower, apparently distant two miles. To this, however, the soldiers who accompanied them, and who, from their willingness in allowing them to proceed thus far, were entitled to consideration, made so many objections, that they were forced to desist, and to content themselves with proceeding to a temple on a neighbouring hill, from which they had a very complete view of the city. From this station the Porcelain Tower presented itself as a most magnificent object.

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.

On the day before Christmas-day, 1773, about eleven o'clock, two soldiers came to the Cross-Bow inn, St. Dennis, and ordered dinner. Bordeaux, one of the soldiers, went out and bought a little paper of powder, and a couple of bullets, observing to the person who sold them to him, that St. Dennis seemed to be so pleasant a place, he should not dislike to spend the remainder of his life there. Returning to the inn, he and his companion passed the day together very merrily. On Christmas-day they again dined as merrily, ordered wine, and about five o'clock in the afternoon, were found by the fire, on breaking open the door, sitting on the opposite sides of a table, whereon were three empty champagne bottles, the following will and letter, and a half-crown. They were both shot through the head; two pistols lay upon the floor. The noise of the pistols brought up the people of the house,

who immediately sent for M. de Rouilleres, the commandant of the marechaussee at St. Dennis.

THE WILL.

A man who knows he is to die, should take care to do every thing which his survivors can wish him to have done. We are more particularly in that situation. Our intention is to prevent uneasiness to our host, as well as to lighten the labours of those whom curiosity, under pretence of form and order, will bring hither to pay us visits.

Humain is the bigger, and I, Bordeaux, am the lesser of the two.

He is drum-major of mestre de camp de dragoons, and I am simply a dragoon of Belzunce.

Death is a passage. I address to the gentleman of the law of St. Dennis (who, with his first clerk as assistant, must come hither, for the sake of justice) the principle, which, joined to this reflection that every thing must have an end, put these pistols into our hands. The future presents nothing to us but what is agreeable—yet that future is short, and must end.

Humain is but twenty-four years of age; as for me, I have not yet completed four lustres. No particular reason forces us to interrupt our career, except the disgust we feel at existing for a moment under the continual apprehension of ceasing to exist. An eternity is the point of reunion; a longing after which, leads us to prevent the despotic act of fate. In fine, disgust of life is our sole inducement to quit it.

If all those who are wretched would dare to divest themselves of prejudice, and to look their destruction in the face, they would see it as easy to lay aside existence as to throw off an old coat, the colour of which displeases. The proof of this may be referred to our experience.

We have enjoyed every gratification in life, even that of

obliging our fellow-creatures. We could still procure to ourselves gratifications; but all gratifications must have a period. That period is our poison. We are disgusted at the perpetual sameness of the scene. The curtain is dropped; and we leave our parts to those who are weak enough to feel an inclination to play them a few hours longer.

Two or three grains of powder will soon break the springs of this moving mass of flesh, which our haughty fellow-creatures style the king of beings.

Messrs. the officers of justice, our carcasses are at your discretion. We despise them too much to give ourselves any trouble about what becomes of them.

As to what we shall leave behind us—for myself, Bordeaux, I give to M. de Rouilleres, commandant of the marechaussee at St. Dennis, my steel mounted sword. He will recollect, that, last year, about this very day, as he was conducting a recruit, he had the civility to grant me a favour for a person of the name of St. Germain, who had offended him.

The maid of the inn will take my pocket and neck-handkerchiefs, as well as the silk stockings which I now have on, and all my other linen whatever.

The rest of our effects will be sufficient to pay the expense of the useless law proceedings of which we shall be the subject.

The half-crown upon the table will pay for the last bottle of wine which we are going to drink. BORDEAUX.

HUMAIN.

At St. Dennis, Christmas-day, 1773.

The following is a letter from Bordeaux to his lieutenant in the regiment of Belzunce:—

"Sir,—During my residence at Guise, you honoured me with your friendship. It is time that I thank you. You have

often told me I appeared displeased with my situation. It was sincere, but not absolutely true. I have since examined myself more seriously, and acknowledge myself entirely disgusted with every state of man, the whole world, and myself. From these discoveries a consequence should be drawn: if disgusted with the whole, renounce the whole. The calculation is not long. I have made it without the aid of geometry. In short, I am on the point of putting an end to the existence that I have possessed for near twenty years, fifteen of which it has been a burden to me; and, from the moment that I write, a few grains of powder will destroy this moving mass of flesh, which we vain mortals call the king of beings.

"I owe no one an excuse. I deserted, that was a crime, but I am going to punish it; and the law will be satisfied.

"I asked leave of absence from my superiors, to have the pleasure of dying at my ease. They never condescended to give me an answer. This served to hasten my end.

"I wrote to Bord to send you some detached pieces I left at Guise, which I beg you to accept. You will find they contain some well-chosen literature. These pieces will solicit for me a place in your remembrance.

"Adieu, my dear lieutenant! continue your esteem for St. Lambert and Dorat. As for the rest, skip from flower to flower, and acquire the sweets of all knowledge, and enjoy every pleasure.

'Pour moi, j'arrive au trou
Qui n'echappe ni sage ni fou,
Pour aller je ne scais ou.'

"If we exist after this life, and it is forbidden to quit it without permission, I will endeavour to procure one moment to inform you of it; if not, I should advise all those who are unhappy, which is by far the greatest part of mankind, to follow my example.

"When you receive this letter, I shall have been dead at least twenty-four hours.

"With esteem, &c.

"BORDEAUX."

ANTHONY.

THE history of Anthony is one of the most extraordinary of any which have been preserved in the annals of madness. I have read the following account of him in a very curious manuscript. Something like it may be found in the works of Jacob Spon.

Anthony was born at Brieu, in Lorrain; his parents were Catholics, and he was educated by the Jesuits at Pont a Mousson. The preacher Feri, at Metz, induced him to embrace the Protestant religion. On his return to Nanci, he was persecuted as a heretic; and if a friend had not exerted himself to save him, he would have been hanged. He sought an asylum at Sedan, where he was suspected to be a Roman Catholic, and with difficulty escaped assassination.

Seeing that, by some strange fatality, his life was in danger among Papists and Protestants, he went to Venice and turned Jew. He was thoroughly convinced, even to the last moments of his life, that the Jewish religion was alone authentic; for, he observed, if it was once the true religion, it must be always so. The Jews did not circumcise him, lest they should have some difference with the magistrates; but he was inwardly a Jew. He went to Geneva, where he concealed his faith, became a preacher, a president in a college, and at last what is called a minister.

The perpetual contention in his mind between the religion of Calvin, which he was under a necessity of preaching, and that of Moses, the religion he believed in, occasioned a long illness. He grew melancholy, and becoming quite mad, he

often cried out in his paroxysms, that he was a Jew. The ministers came to visit him, and tried to restore him to his senses; but he continually said, that he adored none but the God of Israel; that it was not possible God should change; that he could never have given a law, and written it with his own hand, intending that it should be abolished. He spoke to the disadvantage of Christianity, and afterwards retracted what he had said, and even delivered up a confession of faith to escape punishment; but after having written it, the unfortunate persuasion of his heart would not suffer him to sign it. The council of the city assembled the preachers to consider what was to be done with the unfortunate Anthony. The smaller number of those preachers were of opinion that he should be pitied, and that some attempts should be made to cure his disease, rather than punish him. The greater number determined he should be burnt, and he was burnt accordingly. This transaction is of the year 1632. A hundred years of reason and virtue are hardly sufficient to atone for such a determination.

THEATRE OF PUPPETS.

"Among other sights in Milan," says a traveller, "I went to Girolamo's theatre of puppets (le Marionette,) and laughed more than at any exhibition I ever beheld. You may perhaps think this entertainment was childish enough; so it was. But you don't know it, nor have you ever seen any thing like it, nor any thing so superlatively ludicrous. The puppets were about five feet, or perhaps less in height, and Girolamo, the master and owner of the theatre, was the animating soul and voice of these grotesque images. He had to speak and modulate his voice in the characters of nine or ten different *dramatis personæ*, male and female. He was,

of course, invisible. After an overture from a most miserable orchestra, in which there was neither time nor tune, nor any thing like tolerable music, the curtain, on which was a clever painting, drew up, and a little deformed black, in a suit of brown, with scarlet stockings, and an immense cocked hat, moved forward upon the stage, and began a soliloquy, which was interrupted by the entrance of another strange figure, a female, who entered into a smart dialogue with the little black, whose gestures, grimaces, and contortions of *limb*, were amazingly absurd, although perfectly in unison, in point of time and Italian manner, with the recitation which seemed to proceed from his inflexible lips. Had it not been for a certain awkward rigidity in their sidelong motions, when moving from one part of the stage to another, and for the visibility of the wire attached to their heads, and descending from the roof above the stage, one might have been deceived for a little, into a belief of the animal existence of these strange personages. They walked about very clumsily, to be sure; but then they bowed, and curtsied, and flourished with their arms, and twisted themselves about, with as much energy and propriety of effect, as most of those worthy living puppets who infest the stages of the little theatres in London. There were two skeletons, who played their parts admirably. They glided about, and accompanied their hollow-voiced speeches with excellent gesticulations, while their fleshless jaws moved quite *naturally*. Then, to crown all, there was a *ballet* of about a dozen of these puppets; and they danced with all the agility of Vestris, and cut much higher than he ever did in his life. They actually did cut extremely well in the air. You know the technical meaning of that word in the dancing-master's vocabulary. All the airs and graces of the French opera-dancers, their *pirouettes*, spinning round with a horizontal leg, &c., were admirably quizzed. One of these dancers, dressed like a Dutchman, stopped short, after a few

capers, and drawing a snuff-box from his pocket, took a pinch; then replaced the box, and set off again with a most exalted example of the *entrechat.*"

ECCENTRIC HOSPITALITY.

DURING the late American war, a soldier who had been wounded and honourably discharged, being destitute and benighted, knocked at the door of an Irish farmer, when the following dialogue ensued:

Patrick. And who the devil are you now?

Soldier. My name is John Wilson.

Patrick. And where the devil are you going from John Wilson?

Soldier. From the American army at Erie, sir.

Patrick. And what in the devil do you want here?

Soldier. I want shelter to-night; will you permit me to spread my blanket on your floor and sleep to-night?

Patrick. Devil take me if I do, John Wilson, that's flat.

Soldier. On your kitchen floor, sir?

Patrick. Not I, by the Hill o'Howth, that's flat.

Soldier. In your stable, then?

Patrick. I'm d——d if I do that either, that's flat.

Soldier. I'm dying with hunger: give me but a bone and a crust; I ask no more.

Patrick. Devil blow me if I do, sir, that's flat.

Soldier. Give me some water to quench my thirst, I beg of you.

Patrick. Beg and be hanged, I'll do no such thing, that's flat.

Soldier. Sir, I have been fighting to secure the blessings you enjoy; I have assisted in contributing to the glory and welfare of the country which has hospitably received you, and can you so inhospitably reject me from your house.

Patrick. Reject you, who in the devil talked a word about rejecting you? May be I am not the scurvy spalpeen you take me to be, John Wilson. You asked me to let you lie on my floor, my kitchen floor, or in my stable; now, by the powers, d'ye think I'd let a perfect stranger do that, when I have half a dozen soft feather beds all empty? No, by the Hill o'Howth, John, that's flat. In the second place, you told me you were dying with hunger, and wanted a bone and a crust to eat; now, honey, d'ye think I'll feed a hungry man on bones and crust, when my yard is full of fat pullets, and turkeys, and pigs? No, by the powers, not I, that's flat. In the third place, you asked me for some simple water to quench your thirst; now as my water is none of the best, I never give it to a poor traveller without mixing it with plenty of wine, brandy, whiskey, or something else wholesome and cooling. Come into my house, my honey; devil blow me, but you shall sleep in the best feather bed I have; you shall have the best supper and breakfast that my farm can supply, which, thank the Lord, is none of the worst; you shall drink as much water as you choose, provided you mix it with plenty of good wine or spirits, and provided also you prefer it. Come in my hearty, come in, and feel yourself at home. It shall never be said, that Patrick O'Flaherty treated a man scurvily who has been fighting for the dear country which gave him protection, that's flat.

SPORTING CHURCHMEN.

WALTER, Archdeacon of Canterbury, who was promoted to the see of Rochester in 1147, spent the whole of his time in *hunting*, to the utter neglect of all the high duties of his office. He lived to a very advanced age; and, when eighty years old was as keen a sportsman as ever.

Of the same character and habits was Reginald Brian, trans-

lated to the see of Worcester, in 1352. In an extant manuscript epistle of his, addressed to the Bishop of St. David's, Reginald reminds the holy father of a promise which he had made to send him six brace of excellent hunting dogs; the best (as the sportsman confesses) that he had ever seen. Of these Reginald says, he had been in daily anxious expectation; and he declares that his heart languished for their arrival. "Let them come then, (he entreats) oh! reverend father, without delay: let my woods reecho with the music of their cry, and the cheerful notes of the horn; and let the walls of my palace be decorated with the trophies of the chase."

William de Clowne, whom his biographer celebrates as the most amiable ecclesiastic that ever filled the abbot's throne of St. Mary's in Leicestershire, was a deep adept in all the mysteries of hunting. That his kennel might always be well supplied, he requested Richard II. to grant him a market or fair for the sale and purchase of sporting dogs; a request which the king complied with, seeing the abbot *passionately* desired it. He was, continues his eulogist, the most famous and knowing sportsman after a hare in the kingdom; insomuch that the king himself, Prince Edward his son, and most of the grandees in the realm, allowed him annual pensions for his instructions in the art of hare-hunting.

Chaucer, the admirable and faithful painter of the manners of his age, has given us a very particular and amusing portrait of a sporting monastic of the fourteenth century; the original (probably) from which the abbot in Ivanhoe is copied.

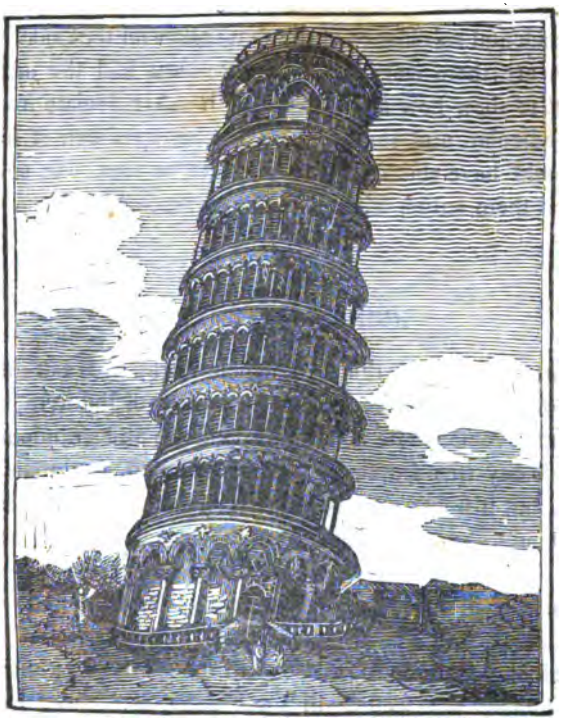
POWER OF IMAGINATION.

Dr. Darwin relates the following instance of the power of superstition on the mind, which, two centuries ago, would have been accounted witchery:—A young Warwickshire

farmer, finding his hedge broken and robbed during a severe winter, determined to watch for the thief. He chose a moonlight night, and lay many hours beneath the shade and shelter of a haystack. He suffered much from cold, and at midnight was about to retire; but at that moment appeared a decrepid old woman, of appearance much corresponding with the popular notion of a witch: she hastily collected a bundle of sticks from the hedge, and was about to carry them off; the farmer sprang from his concealment, and seized the old woman, as the nightly thief of his property. After some struggling, the old woman, who displayed great personal strength and determination, suddenly knelt down upon her bundle of sticks, and, after silently raising her withered arms to the moon, then at the full, she thus addressed the already half-frozen farmer: "Heaven grant thou mayest never again enjoy the blessings of *warmth*." The terrified farmer left her, and made his way home, under the full effect of the cold spell. He complained of extreme cold the following day; wore an extra upper coat—then another—and at length, in despair, took to his bed, which was continually heaped with blankets, which covered even his face—and in which he actually lay *until his death*, which did not happen until twenty years afterwards!

NURSING ROYALTY.

To be wet nurse to the blood royal of England, nearly amounts to a sinecure, since the office to be filled cannot, *per se*, be of long duration. Thus we find, in the records of the day, that the pensions of the wet-nurses to the several branches of the royal family, including the birth of the last child, amount to 1,600*l.* per annum; every nurse to the younger children having an annuity for life of 100*l.* a year, and those of the Prince of Wales and the princess royal 400*l.* per year.



THE HANGING TOWER OF PISA, IN TUSCANY.

This celebrated tower, likewise called Campanile, on account of its having been erected for the purpose of containing bells, stands in a square, close to the cathedral of Pisa. It is built entirely of white marble, and is a beautiful cylinder of eight stories, each adorned with a round of columns, rising one above another. It inclines so far on one side from the perpendicular, that in dropping a plummet from the top, which is 188 feet in height, it falls 16 feet from the base. Much pains have been taken by connoisseurs to prove that this was done purposely by the architect; but it is evident

that the inclination has proceeded from another cause, namely, an accidental subsidence of the foundation on that side. The pillars are there considerably sunk; but had the architect meant to show how far he could with safety deviate from the perpendicular, and thus display a novel specimen of his art, he would have shortened the pilasters on that side, so as to exhibit them entire, without the appearance of sinking.

RUINS OF PALMYRA.

All Syria, and perhaps the whole world, does not afford a view of more magnificent ruins than those of Palmyra, which evidently demonstrate its ancient opulence and grandeur.

This city was founded by King Solomon, in the desert of Syria, but it may be supposed, that so advanced a garrison as this, being above 300 miles from Jerusalem, did not continue long in possession of the Jews, who, after Solomon's death, fell into civil dissensions. It undoubtedly submitted to the Babylonian and Persian monarchies, and afterwards to the Macedonians, under Alexander and the Seleucidæ; but when the Romans got footing in those parts, and the Parthians seemed to put a stop to their further conquests in the east, then this city, by reason of its situation, being a frontier town, and in the middle of a vast sandy desert, where armies could not well subsist to reduce it by force, was courted and caressed by the contending princes, and permitted to continue a free state, a mart or staple of trade for the convenience of both empires, as plainly appears from Appian and Pliny. With these advantages of freedom, neutrality and trade, for near two centuries, Palmyra grew wealthy and magnificent, and it was afterwards much adorned and enriched by the Emperor Adrian, to whom it submitted about the year of Christ 130. From the time of Adrian, to that of Aurelian, for about

140 years, this city continued to increase in power and riches, till Zenobia, the wife of Odenatus, and queen of Palmyra, as she is commonly called, having some dispute with Aurelian, after her husband's death, about a share in the empire, he marched against her, and having in two battles routed her forces, he shut her up and besieged her in Palmyra. The city was soon obliged to surrender, and Zenobia flying with her son, was pursued and taken; with which Aurelian being satisfied, he spared the city, and leaving a small garrison in it, marched to Rome with this captive lady; but the inhabitants, being willing to shake off the Roman yoke, cut off the whole garrison, which Aurelian understanding, though he was got into Europe, returned speedily with his army, took the city again without much opposition, put the people to the sword with uncommon cruelty, and delivered it to be pillaged by his soldiers. This calamity befel Palmyra about the year of our Lord 272; and though Aurelian did not then burn or destroy the buildings, yet the damage it sustained was never retrieved, so as to make any considerable figure ever after. In what age, or from what hand it received its final overthrow, which reduced it to its present miserable condition, we cannot gather from history; but it was probably burnt and desolated in the obscure ages of the world, during the wars of the Saracens.

These ruins lie in the deserts of Syria, about 150 miles south-east of Aleppo, and have been visited by several of our countrymen, who have carefully examined and described them. By the space they take up, the city appears to have been of vast extent; but there are no vestiges of any walls remaining, nor is it possible to judge of the ancient figure of the place. The present inhabitants are about thirty or forty poor families, who live in little huts made of earth, within the walls of a spacious court, which formerly enclosed a most magnificent heathen temple, dedicated to the Sun. This

court is a square of 220 yards each side, encompassed with a high and stately wall, adorned with pilasters both within and without, to the number of sixty two on a side; and had not the Turks, out of a vain superstition, purposely beat down the beautiful cornices, perhaps the world could not boast of more exquisite carvings, as one may judge from some remaining fragments. The west side, on which is the entrance, is mostly broken down, and near the middle of the square, another higher wall is raised out of the ruins, which appears to have been part of a castle, probably built by the Mamalukes, for the security of the place. Before the whole length of this new front, except a narrow passage left for an entry, there is cut a deep ditch, faced with stone to the foot of the wall, which must have made it difficult to be assailed. This wall entirely shrouds the magnificent entry that belonged to the first fabric, of the stateliness whereof we may form some idea from the two stones that support the sides of the great gate, each of which is 35 feet high, both standing, and beautifully covered with vines and clusters of grapes, exceedingly bold and natural.

As soon as we enter within the court, we see the remains of two rows of very noble marble pillars, 37 feet high, with capitals of admirable workmanship. About fifty of these only remain entire; but there must have been many more, for they appear to have run quite round the whole court, and to have supported a very spacious double piazza, or cloister. The walk on the west side of this piazza, which is opposite to the front of the temple, seems to have exceeded the rest in breadth and beauty; and at each end are two niches for statues at their full length, with their pedestals, borders, supporters, and canopies, all carved with the greatest art and curiosity.

In the middle of this once beautiful enclosure, but now filled with the dirty huts of the inhabitants, stood the Temple

of the Sun, encompassed with another row of pillars of a different order, and much taller than the former, being about fifty feet high; of which only sixteen are now remaining. The space included within these pillars was fifty-nine yards in length, and about twenty-eight in breadth; and the temple was thirty-three yards long, and fourteen or fifteen broad, pointing north and south, with a magnificent entry on the west, exactly in the middle of the structure. The outward walls of this temple are still standing, in which it is observable, that the windows are narrower at the top than the bottom, and not very large, but all adorned with excellent sculptures. Just over the door any one may discern part of the wings of a large spread eagle, extending its whole width, which made Mr. Halifax at first imagine it might have been rather a cherub overshadowing the entrance, there being nothing of the body remaining to guide one's judgment, but afterwards, seeing other eagles on stones that were fallen down, he concluded this must have been one likewise, only of a much larger size. Never were vines, bunches of grapes, and the other sculptures in general, executed in so bold and lively a manner; and every thing to be seen about the small remains of this temple, induces us to believe it was once a most glorious structure.

The Turks, or rather the Mamalukes, have built a roof to these walls, supported by small pillars and arches, but a great deal lower, and in other respects disproportionate to what the ancient covering must have been; and they have converted it into a mosque, adding to the south end new ornaments after their manner, with inscriptions and sentences out of the Koran, written in wreaths and flourishes; but at the north end of the building, which makes no part of the mosque, there are remains of much greater art and beauty, viz., the most curious fret-work and carvings. In the middle of the roof is a dome or cupola, about two yards in diameter, made

of some artificial composition, which is, however, an admirable piece of workmanship.

After viewing this temple, our author went to another situation, where he had a prospect of such stately ruins, that if one may frame an idea of the original beauty of Palmyra, by what is still remaining, it may be questioned whether any city in the world could have vied with it in magnificence. Advancing towards the north, we have before us a fine obelisk, about fifty feet in height, consisting of seven large stones, besides its capital and the wreathed work about it. Its circumference just above the pedestal is four yards six inches, and its sculptures, as in other places, are extremely beautiful; but it has no statue on the top of it, as probably it had formerly. About a quarter of a mile distant from this, two other large pillars are to be seen, the one towards the east, and the other towards the west; which would incline one to think there was a continued row of them.

Proceeding forwards about eighty yards from the obelisk, we come to a large and lofty entry, which, for the beauty of the workmanship, is not inferior to any thing before described, and leads into a noble piazza or portico, above half a mile in length, and forty yards in breadth, enclosed within two rows of stately marble pillars, twenty-six feet in height, and eight or nine in circumference. One hundred and twenty-nine of these are standing and entire; but, upon a moderate computation, there could not have been less originally than five hundred and sixty. This spacious piazza was terminated by a row of pillars, standing somewhat closer than those on the sides; and perhaps there might have been a sort of banqueting-house above, or else a stately building, whose ruins lie at a little distance to the left, might have been allotted to that use, being built of fine marble, and having an air of delicacy in the workmanship beyond what is discernible in the piazza. The pillars that supported it are of one entire stone: and one

of them, that was fallen down without breaking, measured twenty-two feet in length, and eight feet nine inches in circumference.

On the west side of the great piazza are several gates leading into the court of the palace, two of which, when in their perfection, must have been exceedingly magnificent and beautiful, not only for the elegance of the work in general, but in particular for the noble porphyry pillars with which they were adorned, each gate having four in its front, two on one hand, and two on the other. There is only one of these now standing in its place, though there is another entire; they are about thirty feet high, and nine in compass, and so exceedingly hard, that a piece cannot be broken off without great difficulty. The palace itself is so entirely ruined, that no judgment can be formed of what it was when standing, either as to its figure or workmanship; but it was certainly answerable to the splendour of the city.

On the east side of the long piazza stands a vast number of marble pillars, some perfect, and others deprived of their beautiful capitals, but so scattered and confused, that it is not possible to reduce them to any order, so as to conjecture for what purpose they originally served. In one place we find several of them arranged in a square, paved at the bottom with broad flat stones, but without any roof or covering; and at a little distance from thence are the remains of a small temple, which seems to have been of curious workmanship, but the roof is quite gone, and the walls are much defaced and consumed. Before the gate of it, there remains a piazza, supported by six pillars, two on each side of the door, and one at each end; and the pedestals of those in the front have been filled with inscriptions, which are now defaced and illegible.

The sepulchres of Palmyra are worth the attention of the curious; being square towers four or five stories high, stand-

ing on each side of a hollow way, towards the north part of the city. They extend in length, the space of a mile, and perhaps anciently they might extend a great way farther. They are all of the same form, but different in magnitude and splendour, according to the circumstances of their founders. Two of these sepulchres are more entire than the rest, though not without marks of the Turkish fury, as well as the injuries of time. They are rather larger than our common church steeples, and five stories high, the outside being of ordinary stone, but the partitions and floors within of good marble, and adorned with lively sculptures and paintings, and the busts of men and women, most of them defaced and broken. Under these busts, or on the sides of them, are some inscriptions in an unknown character, being probably the names of the persons there deposited. One of these sepulchres has a door on the south side, from whence there is a walk across the middle of the building, and the floor being broken up, affords a view of the vaults below. The spaces on each hand are divided by thick walls into six partitions, each capable of receiving the largest corpse; and if piled one upon another, as their method seems to have been, each of those partitions might contain six or seven bodies. In the lowest, second, and third stories, these partitions are uniform, except that from the second floor one partition is reserved for a staircase. In the upper floors, the building being somewhat contracted towards the top, there is not room for a continuation of the same method: and therefore the two highest stories are not so divided, nor perhaps ever had any bodies laid in them, unless that of the founder, whose statue, in a recumbent posture, is placed in a niche, in the front of the monument, so as to be seen within and without, and near this statue is a Greek inscription. The other monument is similar, only the entrance and front are towards the north, and the paintings are not so fine; but the carvings are as good, and the whole looks as

stately as the former. Besides, it has the advantage with respect to age, being not so old as the other by a hundred years, as appears from the date of an inscription over a niche in the front.

From these sumptuous mausolea, and other magnificent structures, our author thinks it reasonable to conclude, that the Palmyrenes were a potent and opulent people before they became subject to the Romans, and that they were not altogether indebted to them for their greatness.—SMITH'S *Wonders.*

NATURAL WONDERS IN AMERICA.

IT is very surprising, that two of the greatest natural curiosities in the world are within the United States, and yet scarcely known to the best informed of our geographers and naturalists.

The one a beautiful fall, in Franklin (Habersham) county, Georgia, the other a stupendous precipice in Pendleton district, South Carolina: they are both faintly mentioned in the late edition of Morse's Geography, but not as they merit. The Tuccoa fall is much higher than the Falls of Niagara. The column of water is propelled beautifully over a perpendicular rock, and when the stream is full, it passes down without being broken. All the prismatic effect seen at Niagara illustrates the spray of Tuccoa. The Table mountain in Pendleton district, South Carolina, is an awful precipice of 900 feet. Many persons reside within five, seven, or ten miles of this grand spectacle, who have never had curiosity or taste enough to visit it. It is now, however, occasionally visited by curious travellers, and sometimes by men of science.

Very few persons who have once cast a glimpse into the almost boundless abyss, can again exercise sufficient fortitude

to approach the margin of the chasm. Almost every one, in looking over, involuntarily falls to the ground senseless, nerveless, and helpless, and would inevitably be precipitated and dashed to atoms, were it not for measures of caution and security that have always been deemed indispensable to a safe indulgence of the curiosity of the visiter or spectator. Every one, on proceeding to the spot whence it is usual to gaze over the wonderful deep, has, in his imagination, a limitation, graduated by a reference to distances with which his eye has been familiar. But, in a moment, eternity, as it were is represented to his astonished senses, and he is instantly overwhelmed. His system is no longer subject to his volition or reason, and he falls like a mass of mere matter. He then revives, and in a wild delirium surveys a scene, which for a while, he is unable to define by description or imitation.

HURRICANE IN THE PINE FORESTS OF GEORGIA, NORTH AMERICA.

Mr. Hodgson, in his "Letters," says: We were surprised by one of the most sublimely dreadful spectacles I ever beheld:—thousands of large pine trees lay torn and shattered on each other, only one in four or five being left standing, by a dreadful hurricane which occurred a fortnight before, and the ravages of which extended nearly twelve miles. Some had been thrown down with such prodigious violence, that their thick trunks were broken into two or three pieces by the fall; others were splintered from the top nearly to the bottom; while others were lying on each other four or five thick, with their branches intertwined as if they had been torn up by the roots in a body—but it is in vain to attempt to describe the spectacle. I will only say, that the most dreadful tossing of the ocean never impressed me so strongly with the idea of

uncontrollable power as this magnificent scene of devastation. Our road was so completely buried, that we had to hunt our track at some distance in the woods. It is such hurricanes as these that Volney describes, as twisting off and laying level the largest trees within the limits of their range; and he very aptly compares their course through the forest, to that of a reaper through a field of wheat.

We had intended to stop at sunset, as in these latitudes there is little or no twilight; but as usual we could not persuade ourselves that the night would close upon us immediately, and the ground was so wet on the table land of the ridge, that we proceeded in order to discover a better place to rest for the night, till we found ourselves benighted among the swamps, our horses sinking and stumbling, and frequently passing through water, two or three feet deep, out of which we could scarcely see our way. The damps of the night in this watery region, prevented our alighting to try to make a fire till the moon should enable us to proceed; and, indeed, we did not think it prudent to dismount on account of the alligators that abound here; we had, about sunset, passed very near one. Our ears were stunned with the frog concerts which now and then arose and depressed our spirits, by intimating that we were approaching another swamp, although it was too dark to see it. We were suddenly surprised by a number of moving lights, which led us to suppose that some persons were scouring the forest, but we heard no noise; even when many of them appeared to be moving round us within a few yards distance, all was silent when we stopped our horses. At last, it occurred to me, that these moving lights must proceed from the beautiful fire-flies we had often heard of—even at such a moment, I was delighted with their beauty, evanescent as it was, for they soon disappeared. Occasionally we were again deluded by a solitary fire-fly at a distance, which twinkled like a light from a cottage window, and to

which we several times bent our steps, our spirits depressed by every successive disappointment.

At last just as the moon rose, we reached an elevated spot, where we lighted our fire, toasted our bacon, and after securing our horses by a little fence of sapplings, lay down on our blankets under the trees with no common satisfaction.

SINGULAR ESCAPE.

A SINGULAR instance of the preservation of life under the most unfavourable circumstances, occurred at Tranent, about the year 1728. A female coal-bearer of the name of Jeffrey happening, while on her way through the pits, to put out her candle, failed to reach the place where she was to have been raised above ground, and after wandering till quite exhausted with fatigue, was obliged at last to lie down in a remote and obscure recess, from which she could scarcely entertain any hope of ever being removed in life. No sooner was she missed by her companions, than every effort that anxiety or benevolence could suggest was used to discover her; the town-drum and bagpipes being sent through the *waste*, in the hope that she might be led by the sound. When the search had been continued for fourteen days, she was found lying in a very weak state, below the site of the church. She had devoured her shoes, and sucked the blood from her arm. Providentially, a drop from the roof of the pit, which she caught in the palm of her hand, supplied her with what is next to food most valuable; otherwise she could not possibly have survived. She reported that, during her stay below ground, she distinctly heard the congregation singing psalms; an affecting circumstance which was not believed at the time, but which is now shown to have been quite possible by the sinking of a part of the churchyard into the pit where she was lying.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GRAND STAFFA CAVERN; OR, FINGAL'S CAVE.

BY SIR JOSEPH BANKS.

By far the best description of this very extraordinary feature of the most wonderful island of the Hebrides, the whole of which constitutes as singular and romantic a spot as is any where to be found, has been given by Sir Joseph Banks, from whose account we extract the following particulars.

"Staffa, about seven miles N.N.E. of Jona, and equidistant westward from the shores of Mull, about one mile in length, and half a mile in breadth, is noted for the basaltic pillars which support the major part of the island, and for the magnificent spectacle afforded by the Cave of Fingal, one of the most splendid works of nature.

"Notwithstanding the contiguity of this island to Mull and Jona, and the numerous vessels which navigate these seas, this wonderful island was unknown to the world in general, and even to most of the neighbouring islanders, until near the close of the last century, when Sir Joseph, then on

his voyage to Iceland, in consequence of information received in the Sound of Jona from some gentlemen of Mull, was induced to sail thither. It is, indeed, slightly mentioned by Buchanan; but assuredly was not equally dead to fame at the time the Norwegians had sway in these parts; for from them it derives its name of Staffa.

"The basaltic pillars stand in natural colonnades, mostly above fifty feet high, in the south-western part, upon a firm basis of solid unshapen rock; above these, the stratum, which reaches to the soil of the island, varies in thickness, in proportion to the distribution of the surface into hill and valley. The pillars are of three, four, and more sides; but the number of those with five and six exceeds that of the others; one of seven sides, measured by Sir Joseph, was four feet five inches in diameter.

"On the west side of Staffa is a small bay, the spot where boats usually land. In this neighbourhood occurs the first group of pillars; they are small, and instead of being placed upright, are recumbent on their sides, and form a segment of a circle. Further on is a small cave, above which pillars again are seen, of somewhat larger dimensions, which incline in all directions; in one place in particular, a small mass of them much resembles the ribs of a ship. Beyond the cave is the first continued range of pillars, larger than the former, and opposite to them is a small island called Bhuachaile, (pronounced Boo-sha-'lay,) or the Herdsman's Isle, separated from the main by a channel not many fathoms wide. The whole of this islet is composed of pillars without any strata above them; they are small, but by much the neatest formed of any in this quarter.

"The first division of this islet, for at high water it is divided into two parts, makes a kind of cone, the pillars converging together towards the centre. On the other side, the pillars are in general recumbent; and in the front, next the

main, the beautiful manner in which they are joined is visible from their even extremities; all these have their transverse sections exact, and their surfaces smooth; but with the larger pillars the reverse is the case, and they are cracked in all directions.

"The main island opposite the Boo-sha-'lay, and thence towards the north-west, is entirely supported by ranges of pillars, pretty erect, which, although not apparently tall, from their not being uncovered to the base, are of large diameter; at their feet is an irregular pavement, made by the upper sides of such as have been broken off. This extends as far under the water as the eye can reach.

"In proceeding along the shore, the superb cavern of Fingal appears, for such is the denomination given it by the Highlanders, to whom it is known. It is supported on each side by ranges of columns, and is roofed by the bottoms of such as have been broken away. From the interstices of the roof a yellow stalactitic matter has exuded, which precisely defines the different angles; and varying the colour, tends to augment the elegance of its appearance. What adds to the grandeur of the scene, the whole cave is lighted from without, in such a manner, that the farthest extremity is plainly distinguished; while the air within, being constantly in motion, owing to the flux and reflux of the tides, is perfectly dry and wholesome, and entirely exempt from the damp vapours to which natural caverns are generally subject. The following are its dimensions:

	Feet	Inch.
Length of the cave from the rock without .	371	6
from the pitch of the arch	250	0
Breadth of ditto at the mouth	53	7
at the farther end	20	0
Height of the arch at the mouth	117	6
at the end	70	0

	Feet	Inch.
Height of an outside pillar	39	6
one at the north-west corner . .	54	0
Depth of water at the mouth	18	0
at the extremity	9	0

"The cave runs to the rock in the direction by compass N.N.E.

"The mind can hardly form an idea more magnificent than such a space. And, indeed, speaking of the general aspect of Staffa, Sir Joseph is led by his enthusiasm to make the following reflections: 'Compared to this, what are the cathedrals or the palaces built by man! mere models or play-things, imitations as diminutive as such works will always be when compared to those of Nature. Where is now the boast of the architect! regularity, the only part in which he fancied himself to exceed his mistress, Nature, is here found in her possession, and here it has been left undescribed for ages. Is not this the school where the art was originally studied? And what has been added to this by the whole Grecian school? A capital to ornament the column of Nature, of which they could execute a model only; and for that very capital they were obliged to a bush of Acanthus. How amply does Nature repay those who study her wonderful works.'

"Such were his feelings, and in this way did he moralize, when, proceeding along shore, and treading, as it were, on another Giant's Causeway, he arrived at the mouth of the cave.

"To the north-west are found the highest range of pillars. Here they are bare to their base, and the stratum beneath is visible, as it rises several feet above the water. The surface of it is rough, with frequent large pieces of stone sticking in it, as if half immersed. The base, when broken, appears to be composed of many heterogeneous parts, and much

resembles lava. Many of the floating stones are of a similar substance with the pillars, a coarse basaltes, less beautiful than that of the Giant's Causeway: the colour is a dirty brown. The whole of this stratum dips gradually to the south-east.

"The thickness of the stratum of lava-like matter below the pillars, the height of the pillars, and the thickness of the superincumbent stratum at three different places westward of the mouth of the cave, beginning with the corner pillar of the cave, are described as under by Sir Joseph Banks.

	Feet	In.	Feet	In.	Feet	In.
Stratum below	11	0	17	1	19	8
Height of pillars	54	0	50	0	55	1
Stratum above	61	6	51	1	54	7

"The stratum above the columns is uniformly the same, consisting of numberless small pillars, bending and inclining in all directions, sometimes so irregularly, that the stones can only be said to have an inclination to assume a column form; in others more regularly; but never breaking into or disturbing the stratum of large pillars, whose tops keep every where a uniform line. On the opposite side of the island is a cavern, called Oua-na-scarve, or the Cormorant's Cave; here the stratum under the pillars is lifted up very high, and the pillars are considerably less than at the north-west side. Beyond, a bay cuts deep into the island, rendering it not more than a quarter of a mile across. On the sides of this bay, especially beyond a little valley, which almost divides the island, are two stages of small pillars, with a stratum between, exactly resembling that above, formed of innumerable little pillars shaken out of their places, and leaning in all directions. Beyond this, the pillars totally cease. The rock is of a dark-brown stone, without regularity, from the bay along the south-east end of the island; beyond which, a disposition to colum-

nar formation is again manifested, extending from the west side, but in an irregular manner, to the bending pillars first described."

MEMOIRS OF RICHARD PLANTAGENET,

(A natural Son of King Richard III.) who died 22d December, 1550, (4. Edw. VI.) in a letter from Dr. Thomas Brett, to Dr. William Warren, President of Trinity Hall.

DEAR WILL,

* * * * Now for the story of Richard Plantagenet. In the year 1720, (I have forgot the particular day, only remember it was about Michaelmas) I waited on the late Lord Heneage, Earl of Winchelsea, at Eastwell-house, and found him sitting with the register of the parish of Eastwell lying open before him. He told me, that he had been looking there to see who of his own family were mentioned in it. But, says he, I have a curiosity here to show you. And then showed me, and I immediately transcribed it into my almanack, "Richard Plantagenet was buryed the 22d daye of December, anno ut supra. Ex Registro de Eastwell, sub anno, 1550." This is all the register mentions of him; so that we cannot say whether he was buried in the church or churchyard; nor is there now any other memorial of him except the tradition in the family, and some little marks where his house stood. The story my Lord told me was this:—

When Sir Thomas Moyle built that house (Eastwell-place) he observed his chief bricklayer, whenever he left off work retired with a book. Sir Thomas had curiosity to know what book the man read; but was some time before he could discover it; he still putting the book up if any one came toward him. However, at last, Sir Thomas surprised him, and snatched the book from him; and looking into it, found

it to be Latin. Hereupon he examined him, and finding he pretty well understood that language, he inquired how he came by his learning: hereupon, the man told him, as he had been a good master to him, he would venture to trust him with a secret he had never before revealed to any one. He then informed him, that he was boarded with a Latin school-master, without knowing who his parents were, till he was fifteen or sixteen years old; only a gentleman (who took occasion to acquaint him he was no relation to him) came once a quarter, and paid for his board, and took care to see that he wanted nothing. And, one day, this gentleman took him, and carried him to a fine great house, where he passed through several stately rooms, in one of which he left him, bidding him stay there.

Then a man, finely dressed, with a star and garter, came to him, asked him some questions, talked kindly to him, and gave him some money. Then the fore-mentioned gentleman returned, and conducted him back to his school.

Some time after, the same gentleman came to him again, with a horse and proper accoutrements, and told him, he must take a journey with him into the country. They went into Leicestershire, and came to Bosworth-field; and he was carried to King Richard III.'s tent. The king embraced him, and told him he was his son. "But, child," says he, "to-morrow I must fight for my crown; and, assure yourself if I lose that, I will lose my life too: but I hope to preserve both. Do you stand in such a place (directing him to a particular place,) where you may see the battle, out of danger. And when I have gained the victory, come to me; I will then own you to be mine, and take care of you. But, if I should be so unfortunate as to lose the battle, then shift as well as you can, and take care to let nobody know that I am your father: for no mercy will be shown to any one so nearly related to me." Then the king gave him a purse of gold, and dismissed him.

He followed the king's directions; and, when he saw the battle was lost, and the king killed, he hasted to London, sold his horse and fine clothes; and the better to conceal himself from all suspicion of being son to a king, and that he might have means to live by his honest labour, he put himself apprentice to a bricklayer. But, having a competent skill in the Latin tongue, he was unwilling to lose it; and having an inclination also to reading, and no delight in the conversation of those he was obliged to work with, he generally spent all the time he had to spare in reading by himself.

Sir Thomas said, "You are now old, and almost past your labour; I will give you the running of my kitchen as long as you live." He answered, "Sir, you have a numerous family; I have been used to live retired; give me leave to build a house of one room for myself, in such a field, and there, with your good leave, I will live and die." Sir Thomas granted his request; he built his house, and there continued to his death.

I suppose (though my Lord did not mention it) that he went to eat in the family, and then retired to his hut. My Lord said, that there was no park at that time; but when the park was made, that house was taken into it, and continued standing till his (my Lord's) father pulled it down. "But," said my Lord, "I would as soon have pulled down this house;" meaning Eastwell-place.

I have been computing the age of this Richard Plantagenet when he died, and find it to be about eighty-one. For Richard III. was killed August 23, 1485, (which substracted from 1550, there remains sixty-five) to which add sixteen, (for the age of Richard Plantagenet at that time) and it makes eighty-one. But, though he lived to that age, he could scarcely enjoy his retirement in his little house above two or three years, or a little more. For I find by Philpot, that Sir Thomas Moyle did not purchase the estate of East-

well, till about the year 1543 or 4. We may, therefore, reasonably suppose, that, upon his building a new house on his purchase, he could not come to live in it till 1546, but that his workmen were continued to build the walls about his gardens, and other conveniences off from the house. And till he came to live in the house, he could not well have an opportunity of observing how Richard Plantagenet retired with his book. So that it was probably towards the latter end of the year 1546, when Richard and Sir Thomas had the forementioned dialogue together. Consequently, Richard could not build his house, and have it dry enough for him to live in, till the year 1547. So that he must be seventy-seven or seventy-eight years of age before he had his writ of ease. * * *

I am,

Dear Brother Will,

Your humble Servant,

THOMAS BRETT.

Spring Grove, Sept. 1, 1733.

The Story of Richard Plantagenet authenticated.

SIR, — The anecdote concerning Richard Plantagenet, natural son of our King Richard III. reprinted in your last magazine from Mr. Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, I observe has been from thence republished in some of the evening papers. A gentleman, however, who signs R. T. in the St. James's Chronicle of August 8, seems to entertain some doubt concerning the authenticity of that story, for he says "At that time (that is, when the *Desiderata Curiosa* were published) I was informed that there was not the least foundation for the story, the whole being forged with a view to impose upon the credulity of Mr. Peck, by a person who certainly succeeded, if that was his design." Now, sir, Dr. Thomas Brett, of Spring Grove, near Eastwell, was the

person that penned the story, or that first put down the traditionary account in writing, with a view of obliging his countryman, Dr. William Warren, who was then fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and there resident. Dr. Brett and Dr. Warren, both of whom I well know, were very serious men, and incapable of forming a design of imposing upon any body, in a point of history especially, and this is no more than a piece of justice which I owe to their irreproachable characters. The gentleman goes on, "the truth of the relation may be easily established or refuted, by searching into the register of Eastwell; and therefore if any of your correspondents will give themselves the trouble of inquiring into the reality of this strange and improbable story, it will be esteemed a particular favour by your constant reader," &c. If by the reality of the story, he means the whole of the anecdote, I profess I can neither give, nor procure any further account of Richard Plantagenet than what Dr. Brett has given, the parties being long since dead; and can only say, that when I lived in the neighbourhood of Eastwell, which I did many years, the tradition very currently ran, as the Doctor has delivered it; but if R. T. will be content with a literal extract from the old register of Eastwell, concerning the person in question, I am ready to oblige him in that, by assuring him, that I copied verbatim, above thirty years ago, the following entry from thence.

"Richard Plantagenet was buried 22d daye of December, anno ut supra." i. e. 1550.

All I shall further say is, and this I think may give some satisfaction, that Richard III. certainly had a bastard son of the name of Richard, see Mr. Drake's *Eboracum*, p. 117, where you will find, that he was knighted, when a youth, by his father, at York,

I am, Sir, Yours,

Aug. 10*th*, 1767. T. Row.

SIR,—How true the story of Richard Plantagenet may be, I cannot say, but the words of the register of Eastwell are exactly as quoted by Dr. Brett.—It is also remarkable that, in the same register, whenever any of noble family was buried, this V mark is prefixed to the name; and the same mark is put to that of Richard Plantagenet.

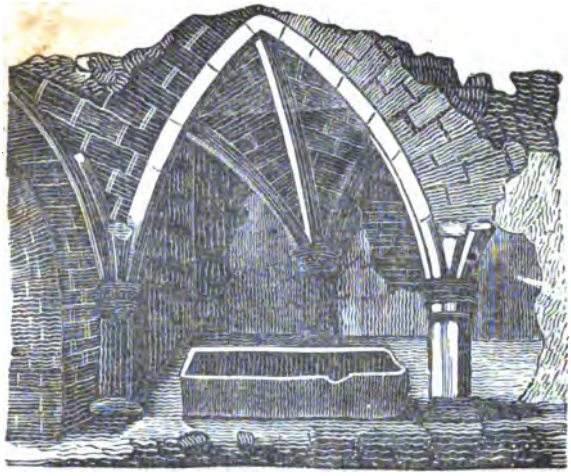
P. PARSONS,
Rector of Eastwell.

1767, *July, Aug.*

ERUPTION OF THE TOMBORO MOUNTAIN, IN JAVA.

THE most extraordinary convulsions of Vesuvius and Etna, as they appear in the descriptions of the poet, or the more authentic accounts of the naturalist, bear no comparison in point of duration or force with this eruption in the Indian Archipelago, April 5, 1815. It extended perceptible evidences of its existence over the whole of the Molucca islands, over Java, a considerable portion of Celebes, Sumatra, and Borneo, to a distance of 1,000 statute miles from its centre, by tremulous motions and reports of explosions; while within the range of its more immediate activity, embracing a space of more than 300 miles around it, it produced the most astonishing effects, and excited the most alarming apprehensions. On Java, at the distance of more than 300 miles, it seemed to be awfully present. The sky was overcast at noonday with clouds of ashes; the sun was enveloped in an atmosphere, whose "palpable" density he was unable to penetrate: showers of ashes covered the houses, the streets, and the fields, to the depth of several inches; and, amid the darkness, explosions were heard at intervals like the report of artillery, or the peals of distant thunder. So fully did the resemblance of the noises to the reports of cannon impress the minds of

some officers, that, from an apprehension of pirates on the coast, vessels were despatched to afford relief. Superstition, on the other hand, was busily at work on the minds of the natives, and they attributed the reports to an artillery of a different description from that of pirates. The first explosions were heard on the 5th of April; a fall of ashes took place on the 6th; from that day the sun became obscured, and apparently enveloped in fog till the 12th. On the 11th, the explosions were tremendous, and shook the houses on the eastern part of Java. Candles were obliged to be lighted at four in the afternoon. The ground in some places was covered with ashes to the depth of eight inches. The darkness of the atmosphere, and occasional falls of volcanic ashes, continued till the 17th of April. From Sambawa, where the eruption took place, to the part of Sumatra where the sound was noticed, is a distance of 970 geopraphical miles, and clouds of ashes, so dense as to create utter darkness at noonday, were experienced more than 300 geographical miles from the centre of its operations. The explosions did not cease entirely on the island of Sambawa till the 15th of July. Of the whole villages of Tomboro, one only remained, containing about forty inhabitants. In Pekate, no vestige of a house was left; and twenty-six of the inhabitants, who were at Sambawa at the time, were the only part of the population who escaped. There were not fewer than 12,000 individuals in Tomboro and Pekate at the time of the eruption, of whom only five or six escaped. The trees and herbage of every description along the whole of the north and west sides of the peninsula were completely destroyed, with the exception of one point of land, near the spot where the village of Tomboro stood.



DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT CEMETERY IN ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.

In the month of September 1818, as the workmen employed in clearing away the ground in St. Martin's-le-Grand, which is to form the site of the new Post-office, were removing the foundations of some of the old houses which stood in the rear of St. Leonard's, Foster-lane, they discovered the roofs of some ancient vaults. This circumstance attracted attention, and care was very properly taken to clear away the rubbish so as to afford an opportunity of examining these vestiges of ancient architecture. As soon as the rubbish on the particular spot was removed, three vaults were discovered, each communicating with the other by a narrow passage or gallery; they are built chiefly of large square bricks, intermixed with stone and some flint, and the interstices filled up with a yellow chalky earth. They are rather spacious, the height being nearly nine feet, the depth about eighteen, and the breadth about six or seven. They appear to have been

each originally divided into two compartments. In the back part of one of the vaults was found a large quantity of human bones, thrown promiscuously together as if collected from different graves. In one of them is a stone coffin, rather short in length, made in the shape of ancient coffins, square at the head, and inclining in a tapering form towards the feet; a place is rather rudely shaped for the head of the body to rest upon, and the remains of a skull and some decayed bones are in the cavity. Adjoining, and in the same line with these arches, is a vaulted roof, supported by a small and short stone shaft or pillars, from which spring semicircular arches, intersecting each other at equidistant points, and presenting to the eye, the skeleton of a structure, at once simple, durable, and beautiful. The subdivisions of the intercolumniation were evidently open when built, and so arranged as to admit a communication with other parts of the building. The floor of these vaults is about 20 feet below the level of the pavement in Newgate-street; the loose ground, on the same level, bears all the appearance of having been once a cemetery, from the fragments and calcined parts of houses intermixed with soft earth, which are observable in the vicinity.

St. Martin's-le-Grand was originally a college founded in the year 700, by Wythred, King of Kent, and according to Dugdale, in his *Monasticon Anglicanum*, rebuilt, and endowed by a noble Saxon, and his brother Edvardus, for a dean, and secular canons and priests, and was dedicated to St. Martin. The epithet Le-Grand was afterwards added, on account of the great and extraordinary privileges, particularly the dangerous one of Sanctuary, granted to it by different monarchs. William the Conqueror confirmed the endowments of this house, and the possession of the lands given by the founders, to which he added all the moor-land without Cripplegate, and exonerated its canons from all interference or

exaction of any bishops, archdeacons, or their ministers. He likewise granted them *soc* and *toc*, *toll* and *team*, and a long *et cætera* of Saxon liberties in the most ample degree. His charter, sanctioned by John and Peter, two of the Pope's legates, concludes thus: "If any person whatever shall presume to alter any thing hereby granted, let him perish with Judas the traitor."

Henry III., had the weakness to confirm these mischievous charters, and to extend them in cases of debt, felony, and treason. The indulgence granted, was so obnoxious to the peaceable citizens, on account of the protection afforded to the lowest sort of rogues, ruffians, thieves, felons, and murderers, that they were frequently compelled to apply to the government for security against this sanctuary. Anciently, when this college was in a flourishing state, a curfew bell was rung here at eight o'clock every evening, and at St. Mary-le-Bow, St. Giles Cripplegate, and at Allhallows Barking, to warn the people to keep within doors. Edward I., in consequence of the many mischiefs, murders, robberies, and beating down persons, by certain hectors walking armed in the night, commanded that none should be so hardy as to be found wandering in the streets, after the bell had sounded in St. Martin's-le-Grand. The college was surrendered to king Edward VI., in 1548, and soon after, the church was pulled down, and many tenements erected on the site.

Such is the historical account of the ancient sanctuary or edifice, of which these vaults appear to have been a part. The vaults in which the bones are found do not seem to be of very ancient date, they were probably formed by Edward VI., for the pious purpose of depositing therein the bones which were exposed at the demolition of the old church. The fine arched vault, supported by columns, which we have described, is evidently not of earlier date than the reign of Henry III. At that period the heavy form of the Saxon

architecture gave place to a purer taste, and the broad circular arch and massive column, gave place to the pointed arch and slender pillar. The remains which we have described are in the pure style of this reformed taste, and before its simplicity was compelled by fashion to yield to the indiscriminate patch-work carving that we find in the tracery and foliage of the architecture at the close of the reign of Henry III., and in subsequent times. The antiquary, whose research is bounded by the discovery of the sacred dust of a mouldering heap, may perhaps derive ample satisfaction from the vaults containing the bones of the dead; but the artist and lover of taste, will, we imagine, feel his attention alone drawn to the architectural fragment we have alluded to.

There are, we believe, very extensive vaults under parts of Newgate-street, many of them used as cellars by the inhabitants; and walled up for their particular convenience. It would perhaps be worth inquiry to ascertain their extent, particularly as we have heard that they appear to be connected with these ruins. The investigation might lead to some curious discoveries respecting the antique buildings of the metropolis, the description of many of which rests on conjecture and fable. From Aldersgate to the Old Bailey was once a line of the residences of our gentry, and these excavations are exactly in this track.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF THE HUMAN BODY.

The Countess Cornelia Bandi, in the sixty-second year of her age, was all day as well as she used to be, but at night was observed, when at supper, dull and heavy. She retired, was put to bed, where she passed three hours and more in familiar discourses with her maid, and in some prayers; at last falling asleep, the door was shut. In the morning, the

maid taking notice that her mistress did not awake at the usual hour, went into the bed-chamber and called her; but not being answered, doubting of some ill accident, opened the window, and saw the corpse of her mistress in the deplorable condition following:—

Four feet distance from the bed, there was a heap of ashes, two legs untouched, from the foot to the knee, with their stockings on: between them was the lady's head: whose brains, half of the back part of the scull, and the whole chin, were burnt to ashes; among which were found three fingers blackened. All the rest was ashes, which had this particular quality, that they left in the hand, when taken up, a greasy and stinking moisture.

The air in the room was also observed cumbered with soot floating in it; a small oil-lamp on the floor was covered with ashes, but no oil in it. Two candles in candlesticks on a table stood upright; the cotton was left in both, but the tallow was gone and vanished. Somewhat of moisture was about the feet of the candlesticks. The bed received no damage; the blankets and sheets were only raised on one side, as when a person rises up from it, or goes in; the whole furniture, as well as the bed, was spread over with moist and ash-coloured soot, which had penetrated into the chest of drawers, even to foul the linens; nay, the soot was also gone into a neighbouring kitchen, and hung on the walls, moveables, and utensils of it.

It was remarkable, that the floor of the chamber was so thickly smeared with a gluish moisture, that it could not be taken off; and the stench spread more and more through the other chambers.

In the Acta Medica et Philosophica Hafniensia, published by Thomas Bartholin, 1673, a similar accident is related in these words:—"A poor woman, at Paris, used to drink spirit of wine plentifully for the space of three years, so as to take

nothing else. Her body contracted such a combustible disposition, that one night she, lying down on a straw couch, was all burned to ashes and smoke, except the skull and the extremities of her fingers."

John Henry Cahausen relates, "That a Polish gentleman, in the time of the Queen Bona Sforza, having drunk two dishes of a liquor called brandy-wine, vomited flames, and was burnt by them."

The narrator's opinion is, that the fire was caused in the entrails of the body by inflamed effluvia of her blood, by juices and fermentations in the stomach, by the many combustible matters which are abundant in living bodies for the uses of life; and, finally, by the fiery evaporations which exhale from the settlings of spirit of wine, brandies, and other hot liquors, in the tunica villosa of the stomach, and other adipose or fat membranes, within which, as chymists observe, those spirits engender a kind of camphor; which, in the night-time, in sleep, by a full breathing and respiration, are put in a stronger motion, and, consequently, more apt to be set on fire.

WIFE-MURDER.

About the latter end of September, 1570, Mr. John Kelloe, minister of Spott, near Dunbar, came into Edinburgh, being seized with a terrible remorse of conscience, judicially to confess a crime which could never have otherwise been proved against him. He had been married, before he had got into orders or possessed a benefice, to a neighbour's daughter in the country, who had brought him but a slender portion, yet such as his circumstances at that time obliged him to look upon as a tolerable fortune: to balance this want of money, she was extremely handsome, witty, and fond; she was a very

little woman, but well shaped, and in short had all those good qualities which could endear a wife to her husband. He, nevertheless, was so far from being sensible of her merits, that he was frequently out of humour, and often behaved himself very harshly towards her, whilst she, both out of a respect for his person and character, for he was reputed at once a pious man and an eminent preacher, still strove to forget those injuries she daily received at his hands, and carefully concealed them from all the world. All this, however, could not better her condition, for he, still remembering that she stood betwixt him and wealth, which he proposed to himself by a second marriage with the laird of ——'s daughter, (for so he owned in prison) fully determined at last to rid his hands of such an obstacle as soon as possible. To prepare the way for the execution of his design, and to conceal it when it was done, he seemed wholly to lay aside his former uneasiness, and appeared always discontented when she was not in his company. She, now thinking herself the happiest of her sex, officiously strove to make him so too, and hastened her own ruin; for upon a Sunday morning, as she was saying her prayers upon her knees, he came softly behind her, clapt a rope (which he kept all night in his pocket) about her neck, and, after he had strangled her, tied her up to an iron hook, which a day or two before he had purposely nailed to the ceiling of the room. This done, he bolted his gate, and crept out at the parlour window, stept demurely to church, and charmed his hearers with a most excellent sermon. At night, after his usual manner, he invited two or three of his neighbours to sup with him, telling them his wife, not being well, and of late somewhat inclined to melancholy, had not come that day to church, and would be very glad to see them at her house. All of them being fond of her, and sorry to hear she was indisposed, willingly accompanied him home; but, knocking at the gate, were surprised to hear that nobody

answered, but much more, when, having forced it open, they found her hanging dead in her husband's closet. Mr. John was struck dumb with a well-feigned grief, and counterfeited sorrow so much to the life, that his neighbours almost forgot to mourn for the dead, so much they were afraid of losing the living. However, these forged tears, by the infinite mercy of God to this great offender, came suddenly to be real ones. His soul became oppressed with the weight of his guilt, and finding no hopes of ease from the painful rack of conscience, about six weeks after he had committed the murder, he confessed the same to the schoolmaster of Dunbar, who accompanied him to Edinburgh, where, being convicted from his own mouth, he was sentenced to be strangled and burnt at the Gallowlee, and his ashes to be thrown into the air; which was accordingly executed upon him the fourth day of October, 1570. Never did any man appear more penitent or less fearful of death. He was attended from the prison to the stake by three of the clergy, and by the way he rather instructed them than received any assistance from them.—CHAMBERS'S *Picture of Scotland.*

AMERICAN WONDERS.

How to catch an Owl.—When you discover one on a tree, and find that it is looking at you, all you have to do is to move quickly round the tree several times, when the owl, in the mean time, whose attention will be so firmly fixed, that forgetting the necessity of turning its body with its head, will follow your motion with its eyes, till it wrings its head off.

How to catch Rabbits.—Place apples in the parts where they frequent, after sprinkling them with snuff, and when they come to smell, the sudden effort to sneeze which they make never fails to break their necks, and even, in some

cases, have been known to throw their heads a foot beyond their tails.

A paneful Habit.—A lady of New-York has contracted the habit of counting the panes of glass in a house the moment she casts her eyes upon the window. She has repeatedly assured her friends, it is impossible to cure herself of the habit, and that the sense of weariness and pain from associating the number of panes with the idea of a house or window is a hundred times worse than the labour of superintending the concerns of her family.

Animated Pedometer.—An attorney insensibly contracted a habit of numbering his steps when walking, and when in his office, of thinking how many paces distant were certain places in the neighbourhood. He found it nearly impossible to meditate on any other subject. He fancies a cure was effected by walking over a stream, on a pole, where he was in imminent danger of being drowned.

Trunk Maker and his Nails.—A trunk maker in the country could never refrain from biting his nails at a moment of leisure. In 1816, every appearance of a nail on the left fingers and right thumb was obliterated.

Imitation.—A child in New Hampshire, who was usually seated in the meeting-house, on the Sabbath, opposite an old gentleman who laboured under *chorea sancti viti*, contracted the habit of imitating his distorted features to such a degree that its face was continually in a grimace. The child was cured by working at needlework before a mirror.

Ruling Employment.—A pious woman in the eastern section of New Hampshire, who drew large quantities of water from a deep well with a pole, was repeatedly observed at her evening devotions, before the Bible, unconsciously moving her arms all the while, as in drawing the bucket from the well.

Force of Habit.—Mr. C. who committed suicide two years

since, was constantly pinching his left cheek, if his left hand was not otherwise employed. The consequence was, a hard callosity, of the size of a dollar, formed over the buccinator muscle, that materially injured his speech; he could not blow out a candle, nor bring his lips to the blowing the hole of a flute, on which he was formerly a good player.

THE DEVIL ALMIGHTY.

Among the outre characters of Ayr, fifty years ago, there was none so remarkable as an oldish little man, who was ordinarily called *the Devil Almighty*. He had acquired this terrific soubriquet from an inveterate habit of swearing, or rather from that phrase being his favourite oath. He was no ordinary swearer, no mincer of dreadful words, no clipper of the king's curses. Being a man of vehement passions, he had a habit, when provoked, of shutting his eyes, and launching headlong into a torrent of blasphemy, such as might, if properly divided, have set up a whole troop of modern swearers. The custom of shutting his eyes seems to have been adopted by him as a sort of salvo to his conscience: he seemed to think that, provided he did not "sin with his eyes open," he did not sin at all; or it was, perhaps, nothing but a habit.—Whatever might be the cause or purpose of the practice, it was once made the means of playing off upon him a most admirable hoax. Being one evening in a tavern along with two neighbouring country gentlemen, he was, according to a concerted scheme, played upon and irritated; of course, he soon shut his eyes, and commenced his usual tirade of execration and blasphemy. As soon as he was fairly afloat, and his eyes were observed to be hard shut, his companions put out the candles, so as to involve the room in utter darkness. In the course of a quarter of an hour, which was the

common duration of his paroxysms, he ceased to speak and opened his eyes, when, what was his amazement to find himself in the dark. "How now?" he cried, with one of his most tremendous oaths, "am I blind?"—"Blind!" exclaimed one of the company, "what should make you blind?"—"Why, I can see nothing, answered the sinner."—"That is your own fault," coolly observed his friend; "for my part, I can see well enough;" and he drank a toast, as if nothing whatever had happened. This convinced the blasphemer that he had lost his sight; and to add to his horror, it struck him that Providence had inflicted the blow as a punishment for his intolerable wickedness. Under this impression he began to rave and cry, and he finally fell a praying, uttering such expressions as made his two companions ready to burst with restrained laughter. When they thought they had punished him sufficiently, and began to fear that his mind might be affected if they continued the joke any longer, one of them went to the door and admitted the light. He was, of course, overwhelmed with shame at the exhibition he had been compelled to make, which had such an effect, that, from that time forward, he entirely abandoned his abominable habit.

BRAHMINICAL WONDERS.

According to Lieutenant Wilford, the Brahminical Puranas state the circumference of the earth at 2,456,000,000 British miles; whereas, according to our calculation, it does not exceed 24,000 miles. These works also tell us of mountains 491 miles high; of a king reigning 27,000 years; of Vaisvaswatu having lived 3,892,888 years ago, and whose reign lasted 1,728,000 years. The civil list and droits are not stated. Also, of an island, in the middle of the earth, 400,000 French leagues long, and as many broad; and of a

mountain in that island 400,000 leagues high, and 32,000 wide; of other mountains 40,000 and 280,000 leagues high. These latter wonders are in the Bagavadam: and, in the same Purana, there is a tree mentioned 4,400 leagues high: and again, of an island which is 3,200,000 leagues in extent: and another, surrounded by a sea of milk, rather more than 12,000,000 leagues in circumference. These things are taught by the Brahmins as sacred truths, to the people who believe them. The eccentricities, however, just pointed out, do not come up to those of a host of British scholars, who set these childish legends down as "enchanting books;" and that the "lover of science, the antiquary, the historian, the moralist, and the man of taste, will obtain an inexhaustible fund of information and amusement!"

DEATH BY LAUGHTER.

On April 19, 1782, died Mrs. Fitzherbert, relict of the late Rev. Mr. F. of Northamptonshire. On the Wednesday evening before her death, this lady went to Drury-lane Theatre, in company with some friends, to see the Beggar's Opera. On Mr. Bannister's making his appearance in the character of Polly, the whole audience were thrown into an uproar of laughter; unfortunately the actor's whimsical appearance had a fatal effect on Mrs. Fitzherbert; she could not suppress the laugh that seized her on the first view of this enormous representation; and before the second act was over, she was obliged to leave the theatre. Mrs. F. not being able to banish the figure from her memory, was thrown into hysterics, which continued without intermission until Friday morning, when she expired.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Of the several fortresses in Great Britain, the most remarkable is the Tower of London, situated on the east side of that city, near the bank of the Thames. It was anciently a royal palace, and consisted of no more than what is now called the White Tower, which appears to have been first marked out by William the Conqueror, in the year 1076, and completed by his son William Rufus, who, in 1098, surrounded it with walls, and a broad deep ditch. Several succeeding princes made additions to it, and king Edward III. built the church. In the year 1638 the White Tower was rebuilt; and since the restoration of king Charles II. it has been thoroughly repaired, and a great number of additional buildings made to it. At present, besides the White Tower, here are the offices of ordinance; of the mint, of the keepers of the records, the jewel office, the Spanish armory, the horse armory, the new or small armory, barracks for the soldiers, and several handsome houses; so that the Tower of London has at present more the appearance of a town than a fortress. Upon the wharf is a line of about sixty pieces of cannon, which

are fired upon state holidays. On this side of the Tower the ditch is narrow, and over it is a draw-bridge: under the tower-wall, on the same side, is a water-gate, commonly called Traitor's Gate, because it had been customary to convey traitors and other state prisoners through it by water, to and from the Tower.

Parallel to the wharf, upon the walls, is a platform seventy yards in length, called the Ladies' Line, whence there is a fine prospect of the shipping, and the river Thames. From this line there is a walk round the Tower walls, on which are three batteries distinguished by the names of the Devil's Battery, the Stone Battery, and the Wooden Battery, each of which is mounted with several pieces of brass cannon.

The principal entrance to the Tower is by two gates, one within the other, on the west side, both large enough to admit carriages, and parted by a strong stone bridge, built over the ditch.

The principal officers of the Tower are a constable, a lieutenant, and a deputy-lieutenant.

Within the outer gate is the lion tower, in which is a fine collection of wild beasts, consisting of lions and lionesses, leopards, tigers, apes, jackals, and other wild animals, together with a great variety of birds: these animals are all regularly fed and carefully attended.

In the first story of the White Tower is an armory for the sea-service, containing various sorts of arms, curiously laid up, for above ten thousand seamen; and the upper stories are filled with arms and other warlike instruments, as spades, shovels, pickaxes, and chevaux-de-frize.

Near the south-west angle of the White Tower is the Spanish armory, being the depository of the spoils of the Spanish armada, fitted out by Philip II. of Spain, to invade England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It consisted of 132 ships, of which scarcely 70 returned home; and of 30,000 troops

on board, of which 20,000 were either killed, drowned, or made prisoners in England. The trophies preserved here of this memorable victory are as follow:—A Spanish battle-axe, with a pistol in the handle and a match-lock; the Spanish general's halbert, covered with velvet, the nails are double gilt, and on the top is the pope's head curiously engraven. An engine called the Spanish morning-star, from its figure, which is that of a star. Of this kind of engine there were many thousands on board, all with poisoned points, designed to strike at the English in case they ventured to board the Spanish fleet. Thumb-screws, of which there were several chests full on board, intended to extort a confession from the English where their money was hid. A Spanish poll-axe, used in boarding of ships. Spanish halberts, or spears, some of which are curiously engraved, and inlaid with gold. Spanish spadas or long swords, poisoned at the points. Spanish cravats, consisting of engines of torture, made of iron, and put on board to lock the feet, arms, and heads together, of such as the Spaniards called English heretics. Bilboes, being instruments also made of iron, for yoking the English prisoners two-and-two. Spanish shot of which there are four different sorts—spike-shot, star-shot, chain-shot, and link-shot, all admirably contrived, as well for the destruction of the masts and rigging of ships, as for sweeping the men off the decks. The banner, with a crucifix on it, which was to have been carried before the Spanish general. An uncommon piece of arms, consisting of a pistol in a shield, contrived in such a manner that the pistol might be fired, and the body covered at the same time: it is to be fired by a match-lock, and the sight of the enemy taken through a grate in the shield, which is pistol-proof. The Spanish ranceur, made in different forms, and intended either to kill the men on horseback, or to pull them off their horses; and on one of them is a piece of silver coin, which the Spaniards intended to have

made current in England. The Spanish officers' lances, finely engraved and gilt. The common soldiers' pikes, eighteen feet in length, pointed with long sharp spikes, and shod with iron. The Spanish general's shield, which was to have been carried before him as an ensign of honour; upon which are depicted, in most curious workmanship the labours of Hercules.

Here also are deposited several Danish and Saxon clubs, a sort of weapons which the Danes and Saxons are said to have used in their conquests of England; an instrument called King Henry VIII.'s walking staff, with three match-lock pistols in it, and coverings to keep the charges dry; a large wooden cannon, called Policy, because, as is said, when King Henry VIII. besieged Bulloign, the roads being impassable for heavy cannon, he caused a number of these wooden ones to be made, and mounted on proper batteries before the town, as if real cannon, which so terrified the French commandant, that he gave up the place without firing a shot; and the axe with which Ann Bullen, the mother of Queen Elizabeth, and the Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, were beheaded.

The other curiosities in this place are, a train of little cannon, neatly mounted on proper carriages, being a present from the foundry of London to King Charles I. when a child, to assist him in learning the art of gunnery; weapons made with the blades of scythes, fixed straight to the ends of poles, and taken from the Duke of Monmouth's party at the battle of Sedgmoor, in the reign of James II.; the partizans that were carried at the funeral of King William III.; and a model of an admirable machine, the design of which was brought from Italy, by Sir Thomas Lombe, at the hazard of his life. The latter object of attention is a mill for the manufacture of silk, and was first erected in the year 1734, by Sir Thomas, at his own expense, in an island of the river Derwent, facing the town of Derby. It works three capital

engines for making organzine, or thrown silk; has 26,586 wheels; and 97,746 movements, which are all worked by one water-wheel, that turns round three times in a minute. By every turn of the water-wheel, the machine twists 73,726 yards of silk thread, so that in twenty-four hours it will twist 318,496,320 yards; yet any single wheel or movement may be stopped, without impeding the rest; and the whole is governed by one regulator. This machine was thought of such importance by the legislature, that, on the expiration of the patent which Sir Thomas had obtained for the sole use of it during 14 years, the parliament granted him 14,000*l.* as a further recompense for the hazard he ran, and the expense he had incurred, by introducing and erecting it, on condition that he should suffer a perfect model of it to be taken, in order to secure and perpetuate the invention.

Northward of the White Tower is a noble building, called the Grand Store-house, extending 245 feet in length, and 60 in breadth. It was begun by King James II. and finished by William III. who erected that magnificent room called the New or Small Armory, to which there is a passage by a folding-door, adjoining to the east end of the Tower chapel, which leads to a grand staircase of easy ascent. On the left side of the uppermost landing is a workshop, in which are constantly employed about fourteen furbishers, in cleaning, repairing, and arranging the arms contained in this place; which are so artfully disposed, that at one view may be seen arms for nearly 200,000 men, all bright and fit for service at a moment's warning. Of the disposition of these arms no adequate idea can be formed by description; and there are a thousand peculiarities in the disposition of so vast a variety which no description can reach.

Upon the ground-floor, under the small armory, is a large room of equal dimensions with that, supported by twenty pillars, all hung round with warlike implements. This room,

which contains the royal train of artillery, is 24 feet high, and is full of the most dreadful engines of destruction; besides harness for horses, men's harness, drag-ropes, trophies of standards, colours, &c.

Eastward of the White Tower, is the Horse-armory, consisting of a plain brick building, in which are several curiosities.

Before the room-door is the figure of a grenadier in his accoutrements, as if upon duty, with his piece rested upon his arm. Within the room, on the left hand, are figures as large as life, of horse and foot, supposed to be drawn up in military order, to attend a line of kings on the other side of the room, shown in the following order: King George I. in a complete suit of armour, with a truncheon in his hand, seated on a white horse, richly caparisoned, having a fine Turkey bridle, gilt, with a globe, crescent, and star, velvet furniture laced with gold, and gold trappings. King William III. dressed in the suit of armour worn by Edward the Black Prince, at the battle of Cressy; he is mounted on a sorrel horse, whose furniture is green velvet, embroidered with silver, and holds in his right hand a flaming sword. King Charles II. dressed in armour, with a truncheon in his hand, seated on a fine horse, richly caparisoned, with crimson velvet, laced with gold. King Charles I. in a rich suit of gilt armour, curiously wrought, presented to him by the city of London, when he was Prince of Wales. James I. in a complete suit of figured armour, with a truncheon in his right hand. King Edward VI. in a curious suit of steel armour, whereon are depicted, in different compartments, a variety of scripture histories; he sits like the rest on horseback, with a truncheon in his hand. King Henry VIII. in his own armour, which is of polished steel, with the foliages gilt, and bearing a sword in his right hand. King Henry VII. who also holds a sword, and is seated on horseback in a complete suit of armour, finely

[ENTRANCE TO THE WHITE TOWER.]

wrought, and washed with silver. King Edward V. who with his brother Richard, was smothered in the Tower, by order of their uncle and guardian Richard III.; and having been proclaimed king, but never crowned, a crown is suspended over his head: he holds a lance in his right hand, and is dressed in a rich suit of armour. King Edward IV. in a bright suit of armour, studded, with a drawn sword in his hand. King Henry VI., Henry V. and Henry IV. King Edward III. with a venerable beard, in a suit of plain bright armour, with two crowns on his sword, alluding to his having been crowned king both of England and France. King Edward I. dressed in a very curious suit of gilt armour, and in shoes of mail, with a battle-axe in his hand. And William the Conqueror, the first in the line, though the last shown, in a suit of plain armour.

The other principal curiosities in this room are a large tilting-lance of Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk; a com-

plete suit of armour, made for King Henry VIII. when he was but eighteen years of age, rough from the hammer; a small suit of armour made for King Charles II. when he was about seven or eight years of age, with a piece of armour for his horse's head; real coats of mail, called Brigandine jackets, consisting of small bits of steel, so artfully quilted one over another, as to resist the point of a sword, and perhaps a musket-ball, and yet so flexible, that the wearer may bend his body any way, as well as in an ordinary suit of clothes; an Indian suit of armour,* sent by the Great Mogul as a present to King Charles II.; the armour of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the son of Edward III.; and a droll figure of one William Sommers, said to have been jester to King Henry VIII.

Over the door of the armory, on the inside is a target, on which are engraved the figures of Justice, Fortune and Fortitude; and the walls of the room are entirely lined with various pieces of armour for horses' heads and breasts, targets, and many pieces that now want a name.

About twenty yards east of the grand store-house, or new armory, is the Jewel-office: a dark stone room, in which the jewels of the crown are deposited. The jewels shown at this time are those following:

The imperial crown, with which it is pretended all the kings of England have been crowned, since Edward the Confessor, in 1342. It is of gold, enriched with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and pearls. The cap within is of purple velvet, lined with white taffety, turned up with three rows of ermine. The golden orb, or globe, put into the king's right hand before he is crowned; and borne in his left, with

* This is reckoned a great curiosity, being made of iron quills, each about two inches long, finely japanned, and ranged in rows, one row easily slipping over another; these are bound together with silk twist, and are used in India as a defence against darts and arrows.

the sceptre in his right, upon his return into Westminster-hall, after he is crowned at Westminster-abbey.

The globe is about six inches in diameter, edged with pearl, and enriched with precious stones. On the top is an amethyst of a violet colour, nearly an inch and a half high, set with a rich cross of gold, adorned with diamonds, pearls, and other jewels; the whole height of the ball is eleven inches.

The golden sceptre, with its cross set upon a large amethyst of great value, garnished round with table-diamonds. The top rises into a fleur-de-lis of six leaves, all enriched with precious stones; from whence issues a mound, or ball, made of the amethyst already mentioned. The sceptre with the dove, the emblem of peace, perched on the top of a small Jerusalem cross, finely ornamented with table-diamonds, and jewels of great value. St. Edward's staff, four feet seven inches and a half in length, and three inches three quarters in circumference, all of beaten gold, which is carried before the king at his coronation. The rich crown of state worn by his majesty in parliament, in which is a large emerald, seven inches round, a pearl, esteemed the finest in the world, and a ruby of inestimable value. The crown belonging to the Prince of Wales, which is carried together with the king's crown, as often as his majesty goes to the parliament-house, by the keeper of the jewel-office, attended by the warders, to Whitehall, where both crowns are delivered to the officers appointed to receive them, who, with some yeomen of the guard, carry them to the robing rooms adjoining to the House of Lords, where his majesty and the Prince of Wales put on their robes. The king wears his crown on his head while he sits upon the throne; but that of the prince is placed before him. As soon as the king is disrobed, the crowns are carried back to the tower, and again locked up in the jewel-office.

The crown, globe, and sceptre of Queen Mary, with the

diadem she wore at her coronation with her consort William III. An ivory sceptre, with a dove on the top, made for the queen of James II., whose garniture is gold, enamelled with white. The curtana, or sword of mercy, the blade of which is thirty-two inches long, and nearly two broad, without a point, carried before the king at his coronation, between the two swords of justice. The golden spurs, and the armillas, or bracelets for the wrists, which, though very antique, are worn at the coronation. The ampulla, or eagle of gold, which is finely engraved, and holds the holy oil the kings and queens of England are anointed with; and the golden spoon that the bishops pour the oil into. The eagle and spoon are pieces of great antiquity; the former, including the pedestal, is about nine inches high, and the wings expand about seven inches; the head of the eagle screws off about the middle of the neck, which is made hollow for holding the holy oil; and when the king is anointed, the oil is poured into the spoon out of the bird's bill.

A rich salt-seller of state, in the form of the square white tower; the workmanship is exquisitely fine: it is of gold, and used only on the king's table at the coronation. A noble silver font, doubly guilt, and elegantly wrought; in which the royal family are christened. And a large silver fountain presented to Charles II. by the town of Plymouth, curiously wrought. Here also are deposited all the crown jewels worn by the princes and princesses at coronations, and an abundance of curious old plate.

BEAR-HUNTING IN HUNGARY AND BOHEMIA.

In the more remote and less cultivated districts of Hungary and Bohemia, the brown or black bear is in winter the terror of the shepherds; and hunting him is almost as favourite a

pastime with the people in those countries, as bull-fighting with the inhabitants of Portugal or Spain. It is early in the spring that the bears generally do most mischief, when the hard frost has straitened them for several weeks of their forest prey; they then make "raids," by broad daylight, into the hamlets and villages; and it is not at all uncommon for a peasant, returning from his labour in the field, to find a furred and whiskered marauder in possession of his hut, and ransacking it, from the meal-chest to the corner cupboard, in quest of provision. If tracked with hounds, which is easy at this season, because his footsteps in the snow betray him, the bear retreats, but by no means in disorder, or with any especial celerity, stopping now and then to discuss any over-troublesome assailant, which he does with as much coolness and method as a poulterer would truss a chicken; when pressed with fire-arms, or in danger from numbers, he rolls himself over at hazard among the rocks and precipices, and unless the first bullet which strikes him should be mortal, there is an end of the chase generally for that day. In the summer, however, when the bear is less ferocious, there are two modes (without either dogs or fire-arms) of hunting him, both of which are sufficiently diverting, and both require great bodily activity, joined to courage and presence of mind. At this time the animal feeds a good deal upon grain and vegetable, and is frequently seen in wood paths, and even open roads; if you stand aside, and give the *pas* in these encounters, he very seldom molests you; but if wounded or affronted, the aggressor has work enough upon his hands. For the chase, the villagers go out in parties of three or four together, each man armed with a small axe made in the manner nearly of the American tomahawk; and the first work is to beat the places where a bear is likely to be found, or to lay a bait for him consisting of a dead sheep, near which they wait until he is attracted by the smell. When bruin

appears, the hunter who is to make the attack (having grappling hooks fitted to his knees in order to climb the more easily) advances boldly within fifty or sixty yards, and commences the quarrel by throwing a stone: this done, he makes for a tree which he has selected, and then, according to agreement with his companions, the affair becomes a tragedy, or is to terminate as a farce. As soon as the bear finds himself struck, he starts, at a smart trot, in pursuit of his molester, seldom offering to meddle with any one else, unless his vengeance is interfered with—and when he reaches the tree, he straightway begins to ascend, with as much expedition as his habitual gravity of movement will permit. This is the moment, if the game is to die, at which the forester begins to bestir himself. Seated among the lowest and strongest branches of the tree, he rapidly cuts away with his axe any small twigs which might impede the full sweep and play of his arm; then taking a firm hold with his left hand twisted in the boughs, with his weapon in the right, he awaits the approach of the enemy. The bear, by the help of his strong claws, climbs slowly up the trunk of the tree, but these dig so deep sometimes into the bark, that he finds it difficult to draw them out again. This gives the man full time, who waits steadily till the foremost paw comes within his reach, when, with one vigorous blow of the axe, he either strikes it off, or mutilates it so as to stop all chance of farther progress. The position here for striking is so favourable, and habit makes the hunters so expert, that many of them, in twenty blows, would not miss once dividing the paw, bone and all entirely; but whether this be done or not, the stroke is usually fatal to the animal, who falls to the ground, and is despatched while still stunned with the force of his descent. Sometimes he remains clinging with his second paw to the tree—but in that case, the second paw is immediately cut off likewise, when he rolls over backwards, and remains at the mercy of the hunters.

In the second manner of summer hunting, the bear frequently does not die; and it is followed by the shepherds, with no other arms than their crooks, reinforced, perhaps, by a few hedgestakes, or an occasional volley of stones. For the purpose of this chase, when the beast approaches a flock of sheep, its keepers immediately face him; and one, having commenced hostilities by throwing his stone, takes to his post of security, the tree; this time, however, instead of using his axe, he merely gets astride upon the largest and lowest bough that he can find, and in that posture awaits the combat, which becomes highly ludicrous and entertaining. The bear, swarming up the trunk of the tree by the help of his claws, arrives easily enough at the branch on which the hunter sits, but by this time the latter has retired perhaps a couple of yards from the stem; and, when it becomes necessary to walk along to get at him, instead of climbing, the matter changes something of position. If the bough is large, the pursuer commonly gets upon it, and advances, as well as he may, holding by some of the upper ones, towards his foe; but the other still getting backward, where the branch is weaker, keeps, with the most perfect security, within three feet of his head. A burlesque kind of dialogue then commences, in which the hunter invites the bear to approach, offers to shake hands with him, promises a loaf of bread, &c.; but in the mean time, the latter, who dislikes the narrow footing, and moreover feels the branch bend under him, remains somewhat embarrassed as to the disposal of his own person, and begins to think of backing in again towards the trunk of the tree. Here the hunter drops off at the extremity of the branch, and the joke ends with a shower of stones at the bear, who sits discomfited in the tree. If enraged too far, however, he will sometimes roll his body up, and so cast himself down headlong; in which case, if not seriously hurt, his tormentors find it convenient to disperse as quickly as possible.

SINGULAR STORY OF A VENTRILOQUIST.

A VENTRILOQUIST, it is now very well known, is a person who, by drawing the air into the lungs, has the power of speaking inwardly without any visible motion of the lips; and who, by means of this astonishing faculty, possesses a peculiar art of forming his speech and modifying his voice, so as to make the sound proceed from any direction or distance he pleases. The name, indeed, is derived from the Latin: *venter*, the belly; and *loqui*, to speak.

This wonderful power was possessed in a most eminent degree by Louis Brabant, the valet of Francis I. who could not only emit a voice from any distance or in any direction, but had also the art of counterfeiting any voice which he had ever once heard.

Of this extraordinary man the following story is related; and as at the period when he lived the existence of this quality was far from being generally known, it seems by no means incredible.

"Our ventriloquist, it seems, had fallen most desperately in love with a young, beautiful, and rich heiress, but was rejected by the parents as an unsuitable match for their daughter.

"The father happening to die, Louis waited on the widow, who was totally ignorant of his singular talent, pretending to condole with her on her loss; when suddenly, in the open day, in her own house, and in the presence of several friends, she hears herself addressed in a voice perfectly resembling that of her deceased husband, and seeming to proceed from above: 'Give my daughter in marriage to Louis Brabant; he is a man of great fortune, and of an excellent character. I now suffer the inexpressible torments of purgatory for having refused her to him. If you obey this admonition, I shall soon be delivered from this place of torment. You will at the same time provide a worthy husband for your daughter,

and procure everlasting repose for the soul of your poor husband.'

"The widow could not for a moment resist this dreadful summons, which had not the most distant appearance of proceeding from Louis Brabant, whose countenance exhibited no visible change, and whose lips were close and motionless during the delivery of it. She consents immediately to receive him for her son-in-law.

"Louis's finances, however, were in a very low situation, and the formalities attending the marriage-contract rendered it necessary for him to exhibit some show of riches; nor must his real circumstances give the ghost the lie direct.

"Accordingly, he goes to work on a fresh subject:—one Corno, an old and rich banker at Lyons, who had accumulated immense wealth by usury and extortion, and was known to be haunted by remorse of conscience on account of the manner in which he had acquired it.

"Passing over preliminary steps and preparations, behold Louis Brabant tete-a-tete with the old usurer in his little back parlour at Lyons, preparing him for the ensuing operations, by artfully turning the conversation on religious subjects, the reality of demons and spectres, the pains of purgatory, and the never-ceasing torments of hell.

"During an interval of silence between them, a voice is heard, which to the astonished banker seems that of his deceased father, complaining of his dreadful situation in purgatory, and calling on him instantly to deliver him from thence, by putting into the hands of the worthy Louis Brabant, then with him, a large sum of money for the redemption of Christians in slavery with the Turks, threatening him at the same time with eternal damnation, if he did not likewise take this method to expiate his own sins.

"It may readily be supposed that Louis Brabant affected a due degree of astonishment on the occasion, and that he fur-

ther promoted the deception by acknowledging his having devoted himself to the prosecution of the charitable design imputed to him by the ghost.

"An old usurer, however, is naturally suspicious; accordingly, the wary banker made an appointment with the ghost's delegate for the next day, when, to render any design of imposing on him utterly abortive, he took him into the open fields, where not a house, a tree, a bush, or even a pit, was in sight, capable of screening any possible confederate.

"This extraordinary caution called forth all the powers of our ventriloquist. Wherever the banker conducts him, at every step his ears are saluted on all sides with the complaints and groans, not only of his father, but of all his deceased relations, imploring him, for the love of God, and in the name of every saint in the calendar, to have mercy on his own soul and theirs, by effectually seconding with his purse the holy intention of his righteous companion.

"Cornu could no longer resist the voice of heaven; and accordingly carries his guest home with him, and pays him down ten thousand crowns! with which sum the honest ventriloquist returns to Paris, and marries his mistress.

"The catastrophe proved fatal to the old usurer; for the secret being revealed, and reaching his ear, he was so greatly affected at the loss of his money, and the mortifying railleries of his neighbours, that he took to his bed and soon died."

WONDERS OF OUR OWN TIMES.

Columbus discovered America in the night, between the 11th and 12th of October, 1492; Capt. Sir John Franklin completed the discovery of this new world August 18, 1826. How many generations have passed away, how many revolutions have taken place, how many changes have happened

among nations, in this space of 333 years, nine months, and twenty-four days! The world no longer resembles the world of Columbus. On those unknown seas, above which was seen to rise a *black hand*, the *hand of Satan*, which seized ships in the night, and dragged them to the bottom of the abyss; in those antarctic regions, the abode of night, horror, and fables: in those furious seas about Cape Horn and the Cape of Storms, where pilots turned pale; in that double ocean which lashes its double shores; in those latitudes formerly so dreaded, packets perform regular voyages for the conveyance of letters and passengers. An invitation to dinner is sent from a flourishing city in America to a flourishing city in Europe, and the guest arrives at the appointed hour. Instead of those rude, filthy, infectious, damp ships, in which you had nothing but salt provisions to live upon, and were devoured by scurvy, elegant vessels offer to passengers cabins wainscotted with mahogany, provided with carpets, adorned with mirrors, flowers, libraries, musical instruments, and all the delicacies of good cheer. A voyage requiring several years' researches in latitudes the most various, shall not be attended with the death of a single seaman. As for tempests, we laugh at them. Distances have disappeared. A mere whaler sails to the south pole: if the fishery is not prosperous, she proceeds to the north pole; to catch a fish she twice crosses the tropics, twice traverses a diameter of the earth, and touches, in the space of a few months, the two extremities of the globe. On the doors of the taverns in London is seen posted the announcement of the sailing of the packet for Van Dieman's land, with all possible convenience for passengers to the antipodes; and beside that, the notice of the departure of the packet from Dover to Calais. We have pocket itineraries, guides, manuals, for the use of persons who purpose to take a trip of pleasure round the world. This trip lasts nine or ten months, and sometimes less; we set out in winter, on

leaving the opera; touch at the Canaries, Rio Janeiro, the Phillipines, China, India, and the Cape of Good Hope; and return home for the opening of the hunting season. Steamboats no longer care for contrary winds on the ocean, or for opposing currents in rivers: they are kiosks, or floating palaces of two or three stories, from whose galleries the traveller admires the most magnificent scenery of nature in the forests of the new world. Commodious roads cross the summits of mountains and open deserts, heretofore inaccessible; 40,000 travellers meet on a party of pleasure to the cataract of Niagara. On iron railways the heavy vehicles of commerce glide rapidly along; and if France, Germany, and Russia thought fit to establish a telegraphic line to the wall of China, we might write to our friends in that country and receive their answers in the space of nine or ten hours. A man commencing his pilgrimage at the age of eighteen years, and finishing it at sixty, if he had gone but four leagues a day, would have travelled nearly seven times the circumference of our planet. The genius of man is truly great for his petty habitation: what else can we conclude from it, but that he is destined for a higher abode?—*Chateaubriand.*

HACKETT THE PROPHET.

William Hackett, a fanatic of the sixteenth century, after a very ill life, turned prophet, and signified the desolation of England. He prophesied at York and at Lincoln; where, for his boldness, he was whipped publicly and condemned to be banished. He had an extraordinary fluency of speech, and much assurance in his prayers; for he said, that if all England should pray for rain, and he should pray to the contrary, it should not rain. Hackett had two brother-prophets joined with him, Edward Coppinger, named

the prophet of mercy, and Henry Arthington, the prophet of judgment. Coppinger, the merciful prophet, declared that Hackett was the sole monarch of Europe; and at length they proclaimed him, July 16, 1592. On the twenty-eighth of the same month, however, the monarch of the whole earth, who had also personated divinity, was hanged and quartered. Coppinger famished himself in prison, and Arthington was pardoned. Fitz-Simon relates, that in a quarrel Hackett had at Oundle, "He threw down his adversary, and bit off his nose; and, instead of returning it to the surgeon, who pretended to set it on again, while the wound was fresh, ate it." Hackett on the scaffold, made a blasphemous prayer, which is recorded by Fitz-Simon and Camden, too horrid to be repeated. He hated Queen Elizabeth, and tried to deprive her of her crown; he confessed to the judges that he had stabbed the effigies of this princess to the heart, with an iron pin; and a little before he was hanged, being an accomplished swearer, he cursed her with all manner of imprecations.

JUGGLERS.

In modern times, much notice has frequently been excited by jugglers, who practised deceptions with fire. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, one Richardson, an Englishman, excited great astonishment at Paris by pretending to chew burning coals and to swallow melted lead, with many other equally extraordinary feats; some of which are thus recorded in Evelyn's diary:—"October the 8th, 1672; took leave of my Lady Sunderland, who was going to the Hague to my lord, now ambassador there. She made me stay to dinner at Leicester House, and afterwards sent for Richardson the famous fire-eater. He before us, devoured brimstone on glowing coals, chewing and swallow-

ing them. He melted a beere glasse and eate it quite up; then taking a live coal on his tongue, he put it on a raw oyster; the coal was blowne on with bellows till it flamed and sparkled in his mouth, and soe remained until the oyster was quite boiled; then he melted pitch and wax with sulphur, which he dranke down as it flamed." Many of our readers must recollect Signora Girardelli; and Miss Roggers, the American fire-eater, who was announced as having entered a heated oven with a leg of mutton in her hand, and having remained there until it was baked! This young lady exhibited all the tricks usually performed by such persons; she washed her hands in boiling oil, and then suffered aquafortis to be poured over them; but below the oil, there, no doubt, was a quantity of water, the air from which, when heated, forcing itself through the supernatent oil, gave it the appearance of boiling, when in reality its temperature probably did not exceed 100 degrees of Fahrenheit; and when the hands were once well coated with oil, there was no danger from the aquafortis. She had also a ladle of melted lead, out of which she appeared to take a little with a spoon and pour into her mouth, and then to return it in the shape of a solid lump; but in pretending to take the lead into the spoon, it was, in fact, quicksilver that was received, through a dexterous contrivance in the ladle, and this she swallowed, the solid lead having been previously placed in her mouth. She, besides, repeatedly placed her foot on a bar of hot iron; but the rapidity with which she removed it scarcely allowed time to injure the most delicate skin, even had it not been previously prepared; the cuticle of the hands and of the soles of the feet may, however, be easily rendered sufficiently callous to support a longer experiment. This effect will be produced if it be frequently punctured, or injured by being in continual contact with hard substances; repeatedly moistening it with spirit of vitriol

will also at length render it horny and insensible; and thus it is not uncommon to see the labourers at copper-works take the melted ore into their hands.

The exhibition of cups and balls is of great antiquity, and depends entirely on manual dexterity. It is mentioned in the works of several ancient authors, one of whom relates the astonishment of a countryman who, on first witnessing the performance, exclaimed, "that it was well he had no such animal on his farm, for under such hands no doubt all his property would soon disappear."

ECCENTRIC CLERGYMAN.

On January 1, 1746, died, the Rev. Mr. Hagemore. He kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment in an evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs, and fire his gun. He lost his life in the following manner:—Going one morning to let out his servants, his dogs fawned upon him, and threw him into a pond, where he was breast high. The servants heard him call for assistance, but being locked up, could not lend him any. He had 30 gowns and cassocks, 58 dogs, 100 pairs of breeches, 100 pairs of boots, 400 pairs of shoes, 80 wigs, yet always wore his own hair, 80 wagons and carts; 80 ploughs, and used none; 50 saddles and furniture for the menage, 30 wheelbarrows; so many walkingsticks that a toyman in Leicester-fields offered 8*l.* for them; 60 horses and mares; 300 pick-axes, 200 spades and shovels, 75 ladders, and 240 razors. He possessed also 700*l.* per annum, and 1,000*l.* in money, which (he dying intestate) became the property of a ticket-porter.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A YOUNG man had a strong imagination that he was dead, and earnestly begged his friends to bury him. They consented, by the advice of the physician. He was laid upon a bier, and carried upon the shoulders of men to church, when some pleasant fellows, *up to the* business, met the procession, and inquired who it was; they answered:—"And a very good job it is," said one of them, "for the world is well rid of a very bad and vicious character, which the gallows must have had in due course." The young man, now lying dead, hearing this, popped his head up, and said they ought to be ashamed of themselves in thus traducing his fair fame, and, if he was alive, he would thrash them for their insolence. But they proceeding to utter the most disgraceful and reproachful language, dead flesh and blood could no longer bear it; up he jumps, they ran, he after them, until he fell down quite exhausted. He was put to bed; the violent exertion he had gone through promoted perspiration, and he got well.—(Heywood's Hierachy.)

Then there is the case of the insane watchmaker, mentioned by Pinel, who insisted that he had been guillotined, and that another head had afterwards, by mistake, been put on his shoulders instead of his own. "Look at these teeth," he would say, "mine were extremely handsome; these are rotten and decayed: my mouth was sound and healthy; this is foul. How different is this hair from that of my own head!" Mr. Haslam, in his work on insanity, mentions a case of one, who insisted that he had no mouth, and when compelled, by force, to swallow, declared that a wound had been made in his throat, through which the food had been introduced.

Benvenuto Cellini, the celebrated Florentine artist, in his Life, says, that "the governor of the castle in which the

former was confined had a periodical disorder of this sort; every year he had some different whim. One time he conceited himself metamorphosed into a pitcher of oil; another time he thought himself a frog, and began to leap as such; another time, again, he imagined he was dead, and it was found necessary to humour his conceit by making a show of burying him. At length he thought himself a bat, and when he went to take a walk, he sometimes made just such a noise as bats do; he likewise used gestures with his hands and body, as if he were going to fly."—But it is matter of some jest that Cellini, the writer of another's hypochondriacs, should himself state, that a resplendent light shone over his (own) head from morning till two o'clock in the afternoon, and then again at sun-set; and that it was conspicuous to others, to whom he thought proper to show it.

THE ABBE OF CALVADOS.

In a village of Calvados, in the month of October, 1820, was buried an old man, who had retired from business, and owned some national property. Before his death, he was desirous of receiving the sacrament, and the priest gave him absolution, on condition that he would restore some acres to the church, which he promised to do; but death came before the notary.—His property, therefore wholly descended to his son, a simple youth. On the night after his father's funeral the young man was awakened by a violent noise, accompanied with a vivid light, which in a moment disappeared. Being no stranger to fear, he shook as he lay in his bed, and tried to call out for help; but a cold and moist hand closed his lips, and completed his amazement. He fancied that he beheld a spectre, covered with a long white mantle, pass before him, and a sepulchral voice uttered these words: "*Badly obtained*

—*The soul of P— must go into torments, if his son makes not restitution.*" Another voice, weak and failing, continued, "*My son, restore the ill-gotten property, or else*" the sepulchral voice added "*I shall come night after night to drag you by your feet.*" These words were followed by total silence; the youth slept no more; and the next morning he went to relate to the priest and his family the vision of the night. The priest and some of the neighbours advised him to give up his property; but a young kinsman, just come from school, maintained that the dead do not come back again, and that the possessors of national property are no more likely to have their feet dragged by ghosts than their neighbours. Then taking the young heir aside, he offered to lie in the bed in his place, if he would keep it a secret, and would promise to wait one day more before he gave up the property. This proposal was accepted, and the young kinsman took possession of the other youth's bed for that night. Between twelve and one o'clock, he heard some person gently open the window, and at the same time he beheld a phantom enter, who came up as if to speak to him with a threatening gesture. "So far so good;" said he mentally, "as he mistakes me for another person, spirits are not omniscient." He then slipt out of bed as quietly as he could, seized the phantom with both his hands, and threw him in a moment into a little dark closet, which he shut and locked very carefully. The spectre finding himself a prisoner, began to cry out for mercy; but the youth went to call in his neighbours, who soon recognised, in the semblance of a ghost, a young abbe, who although as yet only in deacon's orders, had been desirous to give a proof of his zeal for the church of Rome.

THE END.

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